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THE ART JOURNAL,

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Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.*

BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A., AND FRED. A. EATON.



The Countess (of Darnley).
By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

THOUGH the son of an innkeeper at Bristol, extraordinary natural endowments, extreme precocity, and untiring assiduity marked Sir Thomas Lawrence from his very childhood as one destined to rise to great eminence in his profession; while at the same time the versatility of his accomplishments, his self-possession, his personal appearance, and even many circumstances of his early environment, all seem to have helped to fit him for the important position which he was to hold as President of the Royal Academy.

On his mother's side, at least, Lawrence came of a good family; she was a Miss Lucy Read, daughter of the Rev. W. Read, vicar of Tenbury, and by her mother's side connected with the Powis family. Thomas Lawrence, senior, had been an excise officer, but was, at the time of Sir Thomas's birth, in 1769, landlord of "The White Lion" in Broad Street, Bristol. In 1772 he removed to "The Black Bear," a very important and much-frequented hotel, at Devizes, on the old Bath road. From all accounts he was rather a pompous and officious personage, dressed in velvet and laced ruffles, and was at all times ready to give the distinguished travellers who stayed at his hotel the benefit of his company and conversation. In fact, very much the style of host that Mr. Marlow and Mr. Hastings mistook Mr. Hardcastle for. He never tired of showing off the wonderful accomplishments of his precocious son; and it was thus that Master Tommy became, even before he was seven years old, perfectly familiar with the appearance, manners, and conversation of that aristocracy amongst which, in the future, he was destined to move and take his place. He was a handsome child with thoughtful eyes and rich dark chestnut curls which hung forward and enveloped his pretty face when engaged in making his drawings. Of his extreme precocity we have many evidences, perhaps the most reliable, and certainly the most quaint and matter of fact, of which is contained in the following extract from a letter of the Hon. Davies Barrington. Writing to his friend Gilbert White, he thus descants on the boy's attainments, very much as though describing some object or curiosity of natural history (February, 1780):—"As I have mentioned so many other proofs of early genius in children, I here cannot pass unnoticed a Master Lawrence, son of an innkeeper at Devizes, in Wiltshire. This boy is now nearly ten years and a-half old; but at the age of nine, without the most distant instruction from anyone, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style, and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of 'Peter denying Christ.' In about seven minutes he scarcely ever failed of drawing a



The Sitter's Chair of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.
In the possession of the Royal Academy.

* Born, 1769; Student, 1787; A.R.A., 1791; R.A., 1794; Knighted, 1815; P.R.A., 1820; Died, 1830. This article is a contribution towards the history of the Royal Academy, which will be continued from time to time.

strong likeness of any person present, which had generally much freedom and grace, if the subject permitted. He is also an excellent reader of blank verse, and will immediately convince any one that he both understands and feels the striking passages of Milton and Shakespeare."

Master Lawrence, of "The Black Bear," was as much famed for his pretty recitals from Milton and Shakepeare as for his little crayon portraits. We are told that Garrick, whilst staying at the hotel on his way to Bath, delighted much in the juvenile performer. The proud father informs Mr. Garrick that "Tommy has learnt one or two speeches since you were here last," and Mr. and Mrs. Garrick retire, after their dinner, to the summer-house in order to hear Master Tommy recite something out of what his father called "Milton's Pandemonium."



The three daughters of the Earl of Mornington, afterwards Lady Mary Bagot, Lady Raglan, and the Countess of Westmorland.
By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

Of ordinary education young Lawrence had little or nothing, for he was taken from the only school he ever went to when he was but eight years old. He was by no means, however, a mere home-bred milksop, for besides being a good billiard player, a good shot, and a clever actor, he was very athletic and particularly fond of boxing.

In 1779 his father removed to Bath, where the future president, besides receiving lessons in his art from a portrait painter named Hoare, had frequent opportunities of studying fine examples of the old masters in the collections of different noblemen in the neighbourhood. It was not long before he was earning a considerable competency by making crayon portraits of the fashionable frequenters of that famous city. His method was to paint for half an hour from his sitter, and then to work up the portrait without nature for another half-hour. It probably was from this rather dangerous method of procedure in early life that he contracted a habit of flattering; which, though leading no doubt to an enormous amount of patronage, yet in the eyes of an expert connoisseur detracted somewhat from the merits of his portraits. Lawrence would execute three or four such crayon portraits in a week, receiving as much as three guineas a piece for them. At Bath Lawrence had for sitters many distinguished people, amongst whom were Lord Barrington, Sir H. Harpur, Viscount Cremorne, Lord Kenyon and the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. There too he first saw Mrs. Siddons; she appeared at the Bath Theatre, and young Lawrence from recollection made a pencil drawing of her as 'Aspasia,' in "The Grecian Daughter," in the act of stabbing the Tyrant, which was engraved and sold for five shillings a copy. Lawrence must have felt pretty well assured of his power even at this period of his life, for in a letter to his mother, in September, 1786, he writes: "Excepting Sir Joshua, for the painting of a head, I would risk my reputation with any painter in London."

In 1787 Lawrence went to London and became a student at the Royal Academy. On his introduction, amongst several other young artists with their productions, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was singled out for notice: "Stop, young man; I must have some talk with you. Well, I suppose now, you think this is very fine, and this colouring very natural, hey! hey!" And then, after a bit: "It is clear you have been looking at the old masters; but my advice to you is to study nature; apply your talents to nature." It is easy to see from this that the wise old President felt in the young man's work that tendency to mannerism which was ever his besetting sin, and advised the severe study of nature as a wholesome corrective.

Lawrence's success as a portrait painter, after he came to London, proved quite a record for rapidity. To his fellow students he seemed, with his handsome features and curling locks of brown hair, as a young Raphael suddenly dropped amongst them. The fashionable people in town vied with one another in giving him commissions. The King and Queen themselves took the greatest interest in his works, and even urged the members of the Academy to elect the young man an associate when he was only twenty-one years old. Such a proceeding, however, though favoured by Reynolds and West, would have been contrary to the then laws of

the Institution, which did not allow of any one being elected under twenty-four years of age, and was successfully resisted. But when the attempt was renewed in the following year, the opposition gave way, and on November 10, 1791, Lawrence was elected an associate, the first of five chosen at the same time, of whom the only other of note was Stothard. His election to full membership followed on February 10, 1794, his two companions on this occasion being Stothard and Hoppner. Thus, before he was twenty-five he became an Academician, an instance of the early attainment of the honour which has had no parallel.

On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1792, Lawrence had been elected painter to the Dilettanti Society, and at the same time the King appointed him to succeed the late President as Principal Painter in Ordinary. During the presidency of West, Lawrence executed most of his finest works, and in the exhibitions at Somerset House, his portraits were looked for from year to year with the greatest interest.



Master Lambton.
By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

In the early years of the nineteenth century a great change came over the fashions in costume and headdress; silk brocades, full skirts, elaborate muslin caps and fichus, frizzed, powdered and puffed-out hair, gave way to short waists, dainty, close-fitting, pseudo-classic gowns, and hair worn in plain Grecian bands, its natural gloss increased by pomatum, whilst satin and velvet superseded silk and muslin. These changes were eminently congenial to the art of Lawrence. No painter equalled him in the skilful dexterity with which he rendered the glossy lights on dark hair, the shimmer of satin, or the richness of velvet. His knowledge of drawing stood him in good stead in rendering the increased evidence of the figure which the closely-fitting garments favoured. The prevailing taste for that class of personal beauty, of which Mrs. Siddons was so conspicuous a type, exactly coincided with Lawrence's own feelings; in short, never was a painter more fortunate as regards the tastes and fashions of the period in which he lived. Untrammelled by the cares of wife or family, the young artist worked with surprising and indefatigable industry. The times were stirring ones; portraits of military and naval heroes fell to his lot by scores. In 1814 he received a commission from the Prince Regent to paint the portraits of the sovereigns and the famous warriors and statesmen who had been the means of restoring the peace of Europe. In the following year he received the honour of knighthood, at the instigation, it is believed, of the Emperor of Russia, one of his illustrious sitters. In 1818 he proceeded to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and thence to Vienna, painting in both places the portraits of the allied sovereigns and their most distinguished ministers and generals, and in May, 1819, to Rome, where he painted his well-known portraits of Pius VII. and of Cardinal Gonsalvo. Of these historic portraits the greater part are now in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor Castle.

From these journeyings Lawrence returned laden with honours and gifts, having been elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke, and of the Academies of Florence, Venice, America, Denmark, and Austria, as well as receiving the Austrian Legion of Honour.

There could possibly be no other candidate for the Presidential chair, rendered vacant by the death of West in 1820, who would have had the least chance of opposing Lawrence in the election for that high office; and that he was unanimously elected on the day after the funeral of the venerable West, filled no one with surprise, unless it may have been himself, for he was on his journey home at the time of West's death, and only arrived in London the very day of his election.

Towards the end of 1829 Lawrence's health became impaired, he seemed wearied and pale, as though from overwork; there were no symptoms, however, of any actual disease, and his doctors, being in doubt as to his case, decided to play what in those days was the fashion-



Miss Caroline Fry.
By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.
From a picture in the National Gallery.

able "trump card" of blood-letting; under this treatment he rapidly became worse, and finally sank exhausted on the 7th of January, 1830. A post-mortem resulted in the discovery that, though there was some slight ossification of the heart, the real cause of his death was due to loss of blood by leeches and lancet.

To give anything like a complete list of Lawrence's portraits would occupy far too much space here. Amongst the best of his productions may be mentioned the very fine full-length portrait of his predecessor, Benjamin West, in the National Gallery; for life-like truthfulness, dignity of expression, and exquisite painting, than this nothing could be finer.

Another very beautiful work is the portrait group of the Countess Gower (afterwards Duchess of Sutherland) and her daughter Elizabeth. With children Lawrence was generally very successful, his best picture of this kind being probably 'The Children of Charles B. Calmady,' no longer, unfortunately, in this country, of which he himself said that it was "one of the few I should wish hereafter to be known by." The one, however, by which he is perhaps best known is the portrait of 'Master Lambton,' belonging to the Earl of Durham, of which we give an illustration; though rather artificial in sentiment, it is undoubtedly a wonderfully fine work. Of the other illustrations which accompany this article, 'The Daughters of the Earl of Mornington' (Lady Mary Bagot, Lady Raglan, and the Countess of Westmorland), 'Lady Wallscourt,'* 'Miss Croker,' 'Master Hope,' 'The Countess' (of Darnley), and 'Miss Caroline Fry,' recently bequeathed to the National Gallery by Mr. William Wilson, are all excellent specimens of Lawrence's skill in the portrayal of feminine charm and beauty and youthful grace; while his fancy subject pictures, which were neither numerous nor important, are well represented by his diploma work—'The Gipsy Girl.' The portrait of himself is from a drawing by George Dance, R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy. His 'Sitter's Chair' also belongs to that body, having been bequeathed to it by the Rev. J. R. Bloxam, D.D., whose father married Lawrence's sister Anne.

In painting a face Lawrence delighted in what are termed "high lights"; these sparkling accentuations to the eyes, lips, or nose, he rendered with surprising dexterity and accuracy. He revelled in the deep, rich brown shadows which Reynolds first introduced to the art of portraiture in England, though at times he was apt to exaggerate their warmth by too free an introduction of red. He is seen at his worst when he had to portray any extremely celebrated or exalted personages, on which occasions he seems to have felt bound to give his work the full benefit of his somewhat theatrical ideas of poetry and sentiment. For examples of this sort we may mention his portrait of 'The Duke of Wellington,' wrapt in his marshal's cloak, hugging his telescope, bare-headed, alone, in a thunderstorm; or that of 'John Kemble as Hamlet'; or the still worse likeness of 'His Satanic Majesty,' with outstretched arms and legs, calling up his infernal hosts, which Pasquin severely satirised, while Fuseli complained that "Lawrence had stolen his devil from him."

It was to Lawrence that an increase in the width of frames, at the annual exhibitions, was due; a rather broad, richly decorated style of frame still bears his name. Hitherto frames had been narrow and unpretentious, though pretty and decorative in design; the example of the President, it is needless to say, soon spread, a matter deeply to be deplored.

As has been already stated, Lawrence was unanimously elected President in succession to West. It was a choice that everybody approved of; even the grumbling fault-finder Fuseli saying that, "If they must have a face painter to reign over them, let them take Lawrence." His whole career had marked him out for the post. Shee, who subsequently attained the same dignity, says in a letter that he voted for Lawrence, and that he "never gave a vote with a more sincere conviction of its justice and propriety, both as to the Academy and the art." The choice was at once approved by George IV., who had succeeded to the throne on the death of his father in the early part of the same year, and who continued to take the same interest in the Academy he had already shown when Prince Regent. In proof of this, and of the favour with which he regarded the election of Lawrence, he presented the Academy with a very massive gold medal and chain to be worn by its Presidents. The medal bears the inscription, "From His Majesty George the Fourth to the President of the Royal Academy."

The good fortune of Lawrence seems to have continued during his presidency, for the ten years of his office were years of peace and quiet in academic matters, a result which may, no doubt, in some degree, be set down to his skilful tact and polished manners. There were no storms within and no assaults from without. But as regards the general interests of art in this country the period was an important one, for it was marked by what may be called the first Government recognition of the necessity of encouraging the fine arts. West had often



Portrait of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.
From the drawing by
George Dance, R.A.
In the possession of the Royal Academy.

* This remarkable picture has been recently engraved by Mr. T. G. Appleton, and published by Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., to whom we are indebted for permission to make this reproduction.—Ed. Art Journal.



In the Collection of J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq.

Miss Croker.
By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A

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urged the desirability of forming a national collection of pictures, and had applied in turn, without avail, to Pitt, Fox, and Percival for support. Lawrence followed with even more insistence in the same strain, and with more success, for in 1824 the Earl of Liverpool, who was then Prime Minister, obtained the assent of Parliament to the purchase, for £57,000, of the Angerstein collection of 38 pictures; and so was founded the National Gallery.



Diploma Picture. By permission of the President and Council of the Royal Academy.

The Gipsy Girl. By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

Other artistic matters of importance in which Lawrence took great interest, were the founding, in 1823, of the Royal Hibernian Academy, to the first exhibition of which, in 1826, he sent some of his pictures, and the effort to establish in the same year the Royal Scottish Academy, an effort, however, which was not crowned with success until 1838. He was also a great patron and supporter of the two great charitable societies for the relief of distressed artists and their families, the Artists' Benevolent Fund, founded in 1810, and to which a Royal charter was granted in 1827, and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, first started in 1814, but which was not incorporated till 1842. It may be mentioned in this connection that Lawrence himself was ever ready to give pecuniary assistance to struggling artists; indeed, his benevolence was large and unstinted, and was one of the causes which led to the embarrassment in money matters from which he constantly suffered. Another cause was his taste for collecting drawings and works by old masters, on which he is estimated to have spent £60,000. The refusal of this collection by the Government after his death was followed by an attempt to get up a subscription to purchase it for the nation, towards which the Academy voted £1,000, and Sir John Soane a like sum; but it failed, and the works were sold by auction. A collection of architectural casts made by Lawrence was purchased by the Academy for £250, and presented to the British Museum for the use of architectural students, but after keeping them for some years the Trustees returned them to the Academy, where they now are on the walls of the architectural school.

No changes of any importance occurred in the Academy during Lawrence's presidency. The exhibitions remained at much the same level, both as regards the number of works exhibited and the receipts. The schools attracted the average number of students. The practice of sending travelling students abroad, discontinued since 1795, owing to the war, had been resumed in 1818, when Lewis Vulliamy, an architect, was awarded this prize, and in 1821 a similar distinction was conferred on Joseph Severn, who had gained the Painting Gold Medal in 1819.

An interesting incident in the Presidency of Lawrence was the appointment of Sir Walter Scott as Honorary Antiquary. On his first appearance in that capacity at the Annual Dinner, Lawrence proposed his health, quoting as he did so the lines:—

> "If *he* had been forgotten,
> It had been as a gap in our great feast
> And all things unbecoming."

Allusion has already been made to Lawrence's last

illness and death. He seems to have had some premonition of the coming end, for at the Artists' Fund Dinner in 1829, in replying to the toast of his health, he said: "I am now advanced in life, and the time of decay is coming; but come when it will, I hope to have the good sense not to prolong the contest for fame with younger, and perhaps abler men. No self-love shall prevent me from retiring, and that cheerfully, to privacy; and I consider I shall do but an act of justice to others as well as mercy to myself."



Master Hope.
By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

He died, as has been already stated, after a few days' illness on January 7, 1830, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral on the 20th of the same month, the pall-bearers at his funeral being the Earls of Aberdeen, Gower, and Clanwilliam, Lord Dover, Sir Robert Peel, Sir George Murray, Mr. John Wilson Croker, and Mr. Hart Davis. The exhibition of the British Institution in the same year consisted chiefly of Lawrence's works, ninety-one of his best pictures being collected.

G. D. LESLIE.
FRED A. EATON.

'St. Paul's from the River.'

BY HENRY DAWSON.

ETCHED BY W. A. REID, FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ART GALLERY OF THE CORPORATION OF BIRMINGHAM.

'ST. PAUL'S from the River' is a representative example of the originality and careful realism which characterised the art of Henry Dawson. It was painted the year before he died, and shows the artist in the full strength of his powers as one of the most genuine of our English workers in landscape. It is particularly strong and effective in the painting of the sky and its reflection in the murky Thames waters, made lovely by the borrowed hues of sunset. The dome of the Cathedral rises up against the blue sky, which is filled with long lines of small clouds, some flushed with orange and red, while darker masses on the horizon are piled in long ranks behind the house-roofs and distant church spires and towers. The sunset colours of the sky are reflected on the rippled surface of the river. Across the centre of the picture runs a line of dark red, sombre warehouses and factories, with rows of wharves, and shipping of various kinds, casting dark shadows across the water; large lighters, with sails, are anchored on each side in the foreground, with numbers of small boats and all the usual accessories of a great city's river-side.

Henry Dawson's pictures are valued more highly to-day than they were during his lifetime, as the work of one of the best of the painters of landscape, river-side, or sea-view, who flourished during the middle period of the nineteenth century. He may have gained his love of ships and of the sea from his birth-place, Hull, although he was taken to Nottingham when still a baby. Until he was twenty-four he worked as a common hand in a lace factory, but painted in his odd moments, and now and then sold his efforts for a few shillings; but in 1835 he turned his back upon his trade and started as an artist, with a local hair-dresser as his first patron. Beyond half-a-dozen lessons from J. B. Pyne, in 1838, he was entirely self-taught. He had no great imagination or intellectual power, but a deep and honest love for the scenery of his native country, and originality in his method of expressing himself in paint. His pictures are faithful transcripts, and are stamped with the evidences of a direct study of nature uninfluenced to any great extent by the work of contemporary artists. In the latter half of his career he seems to have come under Turner's magic influence, and to have been moved to try more brilliant effects than any he had hitherto attempted; but he was in no way a slavish imitator of the great landscapist, and, though many of his canvases are distinctly Turneresque in treatment, yet even in this he has an undoubted style of his own.

In 'St. Paul's from the River,' the ugly architecture of the gloomy houses form a fine and sharp contrast to the beauty and light of the sky and the river, and the effect of the great cathedral towering over all is most impressive. The picture cannot lay claim to the mystery and the witchery with which Turner would have invested a similar scene, but it is, nevertheless, a composition of high artistic quality, rendered with an impressiveness and an amount of poetic imagination not often found in Henry Dawson's canvases.

The Art Journal London Virtue & Co. Ltd.



Painted by Henry Dawson

Etched by W. A. Rudd

St. Pauls from the River

From the picture in The Art Gallery of the Corporation of Birmingham



The Doune and Craig-Ellachie.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Rothiemurchus.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

OF all the districts overshadowed by the extensive Cairngorm range, the most magnificent, by universal consent, is Rothiemurchus. This is a region entirely unique. It has nothing like it elsewhere. If Scotland as a whole is Norway post-dated, this part of the country is especially Norwegian. Scotland is famous for its artistic colouring, which Millais compared to a wet Scotch pebble; but here the colouring is richer and more varied than in any other part of the country. The purples are like wine and not like slate, the deep blue-greens are like a peacock's tail in the sun, the distant glens hold diaphanous bluish shadows, and a bloom like that of a plum is on the lofty peaks, which changes at sunset into a velvety chocolate, or the hue of glowing copper in the heart of a furnace. A day in October is something to be remembered all one's life, when the tops of the mountains all round the horizon are pure white with the early snow, and their slopes are adorned with the brilliant tints of faded bracken, golden birch and brown heather, and all the low grounds are filled with the unchangeable blue-green of the firs. At Rothiemurchus the landscape picture is most beautifully balanced, framed on both sides by heath-clad hills, and rising gradually to the lofty uplands of Braeriach and Cairngorm, and the broad summit of Ben Macdhui rounding up and shouldering away behind the great chain itself, coifed with radiant cloud, or turbaned with folded mist, or clearly revealed in the sparkling light, bearing up with them in their aged arms the burden of earth's beauty for the blessing of heaven. All the views exhibit the most harmonious relations to one another, and each is enhanced by the loveliness of its neighbour.

Rothiemurchus is a high-sounding name. It is a striking example of the genius which the ancient Celtic race had for local nomenclature. It means "the wide plain of the fir trees," and no name could be more descriptive. Nothing but the fir tree seems to grow over all the region. It has miles and miles of dark forest covering all the ground around, and usurping spots that in other localities would have been cleared for cultivation. You see almost no trace of man's industry within the horizon. Whatever cornfields there may be are entirely lost and hid within the folds of this uniform clothing of fir-forest. All is nature, primitive, savage, unredeemed. In the centre of the vast plain rises up the elevated upland of Tullochghru, about a thousand feet above the sea-level, whose farms have a brighter green, smiling in the sunshine, contrasted with the surrounding brown desolation. It seems to emerge like an island out of an ocean of dark-green verdure flowing all around its base, and breaking in billows far up the precipices of the Cairngorms. The scenery as a whole is on such a gigantic scale that the individual features are dwarfed. The huge mountains become elevated braes or plateaus, and miles of mountainous fir-forest seem to contract into mere patches of woodland. No one would suppose that the hollow which hides Loch Morlich in the distance were more than a mere dimple

in the forest, and yet it is more than three miles in circumference, and opens up on the spot a large area of clear space to the sky. The eye requires to get accustomed to the vast proportions of mountain and forest to form a true conception of the relative proportions of any individual object. Nothing can be more deceptive than the distances, which are always supposed to be much shorter than they really are.



Old Coat-of-Arms of Patrick Grant, of Rothiemurchus, and his wife, Jean Gordon.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

The crest of the Grants of Rothiemurchus is a mailed hand holding a broadsword, with the motto "For my Duchus." Duchus is the name which they gave to their domain. It is a Gælic word meaning a district which is peculiarly one's own. Rothiemurchus was always regarded by its proprietors as standing to them in a very special relation. This sentiment has been given very touching expression in that popular work, "The Memoirs of a Highland Lady," published three or four years ago. The attachment of the authoress, who was a daughter of Sir John Peter Grant, of Rothiemurchus, to her native place was unbounded. She constantly speaks of her beloved "Duchus"; and when about to accompany her father to India, when he was made a Judge in Bombay, she gives a pathetic picture of her last walk in the "Duchus" with her youngest sister. Her fortitude gave way when she heard the gate of her home closing behind her, and she wept bitterly. "Even now," she says, after long years of absence, "I seem to hear the clasp of that gate; I shall hear it till I die; it seemed to end the poetry of my



On the Spey at Aviemore.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



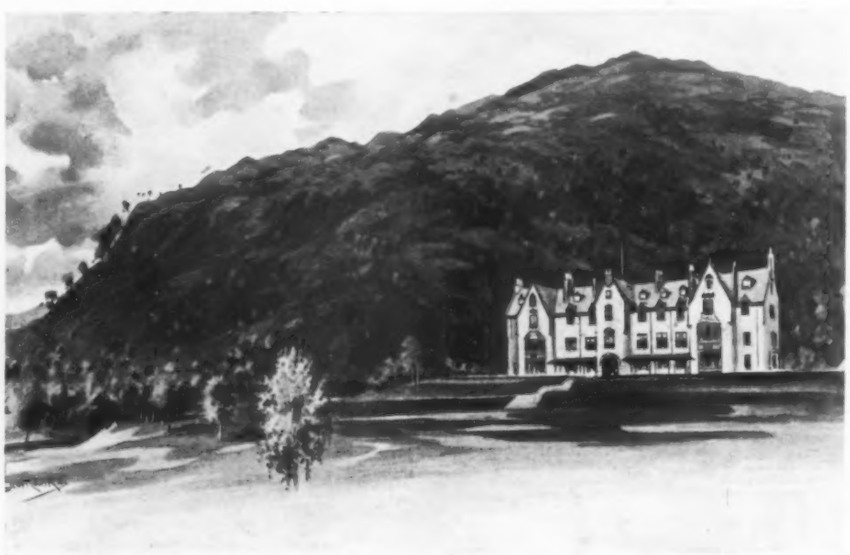
The Cairngorm Range.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

existence." Even the casual visitor feels this strange spell which the place exercises upon him; and if one has spent several summers in wandering among its romantic scenes, the fascination becomes altogether absorbing. Season after season finds your feet drawn towards this charming region; and no other spot can replace it, no other scenery surpass it in its power over the imagination and the heart. There is little reference made in the "Memoirs of a Highland Lady" to the natural characteristics of Rothiemurchus. The book does not describe the grand mountain scenery, or give any account of the deer-stalking in the forest, or of the climbing of the great peaks of the Cairngorm range. It is occupied entirely with the mode of life, and the social relations of this remote region at the beginning of last century. But you feel conscious all the time of the presence of the mountains. You feel that the grand scenery is not the mere background of human action, but mingles with it in the most intimate manner; and all this makes the reading of the book, so full of artless simplicity and natural piquancy and humour, peculiarly delightful.

The railway station for Rothiemurchus is Aviemore, which has entirely changed its aspect in recent years. In the old coaching days it had hardly a single building except the inn, where the horses were baited and passengers on the way to Inverness halted to refresh themselves. This quaint hostelry is still standing, but no longer used as an inn, looking like an ancient Scottish peel, showing on its doorway the height to which the Spey had risen during the celebrated Moray Floods, which Sir Thomas Dick Lauder so graphically described, when living sheep were brought across the river and left in the trees of the garden by the overwhelming waters. The whole country was inundated and became one great lake, and the face of the hill behind was seamed with white roaring waterfalls, and a dense mist filled all the air. Aviemore is now a busy junction where innumerable trains in the summer months pass north and south, and passengers from all parts of the world meet each other on the platforms. A row of new villas is built along the line, and a splendid hotel with a noble background of hills, and an incomparable view in front of the Cairngorm range, where all the great peaks are seen grouped together in the most effective manner, occupies the rising ground behind. The lands of Rothiemurchus are bounded on the west by the Spey that flows past Aviemore, at the foot of Craig-Ellachie. This storied rock is not included in the possessions of this branch of the family, although it formed the slogan or war-cry of the whole clan, "Stand fast, Craig-Ellachie." It comes out boldly from the general line of hills, and forms a most conspicuous feature in the landscape. It is composed of mica-slate broken into ledges and rocky slopes, and in some places is quite precipitous. It is covered mostly with purple heather, interspersed with weeping birches and bushes of willow. The bare spaces are clothed with bracken, whose golden tints in autumn are indescribable; and even the hard exposed rock is weathered and frescoed with yellow and hoary lichens. It is a rich feast of colour to the eye at all seasons of the year, and exhibits a poetry of fleeting hues fairer than an equal portion of sky, which it blots out, would show. By a poetic instinct it was chosen as the symbol of the clan, and its enduring stedfast character shadowed forth their unchanging faithfulness amid all the strains of life. The fame of this rock in the landscapes of their native region has always powerfully impressed the imagination of the warlike people. It has been the scene of many a gathering of the clan in times of war and foray; and from this central spot the fiery cross used often to be sent round to summon the clansmen together. Ruskin, during his visit to this region, greatly admired the picturesqueness of Craig-Ellachie; and he speaks thus of its associations—"You may think long over the words 'Stand fast, Craig-Ellachie,' without exhausting the deep wells of feeling and thought contained in them—the love of the native land, and the assurance of faithfulness to it. You could not but have felt it, if you passed beneath it at the time when so many of England's dearest children were being defended by the strength of heart of men born at its foot, how often among the delicate Indian palaces, whose marble was pallid with horror, and whose vermilion was darkened with blood, the remembrance of its rough grey rocks and purple heather must have risen before the sight of the Highland soldiers—how often the hailing of the shot and the shrieking of the battle would pass away from their hearing, and leave only the whisper of the old pine branches, 'Stand fast, Craig-Ellachie.'"

HUGH MACMILLAN.

(To be continued.)



Craig-Ellachie and the Aviemore Hotel.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



A Corner of a North-Country Horse Fair.
From an auto-lithograph by George A. Fothergill.

Artist, Doctor, and Sportsman.

GEORGE A. FOTHERGILL, M.B.



Bank-Top Station Tower, Darlington.
From a drawing by George A. Fothergill.

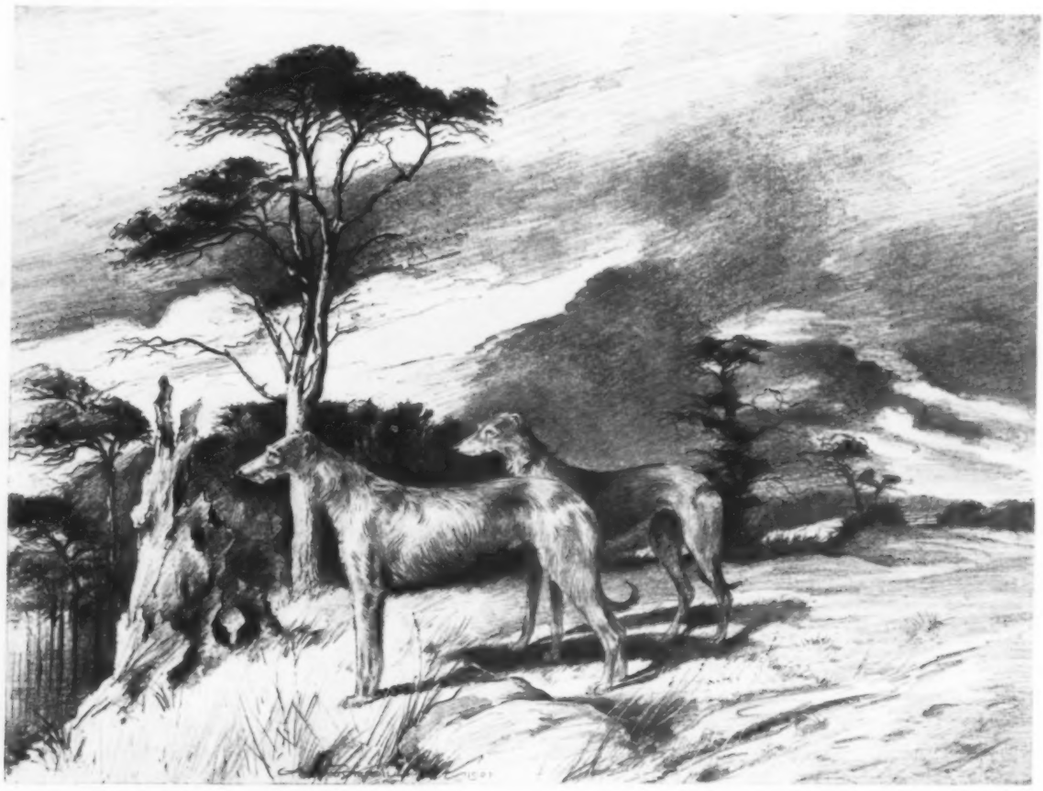
OUR subject in this sketch is a rising artist with, as yet, hardly more than a local reputation. Mr. Fothergill has attacked the entrenchments of pictorial art and won an entrance at one of the least accessible entrances; joining within a small but select band which, from the very difficulties and obstacles that must be surmounted to become eligible, can never be overcrowded. He has made himself master, artistically, of the horse and pony of all breeds. He touches life at many sides, as the accompanying illustrations show, but what has brought him into prominence is the remarkable ability and power which he possesses for drawing high-class horses.

For it can be safely said that in the world of art there is no subject—not necessarily excepting the human form itself—that will absorb more enthusiasm and make greater demands upon an artist's power and skill; that will give him years of harder study, early and late, at home and afield, than that marvellous and fascinating union of strength and beauty which the horse affords.

So far as one can judge, artistic ability seems a neutral quality in itself, that, once granted, runs concurrently along in the direction which the natural tastes of its owner follow. I mean to say that a boy who is fond of ships, or of soldiers, will, if he has artistic talent, choose them as the subject of his artistic efforts. Mr. Fothergill inherited general artistic tastes from his father and grandfather, who were both good amateur draughtsmen, and others in his family had also shown artistic leanings; but the special application of these tastes was decided by his own personal predilections. Love of sport has caused his artistic studies to deal with the subjects it embraces.

It is only four years ago since Mr. Fothergill definitely abandoned the practice of medicine and seriously took up art as a profession. But he is such a rapid and prolific worker that he is already able to point to some very substantial achievements, while with almost Titanic energy he is still reaching out in all directions with new and varied projects. He works with pencil and pen, draws in water-colour, crayon, and for lithographic reproduction with lithographic chalk upon transfer paper, finding in these, up to the present, all the outlet he requires for expressing himself. Apart from a thorough grounding in drawing from the cast at school, he is largely self-taught, and has had to pick up knowledge piecemeal here and there, discovering things almost from the elements for himself as he went along. He has not had the advantages of that sympathetic atmosphere that contact with brother-artists brings, and never had a lesson in animal or landscape drawing in his life; nor in water-colour, except what his father taught him. Dr. O. W. Holmes held that, as a rule, a self-made man is a badly made man. The only meaning this has in Mr. Fothergill's case is that, to bring himself up to the level of men who started with greater advantages than he, has

cost him not only some tremendously hard work, but also much lost time. Of course, pluck has done it. For the last three and a-half years he has, he tells me, worked twelve hours a day with scarcely a break. And thus gradually the amateur has been merging into the artist, and it is at this point we find him to-day. He has adopted his new profession from deliberate choice, and is seriously determined to live by it; he has no thought of asking indulgence on account of the handicaps to which I have alluded, wants no patronising "not bad for an amateur" or "very good for one self-taught" criticisms upon his work, but puts it forth to stand or fall by the same canons and upon the same conditions as his fellow-artists. Any attempt to speak of his work with finality at the present time would be simply fatuous. All I need say is that he is not only launched, but fairly afloat in the open sea. Where his voyage will end remains to be seen.



"Lord Brooksby" (K.C.S.B.), and "Lady Zetland" (K.C.S.B.). The property of Mr. J. J. Harris, Darlington. From a drawing by George A. Fothergill.

He has already published upwards of a hundred large auto-lithographs of sportsmen, horses, and views of Darlington, where, by the way, he resides. Some of these are printed in colours, and of nearly all Mr. Fothergill has published a very few coloured by himself. Some have been conspicuous successes, all have the merit of sound knowledge, originality of treatment, and the genius that pays attention to details. His books include: "A Riding Retrospect" (1895), with 45 illustrations; "An Old Raby Hunt Album" (1899), with 52 sketch-portraits and 8 auto-lithographs, which was extremely well received, and may be said to be the foundation of his growing reputation; "Notes from a Diary of a Doctor, Sketch-Artist and Sportsman" (1901), with 220 illustrations, which contains in fullest detail his life, career, and opinions upon men and things. While I feel bound to say that I think it suffers largely from the difficulty a man who writes about himself always has, to discriminate between matters that are of general interest and those of purely private and personal concern, and that as a piece of book-making it could have been much improved by the assistance of an experienced editor; yet it contains some very serious advice, sound sensible talk and practical experience of the utmost value—especially to any young artist aspiring to accomplish what he has achieved, and to learn something worth knowing about those subjects upon which his experience enables him to speak with authority—which outweigh any trivialities and superfluities to which objection might be taken. He has also in the press at the present time, to be published by Dresser and Sons, Darlington, "A North-Country Album," which treats of signs, signboards and sundials, animal and bird life, picturesque landscape and buildings—just those bits which a facile artist, with a sense of fun and an eye for the quaint and unusual, sees in his walks abroad, and, if of rather more local than general interest, have all the stronger appeal to those whom they do interest on that account. It is impossible to foretell in what directions Mr. Fothergill may yet "break out." He has succeeded in producing Christmas cards of an original and personal kind, obtaining new and unhackneyed effects by quite simple means. He has "up his sleeve" a projected book for children, of the "Golly-wog" and "A. B. C. for Baby Patriots" type, from which



A little old Curiosity Shop.
From a sketch by George A. Fothergill.

we reproduce an illustration. All this, besides over a hundred portraits of hunters, chasers, and polo ponies, represents, roughly, four years' work.

The bare recital—and I feel it is little more—of the above will serve to show that we have here a new and vigorous artistic force, which I venture to prophesy Darlington will not, before long, be able wholly to contain.

I have shown, and the illustrations given herewith show, that Mr. Fothergill is an all-round man. But he has one great gift; and there are plenty of men doing—to be frank—equally well, and technically even better, much that he can do, who have it not.

From his college days he says he has never been able to keep his eyes off a horse. His first drawing of a horse was made at the age of fifteen. During the two years of his practice as a medical man, which took him to various parts of the country before he finally settled where he is, he was always as busy studying horses as his patients. It was, indeed, humorously suggested that he sometimes put the horses first and the patients after; but this, needless to say, he strenuously denies. In any case he has had years of constant contact with horses, sportsmen, and hunting. He has ridden all sorts, and even broken them in. His knowledge of human anatomy—in which he took first-class honours at Edinburgh—has proved simply invaluable in helping him to master animal anatomy. Indeed, much of the study that is necessary to qualify a man for the practice of medicine is of almost equal service as a preparation for the practice of art. After all, there must be some connection between the two professions, for is not the great painter-physician, St. Luke, patron of both? With such experience of, and enthusiasm for, his subject, and his own natural gifts, it is not surprising to find that he is able to catch the characteristic points of a horse, and, with a peculiar delicacy of touch which is his own, to express each animal's individuality to the satisfaction of the judge of horses generally; but more, by his freedom from exaggeration, by the grace of pose and balance, by a certain felicity of arrangement, by the life and spirit imported into the work and the fine feeling for the nervous high-strung nature of the beautiful animals he loves so well, he is able to excite the admiration of those who enjoy a beautiful thing finely expressed, and can feel its "horseyness" even though they know little of horses. What Herring was most successful in portraying, his biographer tells us, was "the beautiful, healthy, and natural gloss of the coat, the real effect of being well-bred and well-reared, the union of strength and elegance, the perfect symmetry of the animal, so effective and so unexaggerated." Undoubtedly Mr. Fothergill can be credited with the same gift. Our reproduction from his auto-lithograph of "Eye-Witness," a horse belonging to Sir William Chaytor, Bart., could, it seems to me, be exactly described by the words I have quoted above. Mr. Fothergill regards it as the best picture of a horse he has done yet.

All pictorial art worth the name must rest upon a solid basis of truth. If you are going to draw horses you must satisfy primarily the sportsman, and the judge of horses generally. These professional experts know very definitely what they want, and their power, within the limits that belong to them, is absolute. Whom they will they slay, and whom they will



A Whipper-in, showing Hounds.
From a drawing by George A. Fothergill.



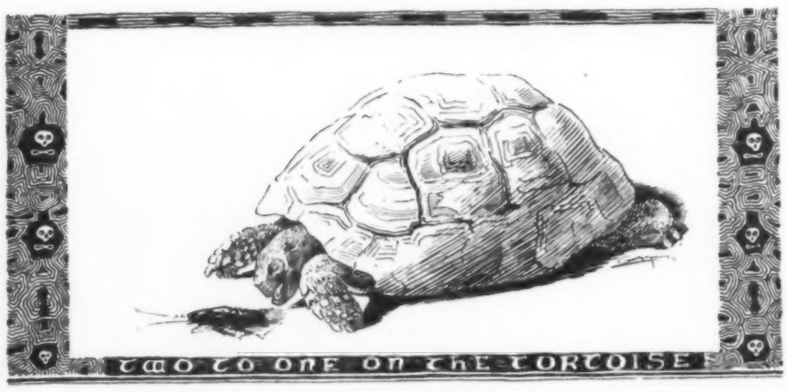
An angry long-eared Owl.
From a drawing by George A. Fothergill.

they keep alive. But if the artist fails to keep them in their place, he is artistically doomed. He will never rise beyond the level of quality of the tailor's fashion plate. Who has not observed with mingled astonishment and dismay the immense admiration and value with which sporting friends invest old prints—of art value nil, as pictures beneath contempt—which are just nothing more than equine fashion plates? They find them completely satisfactory—apart from historical interest, which I am not considering—because they give them what they want. And what they want is little more than *memoranda*, and I need hardly say, not enough—if that were all Mr. Fothergill had to give—for the pages of this Journal.

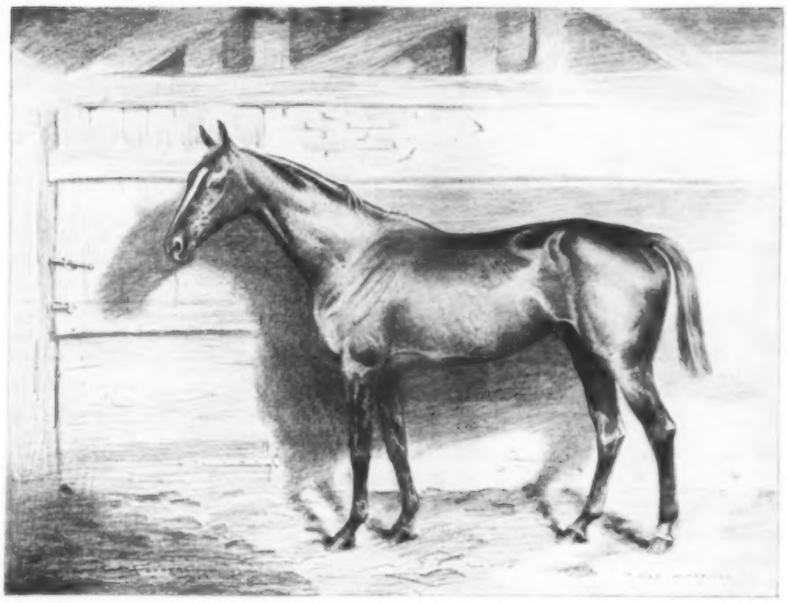
We know that towards the end of his career, Herring objected to painting mere portraits of animals in a box, and insisted upon making a *picture* of each. It may be said that Herring's artistic conscience woke up tardily, or perhaps he was not in early life in a position sufficiently strong to resist the wishes of his clients, for he made plenty of monotonous horse portraits in his time. At any rate, Mr. Fothergill's conscience is very much awake on this point, and in the "Notes from a Diary" he discusses very soundly and very practically the question of artistically composing the portraits of horses. His ideal painter of horse portraits is Robert Alexander, R.S.A. The problem the painter of horse portraits has to solve is to represent his subjects naturally, with all their character—and this is as various in horses as in human beings; each horse has a characteristic way of standing, Mr. Fothergill says—to show them without pose in an ordinary normal position, to represent them in suitable and consistent surroundings, and to avoid repetition, monotony and conventionality. He has also to avoid the mistake of over-emphasis of his knowledge of the anatomy of a horse; the temptation to display their learning is one that not a few sporting artists, both past and present, have found hard to resist.

The man who knows the horse and pony of all breeds has at command a sum of knowledge equivalent to that of a painter who has mastered all branches of the human race — Caucasian, Aryan, Red Indian, Mongolian, Hottentot and the rest. Now a man may be able to make a very good drawing of a European who could not draw, say, a Hottentot; and it is a fact that many men, even now, who can draw hunters and hackneys, and horses generally, cannot draw a pony—it is so difficult not to make just a small horse of him. Mr. Fothergill makes a strong point of his ability to differentiate the two.

Upon the scientific theory of a horse's motion he is thoroughly up-to-date. He has availed himself to the full of the revelations of instantaneous photography as to the true theory of quadrupedal motion, and fully realises the moral obligations of the artist to be both scientifically correct as well as artistically satisfactory. It is well known that such books as Stillman's and Muybridge's on the horse in motion have revolutionised our knowledge of the action of a horse's gallop, and not only shown us new positions, such as what is called the "gathered" position of the four legs, never before known, but flatly demonstrated the falsehood and absurdity of the old conventional galloping horse, with all four legs extended, sailing through the air like a passive projectile shot out of a gun.



The Tortoise and the Cockroach.
From a drawing by George A. Fothergill.



"Eye-Witness," the property of Sir William Chaytor, Bart.
From an auto-lithograph by George A. Fothergill.

Then, again, on the question of artistic honesty, he, like every true artist, takes the strongest possible ground. He has the most justifiable contempt for the "pot-boiler" type of artist, many of whom still go their rounds to the best shows and race meetings; whose aim is merely to flatter, painting an ideal horse for dishonest persons who want to hear their friends say "What a model of a hunter!" Mr. Fothergill says, "An honest artist who knows his work well will not budge an inch for anyone, and only aims at doing a faithful likeness of the animal before him, as he himself sees him." Nothing makes one more hopeful for the future of an artist than to find that he has a lofty and incorruptible conception of his mission.

In an appreciation of this kind some personal details are usual, if not necessary. Let me, therefore, record that Mr. Fothergill was born in 1868, at Leamington, that he was educated at Leamington College and Uppingham School, and that he proceeded to Edinburgh in 1887 to study medicine, taking his degree in October, 1895. At Uppingham he had a thorough grounding in the antique under a well-known master, Mr. Charles Rossiter, who declared him one of his best pupils during thirty-three years of teaching. It is interesting to add that the first pen drawing of Mr. Fothergill's ever published represented one of the corners of the studio building at Uppingham and appeared in THE ART JOURNAL in December, 1886, in connection with an article by Mr. Rossiter upon the Art Teaching at Uppingham School. Fifteen years after leaving Leamington he caricatured his old head-master, Dr. Joseph Wood, for "Vanity Fair," for which journal, by the way, he has also caricatured Captain Longfield Beatty, and the late W. Jack Drybrough, Esq., though the latter was never published owing to the untimely death of Mr. Drybrough in the polo field. There is no walk in life, as Mr. Ruskin long ago pointed out, in which a knowledge of drawing is not useful. At Edinburgh Mr. Fothergill's single purpose was to become a doctor, for which his ability to make careful drawings of his dissections proved a great advantage in many ways, not only for the profession he then had in view, but for that he has now adopted. Undoubtedly the possession of an eye trained to see must have been an important aid in winning the first-class anatomical honours to which I have already referred. Then the professors of the University were very glad to avail themselves of his talents in preparing drawings for their lectures, and in this way he was brought into contact with Sir William Turner and his assistants, Sir Thomas Grainger Stewart, and other professors. After becoming qualified, he acted as assistant and *locum tenens* in various places and finally set up for himself at Hillmorton, near Rugby; Market Harborough and North Wales. Mr. Fothergill does not say he will never practice again, but at present he is wooing Art with that stout heart and single purpose which have seldom failed to succeed in the long run. At Darlington he has found good friends, and if, as he hints, parental approval of his change has unfortunately not been forthcoming, it becomes all the more necessary for him to show by results that the step is justified.

History has a knack of repeating itself, and it must be an encouragement to Mr. Fothergill to know that much of his career follows in a pretty close parallel that of a previous great artist and sportsman. John Leech, who inherited his talent from his father, never had any regular art lessons. Educated at a public school, the Charterhouse, his father likewise put him to the medical profession at St. Bartholomew's, where the great excellence of his anatomical



The bad Clown who took the Cutting Man's Clothes.
From an unpublished Book for Children by George A. Fothergill.



Haymaking: Caught in a Shower.
From a sketch by George A. Fothergill.

drawings attracted the attention of the surgeons, and furnished him at the same time with that knowledge of the human form that gives such reality to his drawings. The embarrassment of his father's affairs alone prevented him from proceeding to Edinburgh, and he never qualified; but he saw some practice as assistant to a practitioner at Hoxton, and afterwards to Dr. John Cockle, of the Royal Free Hospital. He gradually gave up his medical studies and resolved to live by his art, for he was always drawing, horses by preference. Like Mr. Fothergill, Leech early turned his attention to lithography, and Mr. Kitton tells us that, having drawn his pictures upon a stone, poor Leech spent many a weary day carrying the heavy stones from publisher to publisher in search of a buyer. I need not pursue the comparison farther. We know the rest about Leech; we can wait with patience, and I venture to say with confidence, to see how it will be with Mr. Fothergill.

The illustrations I have not referred to include an exceedingly fiery and spirited drawing of an angry owl, drawn from a fresh specimen of a marsh owl shot near Darlington; the 'Corner of a North-Country Horse Fair' is more or less true to the Horse Market, Darlington; and the drawing of the two superb deerhounds was exhibited at the Dudley Gallery Summer Exhibition, 1901.

HAROLD W. BROMHEAD.



A Christmas Card.
By George A. Fothergill.

The Presidents of the Royal Scottish Academy.

I.—GEORGE WATSON, P.R.S.A.

GEORGE WATSON was born at Overmains, Berwickshire, in 1767. He must have shown a strong love for drawing when a boy, for we find him as a pupil of Alexander Nasmyth, and at eighteen years of age he was in London, and spent two years in the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds. After some travel he returned to Edinburgh, and took a prominent position as a portrait painter. For four years he was President of the Associated Artists, and at the first general meeting of the Scottish Academy, held on the 27th of May, 1826, Mr. Patrick Syme in the chair, the following gentlemen were elected office-bearers, viz.:—

President,
George Watson.

Secretary,
William Nicholson.

Treasurer,
Thomas Hamilton.



George Watson, P.R.S.A.
From a painting by himself.

George Watson lived at 10, Forth Street, Edinburgh, and there he was waited on by Lord Cockburn, who was acting for those artists who had not joined the young Academy, but who wished now to do so; an amalgamation which was afterwards happily accomplished.

When in London he painted the well-known portrait of Benjamin West, and during his lifetime exhibited forty-five pictures in the Royal Academy and the British Institution. Many of his works are to be found in Scottish country mansions. He was uncle to Sir John Watson Gordon, President of the Royal Scottish Academy in later years.

He died at Edinburgh, 24th August, 1837, and was buried in the West Kirk Burying Ground.

G. A.



Haymakers—Noon.
From the painting by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.

Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.

AS in the case of virtually all the pupils of Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A., former Master of the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh, the art of Hugh Cameron is a strictly personal development. He stands for no school or set canon, but paints in an individual style easy of recognition and obviously the sincere and spontaneous expression of himself. It is sincere, that is, so far as it goes, for Cameron never gives way to Byronic *abandon*, and does not choose to reveal himself without reserve in art.

This characteristic self-repression has had much to do with his more recent preferences in the choice of subjects. Springing from seaside musings near his country-house at Lower Largo, on the southern shore of Fifeshire, a long series of his works may, in one view, be most aptly described as sea dreams. They are, however, dreams embodied in calculated form, and only realised after laborious thought, and the long-sustained and close study of material. Delicacy of manner is not to be confounded with either vagueness of conception or ease of treatment. The difficulties of the work are hidden under seeming facility of execution.

In another view, the works referred to are the culmination of a practice otherwise wide in its range. Cameron has explored the several fields of *genre*, portraiture and landscape. It is only of late years that, at a stage of his artistic evolution defined in the sequel, he seems most freely to have yielded to an artistic love of the sunlit beach and summer sea. He has felt with increasing fervency and depth the mystery and fascination of the ambers of evening and the opals of dawn hovering upon the Firth. In them he has discovered the form of art into which it is possible to throw the better part of himself, his sensitive colour-sense, his feeling for grace and beauty, and his consciousness of the mellow harmonies existing between man and nature.

With his temperament and finely-strung emotional



A Match for Grandfather.
From the painting by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.

nature, his observation of the unities strikes one as inevitable. He introduces no jarring details upon a plea of realism, but with one dominant note spreads upon his canvas a subdued but rich fusion of light and colour. He has mastered the secret of opulence without glare, and in simple sweetness of tone and assonance of tints has discovered a new charm. He seeks the modesty of semitones, the soothing modulation of crooning in paint. His blues, yellows, greys and browns are notably soft and pleasing — hair with the sunlight in it, eyes of amethyst and turquoise, young faces gleaming and flushed with mantling blood, and floating garments rich but chaste.



A Lonely Life.
From the painting by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.

We turn to Cameron from the decision of Bough, the vigour of Pettie, the deft promptitude of Sir George Reid as flower-painter, and the studied dramaturgy of Orchardson. He takes us nearer the mystery of Chalmers and the silvery matins of Corot. We look to him for the restful peace of self-control, the eloquence of reticence, and the luxury of a passing halt in the half-realised borderland between fact and fancy.

The typical Cameron is mystic, a vision of the undefined, a distant melody faintly heard. Partially to explain this, there is a story of him told by J. M. Gray. In 1873, Lawton Wingate was at Comrie, painting mainly upon the old realistic lines. "Mr. Cameron came to see the younger artist's pictures, and took occasion to criticise some points in them. Mr. Wingate defended them as being true to fact; to which his friend replied—'I *feel* the work to be wrong, and art is not an affair of argument; it is an affair of feeling.'" The remark led Wingate to think of the meaning of fidelity in art. He had already been awakening to the fact that it is not measurable by line and rule, and he says: "There and then it struck me with irresistible force. I determined thenceforth to appeal directly to feeling as my guide; and only from that date can I see any real progress in my art."

In the advice to Wingate, as in the representative painting, there is a good deal of Cameron himself. Here it is necessary to draw a distinction between temperament and the range of emotion, on the one hand, and artistic expression on the other. Even to casual and superficial observation, Cameron is a consistent human unit, given to reflection and brooding. With him personally, and at least in the gestatory stage of artistic creation also, thought has a tendency to relax its concentration, and to pass into the visionary. In that mood the things of life become an abstraction. This is seen and felt in the mildly dreamy introspective eye, a feature indicating assimilative power and a proneness to submit things objective to subjective influences. This trait, as signifying habit, implies a more or less homogenous individuality. Having reached that point, Mr. Cameron becomes a subject for more penetrating analysis, for if, superficially, and to appearance, the man's nature be placid, strong emotion is caged below.

This means that, in art, the force of passion is quelled in æsthetic delicacy, the outlook is broad and the sympathies of the widest, but the painter's heart and intellect recoil from the ugly, from the distortions of pain and the tragedy of sorrow. More decidedly, perhaps, than in any other respect, Cameron's nature cleaves to the beautiful. His mind is absorbent, and intellect and imagination never stay their working, but, in art, neither tells of the deeper mysteries of his life. This is the counterpart of the modesty of nature. Such self-restraint as his is never found apart from power. The tendency to abstraction turns to a valuable artistic gift. For it is only after a subject has been so completely absorbed as to become a distinct intellectual abstraction —the joint creation of thought and imagination—that it can be treated as a whole. Only then does the conception become a harmony in colour, soft in its gradations and pleasing in its relative values, graceful in arrangement and satisfying in the approach it makes towards that unrealisable perfectness of design which is alternately the painter's inspiration and his despair. Keeping his reticence in view, the seal of the man Cameron is indelibly stamped upon the work of the painter.

To pursue the parallel a step further, a painting is so true a mirror of the painter, his character and intellectual *timbre*, that the one proves a key to the other. In the man we find a quiet dignity almost patriarchal, a silence pregnant with suggestion, catholicity of taste, a singular breadth of mental vision, and an exceptional power of appreciation. In the typical Cameron is more of grace than strength, of subtlety than force, and a more profound feeling for the melodies than for the grander and more resonant harmonies of colour. These things are felt in the easy flow of lines, in pose and action, and in the unvarying deference to form. In many canvases the sum-total of the truth they hold seems to lie in close observation of the magic of the sun. Forms are indicated and brought into shapely relief by the play of light upon rounded and vanishing surfaces. Or, perhaps more plainly, hard outlines are suppressed and figures are modelled out of light and colour with the brush.

These matters are dwelt upon because, in the case of Hugh Cameron, the analysis of manner and idiosyncrasy



The Village Well.
From the painting by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.

is more profitable than marshalling the facts of biography. His life does not account for his art. It is nowise affected by incident, and the story of his education and career may accordingly be brief. He was born in Edinburgh in 1835. At the age of four or five he began to feel the art-impulse, and to copy and sketch in pencil. He was about five when he attempted a drawing of the people coming out of St. Andrew's Church; it was wet weather and the majority carried umbrellas. His years were still few when he first attempted pencil portraits, and soon thereafter drawing became both a pastime and a serious occupation. So far his life may be read in many others.

At fourteen he passed into the practical stage, by being formally indentured to an architect and surveyor. When this step was taken on his behalf, he was neither consulted nor offered a choice of profession. As a matter of fact, he had made up his mind four years previously to be a painter, and so little did that idea partake of the nature of a passing boyish fancy, that his apprentice master very soon acquiesced in it as a settled resolve. He not only recognised the inevitable, but showed an active sympathy with the youngster, and, far from repressing, encouraged his ambition. In the first place, he relieved Cameron of the strict observance of office rules. Being himself fond of painting, his personal taste pled for his apprentice. When, accordingly, he came upon an oil portrait of a fellow apprentice done by Cameron during office hours, he made no protest, but sent the young painter out to his own house to paint a portrait of his father. He then sent him to the south country to paint a portrait of a friend, a sheep farmer, and while there, Cameron got some of the material afterwards worked into his picture of 'Sabbath Eve in the Shepherd's Home.' A further practical advantage of his apprenticeship was that he obtained a knowledge of architecture which proved useful to him in after years.

Meantime, in the first year of his apprenticeship (1849) he had been enrolled a student at the Trustees' Academy, and entered the School of Design under Messrs. Dallas and Christie. An arrangement had been made under which he had permission to leave the office so as to attend the art class, but he had not bargained for getting there nothing beyond the strictly limited training of an architect's apprentice. He may have been enrolled as such, and in any event the masters looked upon him as committed to the profession of architect. Under their misapprehension he studied for upwards of two years, giving close attention to the work of the class, but always drawing nearer and nearer the form of art which proved his destiny and the field of his life-endeavour. The practice was valuable, but as time passed it became irksome. The teachers continued giving him nothing but drawing from architectural designs, objects on the flat, and the like; he had borne it patiently, but the spirit of protest rose at last.

"Why," said he, "do you not give me the figure to draw?"

"What do you want with figure-drawing?" was the reply. "Are you not to be an architect?"

"No," was the firm answer, "I'm going to be a painter."

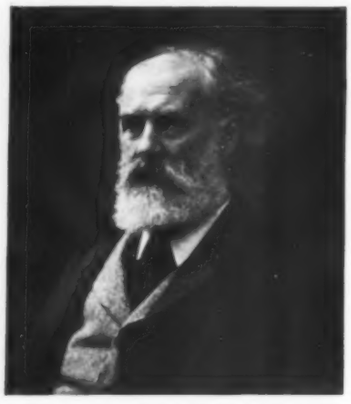
At that juncture Robert Scott Lauder assumed the

mastership of the Antique and Life Class, and into it Cameron was at once passed. Lauder was appointed in February, 1852, and under him Cameron began the study of the antique, taking his place in the class on 12th October, 1852. He was one of forty-nine students, including Orchardson, Peter Graham, McTaggart, and Herdman. George Paul Chalmers' name appears in the following year. The first subject Cameron got to draw was a bust.

"How do you wish it done?" he asked.

"Wish it done?" said the master, "I don't care. Do it any mortal way you like, but get it done."

Rejoicing in freedom from dictation as to method, Cameron finished the particular drawing mentioned in two nights, and the master, being satisfied, gave him more important and difficult studies. He pondered and laboured, working hard, slowly asserting himself in his work, and throwing into it that character which makes for the development of personal style. He was so successful that in two years' time (1854) he gained a first prize for a drawing from the antique. He took the Life Class along with the Antique, and, after leaving Lauder and the Trustees' Academy, studied for a time in the Life Class of the Royal Scottish Academy. He travelled much upon the Continent in after years, and it is always difficult to trace influences. Those emanating from the Masters may raise higher standards of endeavour, and while refining the taste of an impressionable artist, may go to the making of the ideals that rule and shape his life. They are, nevertheless, in the general case unconsciously absorbed. Cameron's Continental studies do not affect the statement that his art training occupied the greater part of the decade down to 1859, and that it was confined to Edinburgh.



Portrait of the Artist.
From a photograph.

In 1854, while still a student, he made his first appearance as an exhibitor in the Royal Scottish Academy with a somewhat ambitious work, 'Joseph interpreting Pharaoh's Chief Butler's Dream.' He was then only nineteen, and the picture was done in the intervals of office work. The next year he sent two portraits and his first work in *genre*, 'Preparing for School.' In 1856 he did not contribute, and about this time he left his architect master's office. His first exhibited works as a professed painter were 'Sabbath Eve in the Shepherd's Home,' or 'The Shepherd's Sabbath,' and 'The Soldier's Widow.' These appeared in 1857 and 1858 respectively. He painted figures in landscape, but never landscape for its own sake. Thus, in 1859, came 'Going to the Hay,' now in the National Gallery—two girls going to the hayfield and singing as they go. A high light throws the shadow of one girl's head upon the other's shoulder, and both figures are set against a background hedge most laboriously treated in detail.

EDWARD PINNINGTON.

(*To be continued.*)



Age and Childhood.
From the painting by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.



Sgraffito Decoration in progress in the Lady Chapel, St. Agatha's, Landport.
J. Henry Ball, Architect.

Sgraffito as a Method of Wall Decoration.

IT is depressing to begin an article with the assurance that it is going to be dull, but such is my case.

The nature of technical matters is to be dull when they are reduced to writing. If you do this, that will happen—If you don't do this, the other will happen—You must be sure to do so and so, or this and that will be the result—Beware—Be bold—Be not too bold—and so on and so on; such is the nature of writing on technical matters, and of the studious attempt to recapitulate in print proceedings which are only capable of complete explanation in practice, in the handling of material, and in the exhilarating struggle to produce a result within the limits of your technique.

Moreover, such methodical treatise cannot be lightened nowadays by those airy excursions into antiquity, or into mythic science, which beguiled our forefathers. They embroidered their subject with a bird's-eye view of Creation, with a story on hearsay from Plutarch, or with travellers' tales of the marvellous barnacle tree, but we are supposed to be historical, critical, comparative, analytical—in short, to be omniscient; and so it comes to pass that otherwise pleasant people produce exhaustive papers and become Eminent Authorities. From this latter fate, at least, I am secure. My article is practical and technical—the experiences of a craftsman in sgraffito; and though at best I can only anticipate being "dull in a new way" to the general reader, yet I hope that this article may be of service to the few workers who have any concern with monumental decoration, and may lead to permanent results on now silent walls.

And so to work without further apology. First—what is sgraffito? The Italian words graffiato, sgraffiato, or sgraffito, mean "scratched," and scratched work is the rudest form of graphic expression and surface decoration used by man. The term sgraffito is, however, specially used to denote decoration scratched or incised upon plaster or potter's clay while still soft, and for beauty of effect depends either solely upon lines thus incised according to design, with the resulting contrast of surfaces, or partly upon such lines and contrast and partly upon an under-coat of colour revealed by the incisions; while again, the means at disposal may be increased by varying the colours of the under-coat so as further to express the design.

In this article I am only dealing with sgraffito as applied to inside wall decoration. Now the walls which you may be called on to decorate will be either bare or plastered. If bare, you will be spared some trouble and a great deal of dust; for all you will have to do before making a start will be to rake out thoroughly the mortar joints of the brick or stone wall, brush out thoroughly all sandy dust from these raked-out joints, and peck the surface of brick or stone where needed so as to give a good key for the coarse coat.

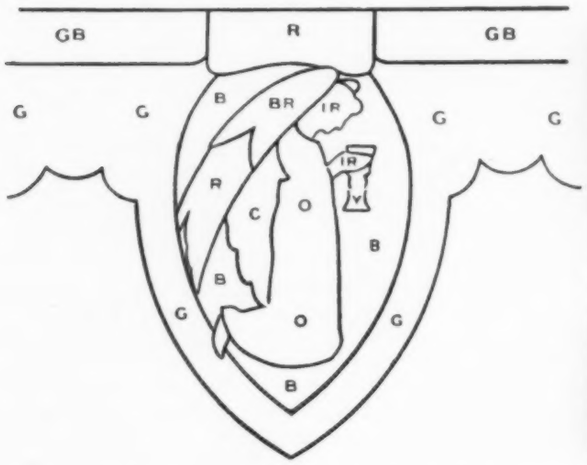
If, however, the walls are plastered, you must begin by hacking off all the existing plaster, raking out the joints, brushing and pecking the wall as before directed, thus preparing it to receive your first "rendering" coarse coat of Portland and sand. Be sure that you use Portland cement of the best quality. I always use White's. The sand should be well washed, sharp grit, the best obtainable. Why? because inferior sand may have clay nodules or dirt in it, and when this is the case you will be disagreeably informed of the fact by the finishing coat of your work "blowing," that is to say, being defaced by little pockmarks, small circles of plaster being raised on, and then detached from, the finished surface wherever a soft nodule of clay is concealed behind in the coarse coat.

The gauge of the first or rendering coat of coarse stuff may be two or three of clean sharp sand to one of Portland, and care should be taken that the two ingredients are thoroughly well mixed, otherwise the permanence of your work will be endangered.

Now give the wall as much water as it will drink, and the rendering, or flanking in, as it is sometimes called, can begin.

When the wall has been duly rendered, the surface of the coarse coat should be roughened, either by scoring it, or by stubbing it with a stiff broom, the purpose in either case being to obtain a rough surface of ins and outs so as to make a good key for the succeeding coats of plaster.

The use of this coarse coat is twofold: it keeps back damp which in the nature of things occurs on the outer side of the wall, and promotes an even suction for the succeeding coats of plaster—an even suction being most necessary, otherwise one part of your day's ground would immediately "go in," *i.e.*, the water would be quickly drawn from it by a thirsty part of the wall, while another part, where the suction was slow, would keep soft, the upshot being firecracks where the suction was fierce, delay where the suction was slow, bad work and words.



Wall space "marked in" (Brereton, Rugely, Staffs).



The same wall space, showing final result in Sgraffito. Designed and executed by Heywood Sumner.

In about two days' time the coarse coat will be sufficiently set for you to begin marking in your design on the rough grey wall. I will suppose figure designs in various colours. These, drawn on stout cartoon paper, must have been previously pricked in outline. This pricking may be well done with a darning needle fixed in a penholder bound round with string—like a bat handle—for secure holding, while the cartoon should be placed on a thick blanket so as to admit of the needle piercing the paper; when the pricking is done the paper burr at the back, round the prick-holes, should be removed by scouring with sandpaper, otherwise they will be closed up by the ragged edges of the pricked paper, and your pounce impression will be imperfect.

Now get up your cartoon in its proper place on the wall, and pounce it on. For this purpose your pounce may be dry Parian wrapped in a muslin bag. Mark pencil rings on the cartoon round the nail holes on which your cartoon is supported; remove the cartoon; replace the nails in the same holes in the wall, and paint white rings round them. These are the register holes of your cartoon, and accordingly of your colour spaces; they must be carefully kept, otherwise you will have much unnecessary trouble. In the case of large cartoons you will find it convenient to glue luggage-label ends, on which are ringed string holes, to the two top corners of the cartoon. This will prevent the paper being torn away by the weight of the cartoon, and the register consequently being dropped.

Now you will have a clear impression of your design in small white dots on the grey coarse coat, and, if you have designed your cartoon with due understanding of the capabilities and limitations of your method, you should soon accomplish the work of marking-in the different spaces of colour with white paint and a hog-hair brush. To this question of design, its capabilities and limitations in sgraffito, I shall return later on; we are now concerned entirely with method.

When you have done the marking-in, the wall will be divided up into a sort of map of white-lined spaces, as shown in the illustration, and each space should be marked with a letter showing your plasterer what colour to lay in the space, this being the end in view of the marking-in. Now you are ready to begin the actual execution of the sgraffito. Up to this point your plasterer has been doing his work, rendering the walls, and you have been doing yours, marking in your designs; now, however, you will work together in much closer union, and must plan each day's work ahead for the next week, or more, so that the coloured plaster for next day's work may be got on to-day, and so on from day to day. Why? Because sgraffito work is "fresco" in the true meaning of the word: it must be done—fresh; the process being that one day you lay a ground of coloured plaster, the next day you cover this with a thin layer of white plaster, and then cut your design out of this thin white layer, thereby revealing the coloured ground below.

Well, when you have talked over your wall and all its marking-in with your plasterer, and explained to him, if he is new to your methods of work, the colour meanings of the letters in the spaces, *e.g.*, R—red, B—blue, G—green, C—crimson, etc., then you should give him a written list of the different gauges of colour, to be fixed up in easy view for reference as he gauges up the colours on his colour banker. If you are using several colours, you will find it convenient to fix up divisions like stalls on a long board so that each colour may have its own place, and you also should provide yourself with several hawks, or mortar boards, so that each colour

may have its own hawk. The following is a gauging list of colours which may be found useful, the colour being in all cases Mander's powder distemper colour, and the cement with which it is mixed being fine Parian. I have noted anything special in their respective behaviour on the wall.

1. Turkey red. 1 of colour, 3 of Parian.
2. Bright red. 1½ Turkey red, 1 fast crimson, 8 of Parian, will set quicker than No. 1, and harder.
3. Indian red. 1 of colour, 3 of Parian (slow in setting and sometimes salt).
4. Red oxide. 1 of colour, 3 of Parian (a brownish red, slow in setting).
5. Fast crimson. 1 of colour, 3 of Parian (a very fine strong colour, needs a good deal of knocking up to mix it properly).
6. Brown. 1 of raw umber, 3 of Parian (slow in setting).
7. Red brown. 1 of raw umber, ½ golden ochre, ½ fast crimson, 6 of Parian.
8. Purple. 1 of fast crimson, 1 of ultramarine blue D, 6 of Parian (sets quickly and sometimes salts. Purple can be modified by adding 1 of French ochre to the above, and 3 of Parian).
9. Bright blue. 2½ ultramarine blue D, ½ French ochre, 9 of Parian (sets quickly and very hard, and frequently salts. The French ochre modifies the fierceness of tone of this blue, and the above gauge may need further modification under certain circumstances of lighting and position).
10. Dark blue. 2½ lime blue, ½ French ochre (sets quickly and sometimes salts).
11. Pale blue. 1½ ultramarine blue D, 1½ lime green, 9 of Parian (sometimes salts).
12. Green. 1½ ultramarine blue D, 1½ French ochre, ½ lime green, 9 of Parian (sets rather quick and frequently salts).
13. Dark green. 1½ lime blue, 1½ golden ochre, 9 Parian; or 1½ lime blue, 1 umber, 1 French ochre, 9 Parian.
14. Yellow. 1 golden ochre, 3 Parian.
15. Light yellow. 1 French ochre, 3 Parian.
16. Brown yellow. 3 French ochre, ½ umber, ½ crimson, 10½ Parian.
17. Black. 1 blue-black or manganese, 3 Parian.

None of the colours mentioned are expensive except fast crimson, 2s. 6d. per lb., ultramarine blue D, 1s. 6d. per lb., and lime green, 1s. per lb.

Of course, by reducing the amount of colour, and thereby increasing the amount of Parian, you can get lighter shades of any of the above colours; but do not forget that an increase of Parian means quicker setting, and you must allow for this in the time of getting on your colour-coat beforehand; otherwise, when you cut the final coat you will find your colour-coat cleans up very hard, smooth, shiny, and unduly grey.

Blue sets harder and quicker than any of the other colours, and it frequently salts in the process of drying out. That is to say, a white efflorescence of saltpetre appears on the colour surface. Leave this alone till it is quite dry, and then brush it off with a stiff dry brush, and rub over the colour with a damp rag, after which the original colour of the blue, green, or purple will be completely and permanently restored. The colours that have an earthy base do not salt. Salting is tiresome, tries your patience, and clouds the first effect of your new work, but it does no ultimate harm to your colour.

You should provide a number of tins (Player's navy cut 2 oz. tins are very useful) or gallipots of equal size for the measuring of colours and of Parian. Now your plasterer gauges up the colour needed, and then fills in space after space of your next day's work according to the outlines and lettering of your marking-in, taking special care not to disturb the register nails. The colour-coat should be about ¼ inch thick. When this is done the whole of the newly-laid surface should be roughened (not scratched), so as to give a key for the final coat



Sketch Design by Heywood Sumner, for Sgraffito Decoration executed in the centre apse, St. Agatha's, Landport, Portsmouth. J. Henry Ball, Architect.

which will be laid the first thing next morning.

For the final coat I use fine Parian, which sets as white as milk and cuts like cream cheese, with no imperfections of any kind; only—like Mr. Toot's tailor—it is expensive. If you should find that it sets too quick, air-slake it, *i.e.*, spread out some cement on the top stage of your scaffold, or in some place where no dust or grit will fall on it, and leave it exposed for twelve or twenty-four hours before using. If you want a creamy rather than a milk-white ground, soak half a gallipotful of golden ochre in a bucket of water, stir well, then strain, and use this ochre water for gauging up your Parian final coat, taking care that it is well stirred before use.

If you and your plasterer are strangers, you should be up betimes to see after the ochre water, the laying of



Sgraffito Decoration, All Saints, Ennismore Gardens, London—part of North Wall.
Designed and executed by Heywood Sumner.

the final ground to the right thickness (one-sixteenth, one-eighth, to one-fourth, according to the distance of the work from the floor), the keeping of the register nails, etc.; but if you are accustomed to work together, and mutually know where each comes in, you ought not really to be wanted early, while you will be wanted late; in which case make your arrangements for beginning on the fresh-laid ground between eight and nine o'clock. The ground should be trowelled-up quite firm to the touch, and without any damp shine on it before you begin cutting it. When ready, get up your cartoon in its right place as indicated by the register nails; mind the back of your cartoon is quite clean; pounce your design on the newly-laid white ground; use Portland cement for your pounce, the grey powder of which will give a clear impression on your ground.

Now for the execution of the "scratching," or really cutting, for nothing gives such clean, quick results as a knife blade fixed in a tool handle; with this tool you may learn to work with such rapidity that it will take two if not three assistants to follow you cleaning up the spaces of colour and the lines which you have cut; and you will soon find that you must be ambidextrous in order to overcome the obstacles of inconveniently placed scaffold-poles and stages. For the first hour or two you should cut in outline all the large spaces of colour, backgrounds, long lines, etc., because the final coat when first laid on will scale off quite easily from the colour coat; gradually, however, the final coat will begin to set and to adhere to the colour coat, and as the day goes on your rate of progress will get slower and slower. At first the final coat cuts like cream cheese under your knife, then "short," *i.e.* crumbly, then tough, then hard, and finally like stone. It is better to leave all fine work, such as heads, hands, and feet, to the tough stage; and you should use special care in cutting during the "short" stage, otherwise you have to spend valuable time in mending breaks. Note that in cutting you should always slant your knife away from the edge which you mean to leave as a sharp outline, because the act of cutting is apt to shake the key of the final coat; by slanting your knife aright you leave intact the plaster which is to remain, and you disturb the key of the plaster that is to come away, thereby facilitating the work of your assistant who is following you up, removing the spaces of cut-out plaster and cleaning up.

The cleaning up is of great importance, as on this depends the strength and quality of your colour. When the final coat is first cut and removed so as to show a



Sgraffito Decoration, All Saints, Ennismore Gardens, London—part of South Wall.
Designed and executed by Heywood Sumner.

space of colour, such space will be greyed by the adhesion of small particles of the final coat. In order to remove this greyness the colour surface should be scraped with a plasterer's small tool, and a good cleaner will get handling as well as colour into the scraped surface by the direction and manner of his scraping.

I have already mentioned that some colours, when mixed with Parian, set much quicker and harder than others. You should arrange to have these colours laid on the last thing before your plasterer finishes work; and you must never get on more than the next day's colour on the walls, otherwise you will find that when you try to clean up your colour coat it will scrape smooth, grey and shiny, instead of rough and full-coloured, and all your efforts will be unavailing to get up your colour to its proper strength.

The colour coat throughout your work should be followed on within twenty-four hours as the outside limit, and should be scraped immediately after it is cut, and then left alone. You must give all your colour similar conditions in order to obtain a one-stuff quality for the whole of the work.

If you find that you cannot finish the whole of the ground which you have had laid for your day's work, harden your heart, and cut off what you cannot finish; lay fresh colour, and start afresh on a new ground next day. But, notwithstanding, you ought to estimate rightly, and you ought so to arrange that your whole gang are fully employed all day, and the day's work done as planned.

If you wish to finish off your wall decoration with plain spaces in the filling or frieze, above or below your sgraffito decoration, you will find that a pleasant variety to these incised and sunk colour surfaces may be obtained by flush filling in work. In this case you lay your Parian final coat straight on to the coarse coat about ¼-inch thick, cut it according to your design (which must be quite simple, ungraphic, and with large interspaces), and when this is set, fill in the interspaces flush with selenitic sand and colour, or with Parian sand and colour, finishing with a floated rough surface to contrast with the trowelled smooth surface of the Parian, and cleaning off any colour stains which may be made on the Parian in the course of floating up the flush, rough-surfaced colour coat.

I now come to the question of design. Simplicity of expression and a rigid selection of your graphic materials are imposed on you by the method. Light on dark; dark on light; colour spaces and colour lines telling against a white ground; white spaces and white lines telling against a colour ground; contrasts of pale against dark colour spaces; juxtapositions of colour

spaces in harmony, or in opposition, warm or cool, dark or pale in incidence; these are the restrained means at your disposal. You must welcome line as your means of expression, and instead of aiming at an impossible realism, you must try to find the vitally expressive line, the essential character, movement, posture, growth and colour; in short, the graphic generalisation of the natural forms with which your decoration is concerned; and



Sgraffito Decoration in the garden corridor of a private house, Winchester. Designed and executed by Heywood Sumner.

remember that your result will be effected as much by omission as by commission; right leaving out in your design is just as important as right putting in, and interspace forms must be considered as much as silhouette forms.

Moreover, you must design with a clear perception and good-humoured acceptance of the limitations imposed by the building which you are decorating. In all our endeavours many qualities and many differing considerations go to make up the final result, yet there is always one—First. One thing we must seek first if the other things are to be added to us; and the first thing needful in design for wall decoration is that the decoration should belong to its place. It should seem to grow out of the wall spaces, and grow in a temper of acceptance and in relation to the scale of the building.

No words of advice can achieve such consummation devoutly to be wished for, but you will be on the road if you begin with knowing your building and wall spaces by heart; brooding over them, dreaming of them, until your decoration takes shape in forms and colours of rhythmic harmony, gradually to be fulfilled in the actual execution of the work.

And this is of necessity in sgraffito. You must carry out the work yourself *in situ*, you must be quick about it, and you must learn to see through scaffold-poles, and putlogs, and stages in the execution of your designs. No easy matter revising your work under these conditions, or to allow for the different lighting a wall gets when the scaffold is gone. But practice—though it will not make you perfect—will at least give you experience, and diminish the number of your mistakes.

Finally, in your graphic expression you must feel the monumental character of your work—monumental—something which stands, or remains to keep in remembrance what is past. So says the dictionary, and the words have a noble cast about them, raising us up into the realms of

> "The antithesis of things that bide,
> The cliff, the beach, the rock, the tide—
> The lordly things, whose generous feud
> Is but a fixed vicissitude."

This is the sphere of monumental decoration: To stand—to remain—to keep in remembrance—something rooted, belonging to its place. Not to be bought here, and sold there, in the eager competition of connoisseurship; not to be rushed about the world wherever men may agree to swarm in exhibition, but a thing securely planted in one place, and created with the stable assurance of natural growth.

Every artist who has had the happiness to spend laborious days on wall decoration must have felt an exaltation of soul in his work and in the thought of days to come.

There they stand, the walls that speak: men will come and go; creeds and government will change in their expression, their emphasis, and their sway; beliefs will shift; hopes will rise and fall; things will happen very differently from what we may guess; but still the walls will utter their silent visionary message to future generations of men as they strive, and achieve, and linger, and pass by. Dimly by night the presences shadow the walls; brightly by day they inhabit their set place. No change nor chance will affect them except the sure age-long decay of the nature of things, and except—a great exception—except destruction. Yes, murder and sudden death are fates which again and again have destroyed these things which stand, which remain, which keep in remembrance. Alas! that the graphic stories and insistent presences which inspire and express the ideals of one generation should live to be hated by another. This is Idolatry. That is Heresy. This is detestable. That is ridiculous. They must be hacked off, obliterated, covered with paint, plaster, anything so as to destroy the vision that is inevitable, anything so as to reduce the recording walls to blank silence.

Or again. Think of the glories of glassy colour which have been shivered into ruin; or which, from hasty care and secret burial, have arisen in shattered splendour to attest the fury and the folly which may possess the minds of men. Ah, poor monumental art! so often prone, so often remaining as a castaway landmark in a strange land, while the past which it commemorates is so little remembered, so lightly honoured!

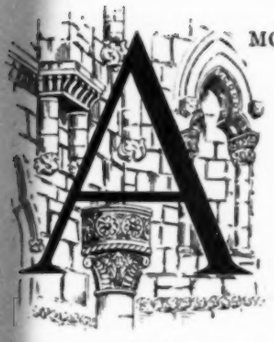
And yet—and yet—although we know all this; although we know the wreck of Time; although now we may sometimes fear whether the world within us has any part with the mechanical world without, and whether our graphic language of ideal symbol can appeal to this matter-of-fact generation; notwithstanding this knowledge, and notwithstanding these blank misgivings, we artists, by our high calling and vocation, are bound to ignore them, and to do our work of hand and soul with the constant belief that it is wanted, that it is what we were made for, and that it will remain.

HEYWOOD SUMNER.



Rainbow Landscape.
By P. Wilson Steer.

In the London Picture Galleries.



From a drawing by James Fitzgerald.

AMONG the many exhibitions opened during November, the most attractive in its kind, undoubtedly, was that of the New English Art Club, which, for the twenty-seventh time, brought together a collection of pictures and drawings by living artists. Again, by a process of elimination, among the many exhibits one can without difficulty name the most noteworthy—the pictures of Mr. P. Wilson Steer. The most complete, the most triumphant, far and away the most beautiful of these is 'The Mirror.' Mr. Steer is seldom poetical, if we may apply the word to an art other than that with which it is directly associated. But the idea of uniting into a harmony of line and colour, by means of reflection in the oval mirror, this radiant study of two seated nude figures, that idea, as here exemplified, is indisputably poetic. In the matter of actual painting, this is one of the very best things Mr. Steer has given us—eagerness, pleasure in the work, give life to each passage. The 'Rainbow Landscape,' which, by permission of Mr. C. K. Butler, the owner of the copyright, we are enabled to reproduce, is more ambitious. It is a brilliant attempt, almost a brilliant achievement, in the rendering of a dramatic aspect of nature—the landscape in fugitive sunshine, cloud and sky vomiting forth, so to say, their half-wrathful, altogether passionate message. In parts, notably in the foreground river, there is beauty; but there is a breathlessness—may we not say an airlessness—about the landscape, handled so audaciously, that conflicts with beauty, causes beauty to turn aside. Here, however, we have a vital work, which compels attention. Equally provocative of discussion is Mr. William Strang's 'Emmaus,' whose subject challenges comparison with the Rembrandt of the Louvre. It is interesting, as work by Mr. Strang can hardly fail to be; yet it seems to have been conceived, not as a whole, but in pieces. Apart from the fact that the figures look dwarfed in this low chamber, we are reminded here of Titian, there of Professor Legros, again of Paul Veronese. As to the Christ, he is not a presence, only a quite ordinary man in an awkward, inexpressive attitude. In black and white Mr. Strang is generally his own forceful, undaunted self; in 'Emmaus' he appears to be in quest of an æsthetic entity.

Apart from the three pictures named, the New English contained a gratifyingly large proportion of other than commonplace exhibits; indeed, the show in this respect compared favourably with that of the International Society. If in Mr. J. S. Hill's 'Durham' the overhanging smoke is somewhat leaden, the canvas has strength, dignity, beauty.

Among architectural studies in water-colour were Mr. D. S. MacColl's finely-felt 'Belfry and Watch Tower of Calais,' reticent to a wish, treated in old-time manner; and Mr. Rothenstein's 'Relic Stall at Le Puy,' exquisitely toned, full of mystery. Allusion must be made again to the romantically conceived 'Knight Errant' of Mr. Arthur Tomson; to Mr. Anning Bell's coloured relief of 'Charity,' a genuinely interpretative

thing; to several delightful colour harmonies by Mr. Charles Conder; to the little landscape study by Mr. W. Y. Macgregor, which accomplishes its quiet aim; and to the portrait of a chess-player by Mr. Francis Bate, wherein he works unflinchingly towards a desired and individual end.

With advantage to himself, one exhibitor at the New English Art Club might have stepped into Messrs. Agnew's gallery, for the purpose of studying the 'Lock' of Constable. Mr. David Muirhead's 'The Water Mill' owes its inspiration, surely, to the great English landscapist. If we would see how much of Constable's quality has been lost, how little of his own Mr. Muirhead has added, let us pause before the noble picture in Bond Street. What lift and movement there is in the clouds, with what unerring faithfulness and beauty the distance is rendered, how finely related to its setting is the figure! At the seventh annual exhibition on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, which must have profited much by public curiosity translated into shillings, this Constable hung next to the famous 'Stolen Duchess.' The sensational career of this picture-lady has made her famous on other than artistic grounds. In the 'Viscountess Ligonier' Gainsborough is particularly Reynolds-like, and the 'Sir William Blackstone' was, of the three, perhaps his most intimate work. For the rest, the 'Right Hon. William Adam' is a good example of Raeburn, the face ably modelled; Hoppner's 'Miss Emma Crewe' interests as a brilliant study of golden tone; the out-held baby is altogether delightful in Reynolds' 'Duchess of Marlborough and Child'; very blithely are blues and pearl-whites united in Romney's 'Mrs. Robert Trotter'; and Turner's 'Eve of the Deluge' is a great imagining of his later period.



From a drawing by Miss Constance Foxley.

WITH very few exceptions, those who contributed to the 116th Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists seem to be somnolent, or else well content to render in a commonplace way themes no less well worn than sentimental. A visit to the gallery could be recommended at any rate to those in need of a soporific. Occasionally, however, a sense of pleasure stirred the visitor and banished the tendency to sleep. Mr. Cayley Robinson's 'Fata Morgana' reveals his mannerisms rather than his inspirations. Austere in line, mystical in aim, the symbols chosen are either too near to or too far from reality to satisfy. It is a halting production, yet it was one of the most noteworthy exhibits in Suffolk Street. In phosphorescent blues and violets Mr. Foottet shows us the Pont Neuf, Paris, with no deeper note in the scheme than the purple of the background houses and spires. Mr. Wynford Dewhurst continues to treat, in obvious impasto, blossom time in the orchards of France; Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove has observed the beauty of red-sailed boats on the water-ways of Venice; Mr. Rupert Bunny's 'Feather from the Wings of Cupid' is after—all too long a way after, it must be confessed—Venetian masters of colour, but no Venetian would have been guilty of the unfortunate figure to the extreme right; Mr. J. D. Fergusson, in a somewhat Hans Hansen-like way, has pictorial tales of the East to tell; and, while the reverse of profound, 'Miss Olga Brandon,' by Mr. W. Graham Robertson, is within its limits an accomplishment.

For three weeks beginning October 28th crowds flocked to the Guildhall, to see before their departure to America the last ten canvases, by Mr. E. A. Abbey, destined for the Public Library of Boston. It will be recalled that a few years ago, there were exhibited the first five pictures of this series, treating of "The Quest of the Holy Grail." In the small upstairs gallery at the Guildhall it was difficult, if not impossible, to judge of the decorative value of these works, the largest of them 8ft. by 33ft. If, as thus seen, it was not easy to relinquish one's quest of Sir Galahad, who in each case wears "Abbey red," conceivably his assertive figure may not so militate against a decorative effect when the canvases are in their final position. In London, within wide black frames, these were ten distinct pictures, suitable for hanging in a gallery, but hardly for uniting as decoration of a given architectural space. It must be confessed, we have not here an exemplification of the decorative instinct; such, for instance, as in the great Sorbonne painting of Puvis de Chavannes.

Of many other exhibitions arranged during November, I can allude only to M. Eugène Burnand's 'Christ's Prayer after the Last Supper,' put on view at the Dowdeswell Galleries. With a whole world of tradition behind him, it is difficult for a modern artist unself-consciously to approach such a theme. In the immediate foreground is a long, narrow table, spread with pearl-white cloth; behind it, against a wall of white, stand, on either side of the central figure, the eleven apostles, all in white save Peter, who has a blue hood; and the up-looking Christ, sensitive in expression and attitude, is again clad in white. M. Burnand is to be congratulated on his austere, yet sympathetic and well-knit, arrangement of pearl-whites and greys, on the admirable way in which the well-modelled heads are grouped and related to the inspirational figure in the centre.

FRANK RINDER.





The Turin Exhibition, 1902.
Poster designed by Bistolfi to advertise the Collection.

Passing Events.

TURIN takes the lead as the scene of a great decorative exhibition in Italy, and we reproduce an attractive poster, designed to give prominence to the undertaking. The First International Exhibition of Modern Decorative Art is being organised under the most favourable auspices, and everything points to the complete success of the enterprise. The fact that Mr. Walter Crane is identified with the proceedings is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence and completeness of the arrangements to give Great Britain a representative section. Mr. Walter Crane recently received a great ovation when examples of his art were displayed at Budapest, and another indication of his European popularity is afforded by the fact that at Turin a special collection of his work will be shown. The names of some other artists occupying prominent positions in the realm of the Decorative Arts may be mentioned. MM. Anning Bell, C. Voysey, Selwyn Image, and Harrison Townsend are associated with the scheme, and with many others will exhibit. All Continental countries will be laid under contribution with equal thoroughness. France, it is scarcely necessary to say, will be represented by the most recent productions in the style of "L'Art Nouveau," which will have an opportunity to maintain its fascinations by comparison with the more sedate compositions of other countries; or it may be to receive its death-blow in the lists of popular favour, as uncertain a tournament as any of mediæval times. The enthusiasm is such that all that is worth seeing in this branch of art promises to be on view at Turin from April to November this year. We wish to announce that a series of articles is in preparation for THE ART JOURNAL from the pen of Mr. Walter Crane, and the illustrations will be selected by him. It is with some satisfaction that we have completed these arrangements, for, from his official and otherwise eminent position, no one is better fitted to carry out the details or provide so complete a record of the Exhibition and its influence on modern Decorative Art.

EXPRESSION has been given in the daily newspapers to the news of the discovery of a picture by Rembrandt, found at Compiegne; and the matter has been generally commented upon as entirely new. It is, however, more than a year ago since Dr. Hofstede de Groot, of the Hague, discovered the picture at Compiegne. It is a variation of 'The Pilgrims at Emmaus' in the Louvre. No doubt when the picture was in Paris, the authorities of the Louvre considered that having themselves a fine picture by Rembrandt, another, of a similar subject, must be a copy: but Dr. de Groot has been able to demonstrate that they are both from the brush of the master.

SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND is an indefatigable worker, but yet finds time to attend to the parochial duties in which, he insists, every true citizen

should take an active interest. On the evening of the 1st of November, in the Town Hall, he addressed the parishioners of Hammersmith, and urged the necessity of art culture, incidentally suggesting the desirability of adding many standard works on art subjects to the Corporation Library, to the Advisory Committee for which he lends his expert knowledge. This interesting lecture was the first of a series arranged for the enlightenment of the fortunate inhabitants of Hammersmith, as well as anyone else who cares to make the journey, and there is no doubt of the popularity of these refining influences. The next lecture, with special reference to art training, will be on January 30th, when Mr. Walter Crane will discourse and illustrate his remarks with the lantern.

THE preservation from destruction of Hogarth House is due in some measure to the agitation which gave the scheme prominence, though itself unsuccessful; the endeavours of those who worked so hard, therefore, deserve some recognition. It is stated that the purchaser intends the quaint building to remain as one of the landmarks of Chiswick, but the precise use to which the building will be put has not yet transpired. It will be difficult to exhibit relics of the great satirist, for the small and badly lighted rooms do not lend themselves to display. There is, however, a sentimental interest as the picturesque little house which compensates the explorer who seeks and finds it.

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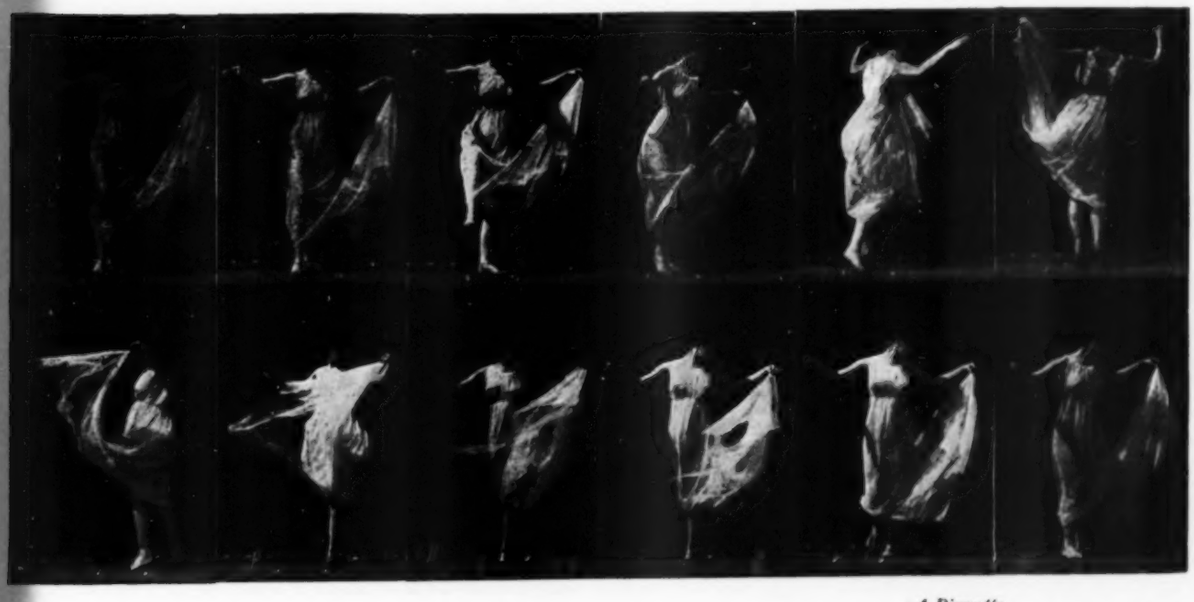
The Coronation of the Virgin.
Amico di Sandro (Bell).

Sandro Botticelli, nor Filippino Lippi. This artist, admittedly a great man, has by some outsider been named Berto Linaiuolo, but the writer prefers to let him be known, at least at present, only as the friend of Sandro.

Mr. Walter Crane has "dressed and decorated" a sweet series of forty designs in colour from the last Essays of Elia, under the title of "A MASQUE OF DAYS" (Cassell). Mr. Crane is now undoubtedly in the height of his power, and has left the stiff and somewhat dry design of earlier days far behind. These drawings are full of grace and vigour, and are very well reproduced.—Mr. G. Howell-Baker, under the title of "PENHOLM" (R. Brimley Johnson) brings together twenty-five very artistic and uncommon designs, figures and landscapes, in black and white, in another manner of decoration he is beginning to make his own.

The story of "MADAMÉ RECAMIER AND HER FRIENDS" (Harper's) renders the author, H. Noel Williams, ample opportunity to display literary skill combined with abundant knowledge of the better side of Parisian life at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Madame Récamier has hitherto been almost only a name to readers of English, and this is the first time a complete account of her has been published. The volume is well arranged, but it is very regrettable the publishers did not go to the many sources easily available to make reproduction from original works.

Amongst the books which fascinate as well as instruct, Mr. Muybridge's "HUMAN FIGURE IN MOTION" (Chapman and Hall) must take a very high place. In nearly one hundred series of instantaneous photographs executed on the plan of a cinematograph, all kinds of interesting and beautiful figures disport themselves. The men studies include wrestlers, fencers, cricketers and other athletes. The women—of which we give an



A Pirouette.
From "The Human Figure in Motion" (Chapman and Hall).

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THE most important book on the Fine Arts issued in the autumn has been Sir Walter Armstrong's "SIR HENRY RAEBURN" (Heinemann). This was a work projected by the late R. A. M. Stevenson with Mr. J. L. Caw, the present hard-working Curator of the National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh. It has been carried to a very successful conclusion by the learned Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, working on it as a labour of love during his long-extended study of Turner, now, we are glad to know, nearing a close. "Sir Henry Raeburn" affords excellent scope for illustrations, and a very representative list has been secured. Sir Walter Armstrong's comments on the Lowland Scot —himself one of the race—are remarkably searching, and his summary of Raeburn's art is a serious contribution to the art criticism of the painters of our own country.

An equally important work of the higher criticism is Mr. Berenson's "LORENZO LOTTO" (Bell), now in its second edition, with additional illustrations. Although not nearly so sumptuously set out, this essay on constructive art criticism reveals a power of expression, combined with experience, which is very convincing. The same writer's new book on "THE STUDY AND CRITICISM OF ITALIAN ART" (Bell), a collection of essays first appearing in periodicals now brought together for the first time, is chiefly remarkable for the article on "Amico di Sandro." In this persuasively written account of someone whom the author admits cannot be conclusively proved to have lived, Mr. Berenson gathers together all that can be said for a painter who was not (he thinks)



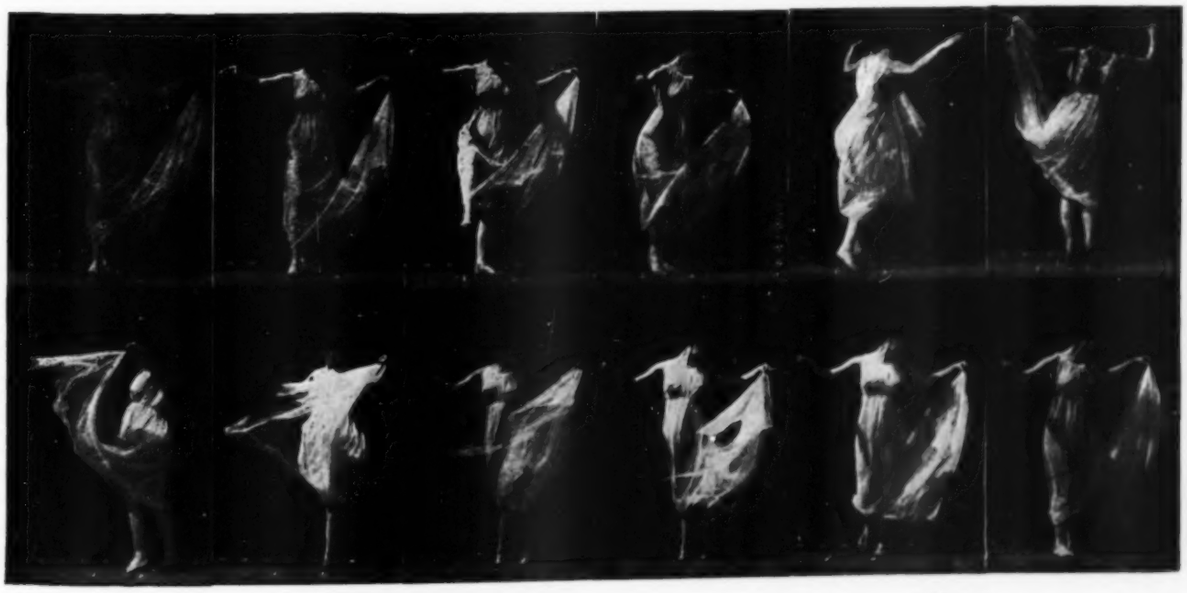
The Coronation of the Virgin.
Amico di Sandro (Bell).

Sandro Botticelli, nor Filippino Lippi. This artist, admittedly a great man, has by some outsider been named Berto Linaiuolo, but the writer prefers to let him be known, at least at present, only as the friend of Sandro.

Mr. Walter Crane has "dressed and decorated" a sweet series of forty designs in colour from the last Essays of Elia, under the title of "A MASQUE OF DAYS" (Cassell). Mr. Crane is now undoubtedly in the height of his power, and has left the stiff and somewhat dry design of earlier days far behind. These drawings are full of grace and vigour, and are very well reproduced.—Mr. G. Howell-Baker, under the title of "PENHOLM" (R. Brimley Johnson) brings together twenty-five very artistic and uncommon designs, figures and landscapes, in black and white, in another manner of decoration he is beginning to make his own.

The story of "MADAMÉ RECAMIER AND HER FRIENDS" (Harper's) renders the author, H. Noel Williams, ample opportunity to display literary skill combined with abundant knowledge of the better side of Parisian life at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Madame Récamier has hitherto been almost only a name to readers of English, and this is the first time a complete account of her has been published. The volume is well arranged, but it is very regrettable the publishers did not go to the many sources easily available to make reproduction from original works.

Amongst the books which fascinate as well as instruct, Mr. Muybridge's "HUMAN FIGURE IN MOTION" (Chapman and Hall) must take a very high place. In nearly one hundred series of instantaneous photographs executed on the plan of a cinematograph, all kinds of interesting and beautiful figures disport themselves. The men studies include wrestlers, fencers, cricketers and other athletes. The women—of which we give an



A Pirouette.
From "The Human Figure in Motion" (Chapman and Hall).

example — are dancing, running, walking, with some in diaphanous garments, some half clad and some nude, and also children in various pretty positions. Such figures are of immense importance to the figure painter.

No one is better qualified than Professor Lanteri to teach modelling. His daily work at the Royal College of Art would alone qualify him for the highest place amongst teachers. His book on "MODELLING" (Chapman and Hall) is a thoroughly practical work on the subject, and worthy of the very high praise accorded to it by Mr. Onslow Ford in the preface. Professor Lanteri starts from the very beginning of the study of modelling the bust and figure, and it is easy by following his simply stated directions to understand what is possible to be done.

Amongst new editions, that on "THE RIVIERA" (the third), by Dr. Hugh Macmillan (Virtue), is one which will appeal to all who know the south of France, while its fifty excellent illustrations vigorously recall that wonderfully beautiful coast. —Professor Church's "CHEMISTRY OF PAINTS AND PAINTING" (Seeley), also in third edition, is a book which ought to be in every artist's bookshelf however small.

The fourth enlarged edition of Professor Fletcher's "HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE" (Batsford) is a volume equally indispensable to the artist and architect. Being by far the most comprehensive book on the subject, and illustrated to the highest possible limit, and beautifully printed, this publication cannot be too greatly praised.



Modelling a Bust.
By Professor Lanteri (Chapman and Hall).

Two publications, specially for young people, show how well children are catered for in the artistic way. "BRUSH WORK AND DESIGN," by F. Steeley (Bacon and Co.), contains fully illustrated and simple lessons on the earliest use of the brush, which are certain to interest every intelligent child.—"WYLLIE'S MARINE PAINTING" (Cassell) reproduces in excellent colour tones a series of twenty-four simple sea studies by the eminent Associate of the Royal Academy.



By Mrs. Herbert Railton (Freemantle).

Messrs. Freemantle have issued two of Shakespeare's Plays in unusual form and different from each other. For "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" Mrs. Herbert Railton has written a delightful introduction for boys and girls, and illustrated the play throughout with many well-drawn designs. In "THE TEMPEST," Mr. Anning Bell has decorated nearly every page with drawings in his own now well-known style, some of which, notably 'Ferdinand and Miranda,' are fine works of art.— "THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER," by P. Caros, illustrated by E. Biedermann (Kegan Paul), is a pretty little book with fairly good illustrations not quite well reproduced.

Messrs. Bell are publishing a series of very small handbooks on artists at a shilling, which contain the essentials in each master's life, and therefore likely to appeal to those for whom necessarily art can be known only in a glimpse: ROMNEY, WATTS, BURNE-JONES, VELAZQUEZ, and FRA ANGELICO have already appeared.—"BRITISH SCULPTURE AND SCULPTORS OF TO-DAY," by M. H. Spielmann (Cassell), an almost unique publication on our present-day sculptors, is amply illustrated by reproductions from works of all our chief artists in marble as well as in metal and enamel.

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"U V W X Y Z. All had a large slice and went off to bed."
From "A Apple Pie" Book By Kate Greenaway.

Kate Greenaway.—I.

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

IN the world of pictorial recollection there are many territories, the denizens of which you may recognise by their characteristics as surely as Ophelia recognises her true love by his cockle hat, staff and shoon. There is the land of grave gestures and courteous inclinations, of dignified leave-takings and decorous greetings; where the ladies (like Richardson's Pamela) wear the most charming round-eared caps and frilled *négligées;* where the gentlemen have ruffles and bag-wigs and spotless silk stockings, and invariably exhibit shapely calves above their silver shoe-buckles; where you may come upon a portly personage with a star in St. James's Park taking an *al-fresco* pinch of snuff in that leisurely way in which a pinch of snuff should be taken, so as not to endanger a claret-coloured coat or a lace cravat; where you may seat yourself on one of the benches by Rosamond's Pond in company with a tremulous mask who is evidently expecting the arrival of a "pretty fellow," or happen suddenly, in a secluded corner, upon a damsel in muslin and a dark hat who is hurriedly scribbling a letter, not without manifest signs of agitation. But whatever the people of this country are doing, they are always elegant and always graceful, always appropriately grouped against their fitting background of high-ceiled rooms and striped hangings, or among the urns and fishponds of their dark-shrubbed gardens. This is the land of Stothard.



"Daffy-down-dilly has come up to town
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown."

From "Mother Goose."
Illustrated by
Kate Greenaway.

In the adjoining country there is a larger sense of colour, a fuller pulse of life. This is the region of delightful dogs and horses, and domestic animals of all sorts; of the most winsome and black-eyed milkmaids, and the most alluring "sand-red cows"; of the most headlong and horn-blowing huntsmen; a land where Madam Blaize foregathers with the impeccable worthy who caused the death of the Mad Dog, and the most bewitching Queen of Hearts with the Great Panjandrum himself; a land, in short, of the most kindly and light-hearted fancies, of the freshest and breeziest and healthiest types—which is the land of Caldecott.

Finally, there is a third country, a child-land inhabited almost exclusively by the sweetest little child-figures that have ever been invented, in the quaintest and prettiest costumes, always happy, always playful in a decorous manner and nearly always playing, always set in the most attractive environment of flower-beds or blossoming orchards, and red-roofed cottages with dormer windows. Everywhere there are green fields, and spring skies, in which a kite is often flying. No children are quite like the dwellers in this land, they are so gentle, so un-



"A dollar, a dollar,
A ten-o'clock scholar;
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon!"

From "Mother Goose."
Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.

*** We are indebted to Messrs. Warne and Co. for permitting reproductions from their copyright books by Kate Greenaway.



My youth is but a summer's day:
Then like the bee and ant I'll lay
A store of learning by:
And though from flower to flower ... rove,
My stock of wisdom I'll improve,
Nor be a butterfly."

From "Little Ann."
Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.

affected in their affectation, so easily pleased, so innocent, so trustful, and so confiding. And this is Greenaway-land.

It is sixty years since Thomas Stothard died, and only fifteen since Randolph Caldecott closed his too-brief career. And now Kate Greenaway, who loved the art of both, and in her own gentle way possessed some of the qualities of each, has herself passed away. It must rest with other pens to record her personal characteristics and to relate the story of her life, always supposing that the diary, which she is said to have left behind her, should not be permitted to tell its own tale. I who write was privileged to know her a little, and to receive from her frequent presents of her books; but I should shrink from anything approaching a description of the quiet, unpretentious lady, whom it was always a pleasure to meet and to talk with. If I here presume to recall one or two incidents of our intercourse, it is solely because they bear either upon her amiable disposition or her art. I remember that once, during a country walk, she gave me a long account of her childhood, which I wish I could reproduce in detail. But I know that she told me that she had been brought up in just such a neighbourhood of red roofs and "gray old gardens" as she depicts in her drawings; and that, in some of the houses, it was her particular delight to turn over ancient chests and wardrobes filled with the flowered frocks and capes of the Jane Austen period. Then, again, I call to mind another thing which she told me, either on this or another occasion, which struck me as extremely characteristic of her kind heart. As is well known, she corresponded frequently with Mr. Ruskin, and must have possessed numbers of his letters. In his latter years, it had been her practice to write to him periodically—I believe she said once a week. He had long ceased, probably from ill-health, to answer her letters; but she still continued to write lest he should miss the little budget of chit-chat to which he had grown accustomed. At another time—I fancy it must have been in a pleasant country house which contained many examples of her art, and where she was putting the last touches to a delicately tinted child-angel in the margin of a Bible—I ventured to say, "Why do your children always——" But I need not complete the query; the answer alone is important. She looked at me reflectively, and said, "Because I see it so."

Answers not dissimilar have been given before by other artists in like case. But it was this fidelity to her individual vision and personal perception which constituted her strength. There are always stupid well-meaning people in the world, who go about making question of the sonneteer why he does not attempt something epic, or worrying the carver of cherry-stones to try his hand at a Colossus; but although they disturb and discompose, they luckily do no material harm. They did no material harm to Kate Greenaway. She yielded, no doubt, to pressure put upon her to try figures on a larger scale; to illustrate books, which was not her *forte*, as it only put fetters upon her fancy; but, in the main, she courageously preserved the even tenor of her way, which was to people the artistic domain she administered with the tiny figures which no one else could make more captivating, or clothe more cunningly. It may be doubted whether the collector will set much store by Bret Harte's "Queen of the Pirate Isle," or the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," suitable at first sight as is the latter,



From Kate Greenaway's Painting-Book.

BRITISH MUSEUM



Pencil Studies by Kate Greenaway.
From the original drawings lent by John Greenaway, Esq.

with its child element, to her inventive idiosyncrasy. But he will revel in the dainty series of "Almanacks" (1883 to 1895 and 1897); in the charming "Birthday Book" of 1880, in "Mother Goose," "A Day in a Child's Life," "Little Ann," "Marigold Garden," and the rest, of which the grace is perennial, though the popularity, for the moment, may have waned.



"As I was going up Pippin Hill,
Pippin Hill was dirty;
There I met a sweet pretty lass,
And she dropped me a curtsey."

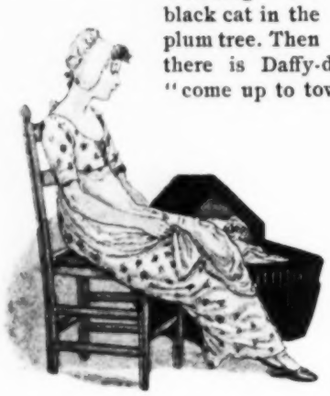
From "Mother Goose."
Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.

I have an idea that "Mother Goose; or, The Old Nursery Rhymes, 1881," was one of Miss Greenaway's favourites, although it may have been displaced in her own mind by subsequent successes. Nothing can certainly be more deftly tinted than the design of the "old woman who lived under a hill" and peeled apples; nothing more seductive, in infantile attitude, than the little boy and girl who, with their arms around each other, stand watching the black cat in the plum tree. Then there is Daffy-down-dilly, who has "come up to town, In a yellow petticoat and a green gown," in which habiliments, added to a straw hat tied under her chin, she manages to look exceedingly attractive, as she passes in front of the white house with the pink roof, and the red shutters, and the green palings. One of the most beautiful pictures in this gallery is the dear little "Ten-o'clock Scholar" in his worked smock; trailing his blue-and-white school-bag behind him, he "creeps unwillingly" to his lessons at the most picturesque timbered cottage you can imagine. Another absolutely delightful portrait is that of "Little Tom Tucker," in sky-blue suit and frilled collar, singing, with his hands behind him, as if he never could grow old. And there is not one of these little pictures that is without its charm of colour and detail—blue plates on a dresser in the background, the parterres of a formal garden with old-fashioned flowers, quaint houses within their gates and shrubberies, odd corners of country-side and village street, and all generally in the clear air or sunlight. For in Greenaway-land, like the island-valley of Avilion, as a rule, there

"falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

(To be continued.)



"Rock-a-bye baby,
Thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman,
Mother's a Queen.
And Betty's a lady,
And wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer,
And drums for the king."

From "Mother Goose."
Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.



"As Tommy Snooks and Bessie Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks,
'To-morrow—will be Monday.'"

From "Mother Goose."
Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.



Part of Title-page to "Little Ann."
Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.



Symonds' Yat.
From a drawing by A. R. Quinton.

The River Wye.

FROM ROSS TO CHEPSTOW.

WITH DRAWINGS BY A. R. QUINTON.

AMONG the many beautiful streams of Britain there is, perhaps, not one of them which has so many and so varied charms as the River Wye. Issuing from the southern slopes of the great Welsh mountain, Plinlimmon, it begins its life as a mountain torrent, but gradually sobers down into a broad placid stream, flowing in a sinuous course of one hundred and thirty odd miles, and receiving many tributary streamlets before it mingles its waters with those of its big sister, the Severn, a few miles below Chepstow. Thickly dotted along its banks are picturesque ruined castles, abbeys, and manor-houses—each with its own story to tell of bygone days; quaint old towns, and at least one stately cathedral, each bearing names which often recur in the pages of history, and still retaining signs of the age when kings, barons, and



The Monnow Bridge, Monmouth.
From a drawing by A. R. Quinton.

commoners, priests and laymen, struggled for supremacy.

Although there is much that is interesting and pleasing in the earlier part of its course, it is at Ross that the romantic scenery of the Wye may be said to commence. Above that town the river flows for many miles through a fairly open valley, bordered indeed with wooded hills, but with a broad expanse of meadow land between their feet and its margin. But on approaching Ross the slopes draw nearer to the brink of the stream, and for twenty miles or more the Wye flows through an almost continuous glen, carved deeply out of a lofty and undulating table-land.

The ancient town of Ross, our starting-place, is chiefly built upon the slope of a hill terminating on a plateau, descending steeply to the river. Upon this plateau stands the church, with its adjoining garden, the Prospect, which commands a lovely view over the valley of the Wye; whence the graceful spire of the church forms a landmark for all the country round. If the town has not figured conspicuously in the history of our country, it will always be associated with the name of John Kyrle, the "Man of Ross," whose good deeds have been immortalised by the poet Pope, and become a household-word throughout England :

> "But all our praises why should Lords engross?
> Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross."

Many of the public institutions of Ross are due to the benevolence, sagacity, and energy of Kyrle, including the public works which carry his name, and the "Prospect." He was buried in the church, against the wall of which a splendid marble monument was erected to his memory by his relative, Lady Dupplin, in 1766.

Among the other objects of interest in Ross, the weather-worn old Market Hall is sure to attract the visitor's attention. It is said to have been erected in the time of Charles II., and stands on the site of an older Booth Hall.

Half-a-mile below the town of Ross the Wye is crossed by a picturesque old stone bridge at Wilton. During the Civil Wars it is said to have been broken down to check the advance of Cromwell's troops, but it still bears a curious piece of antiquity, in the shape of a pillar having on it four sun-dials facing the four cardinal points, and on one side appears the following inscription :—

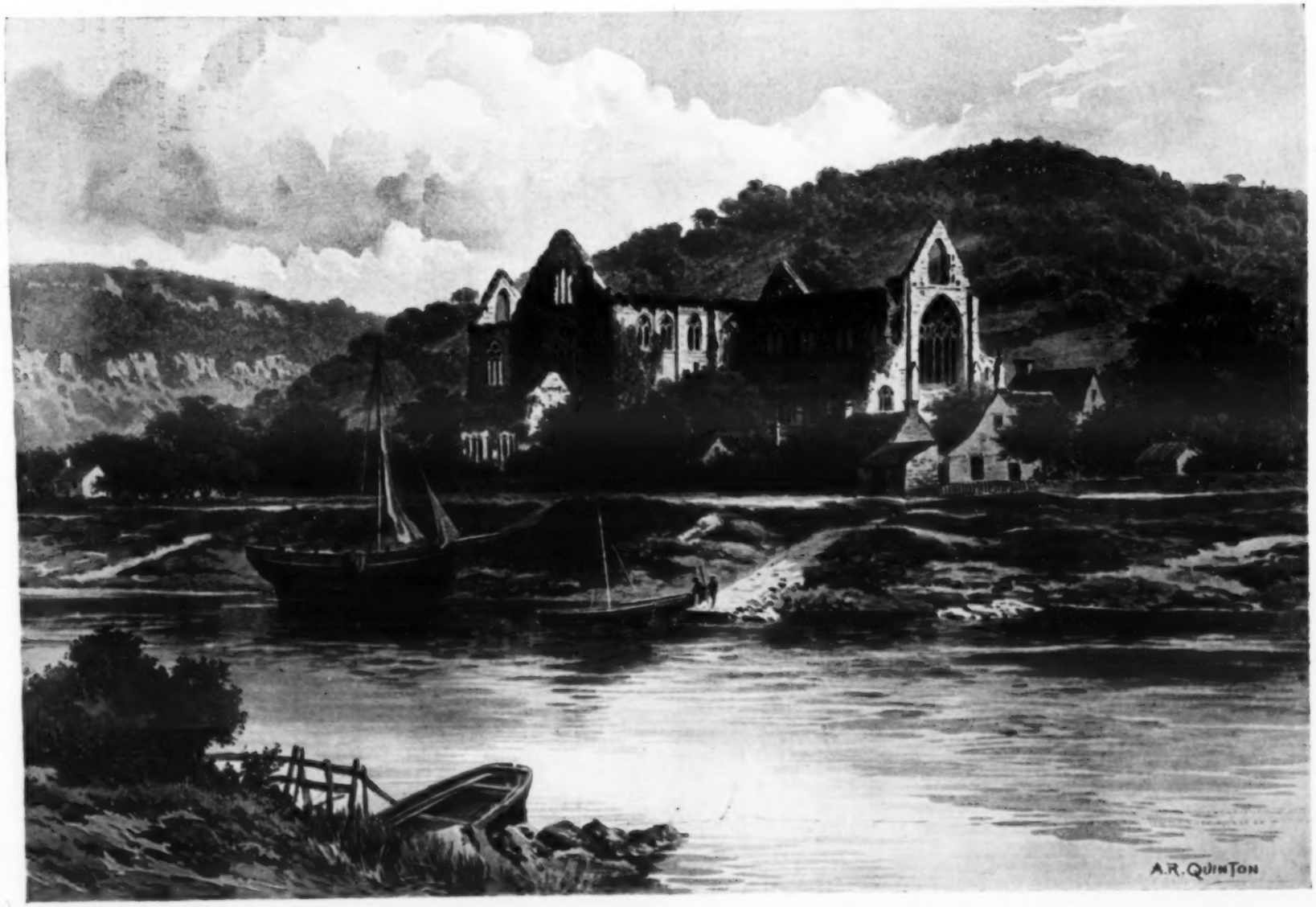
> "Esteem thy precious time,
> Which pass so swift away;
> Prepare then for eternity,
> And do not make delay."

Close by the bridge stand the grey ivy-covered ruins of Wilton Castle, formerly the home of the Grey family, who are believed to have resided there since the reign of Edward I. The ruins are now in the hands of the trustees of Guy's Hospital, and a private residence has been erected on part of the site.

The district traversed by the Wye in the first stage of its seaward journey, from Ross to Monmouth, is an elevated upland, a region of rolling hills shelving down towards winding valleys, whose declivities become abrupt towards the margin of the main river. Near to this the hills are often scarped into cliffs and carved into ridges, but further back we have slopes and undulations, cornfields and scattered woodlands, in marked contrast with the crags and forest-clad glades near the edge of the swift and strong stream. The valley narrows after leaving Ross, but the scenery improves as we come in view



Ross, from Wilton Bridge.
From a drawing by A. R. Quinton.



Tintern Abbey from the River Wye.
From a drawing by A. R. Quinton.



Chepstow Castle.
From a drawing by A. R. Quinton.

of Goodrich Castle, crowning a wooded steep above the river, and Goodrich Court, also seated on an eminence. The latter is a modern imitation of a mediæval dwelling, and formerly contained the remarkably fine collection of ancient armour which has since found a home in the South Kensington Museum, and is known as the Meyrick Collection. The Castle, which is some distance beyond the Court, was in its day a fortress of formidable strength. There is little doubt that the keep was built about the period 1135-1154, in the time of King Stephen. In the time of the Civil Wars it was held for King Charles I. by Sir Henry Lingen, but was taken from him by the Parliamentarians, in 1646. They left it in much the same condition of ruin as we see it to-day, a striking object of interest to all who make the voyage of the Wye. In the courtyard of the castle, Wordsworth fell into conversation with the child whose answers suggested one of the most familiar of his shorter poems—"We are Seven."

At Goodrich the river commences one of its most remarkable bends. From Goodrich Ferry to Huntsholme Ferry is little more than a mile overland, but by the river it is eight miles. The Wye sweeps round in an easterly direction after Kern Bridge is passed, then turns abruptly and flows for a mile in an opposite course, enclosing in the loop thus formed the house and grounds of Courtfield, where, in a more ancient mansion, "Wild Prince Hal" is reported to have passed the days of early childhood, under the care of the Countess of Salisbury. The pretty village of Welsh Bicknor is also passed, and then we presently come in view of the lofty Coldwell Rocks, where the river, which for a time has pursued a southerly direction, now doubles back almost upon its former course, and makes the most remarkable curve in the whole of its windings from Plinlimmon to the sea. It is the far-famed Symonds' Yat, a limestone plateau some 600 feet above the river, which here describes a huge elongated loop, so that after a course of between four and five miles it returns again to within less than half-a-mile of its former channel. It is recorded that a person of the name of Symonds once lived in a small cottage on this rock, and at that time the Yat separated the counties of Gloucester and Hereford, and as the passage from one county to the other had to be made at this spot, it became the Yat or Gate, and was known all around as Symonds' Yat. The scenery of the Wye culminates at this spot, and the view from the summit is one not easily to be forgotten.

More extensive prospects may, doubtless, be obtained from other view-points, but for a grand combination of rocks and woodlands, winding river and smiling meadows, this spot may well take the palm. After leaving the Yat, the Wye bends round the base of the Great and the Little Doward, two bold limestone hills on its right bank. On both are remarkable encampments, whilst fossil remains of hyena, elephant, stag, and other animals have been found in a cave known as King Arthur's Cave, on the former hill.

Very lovely is the course of the river as it flows onward through steep and densely wooded slopes and presently brings us in view of a detached cluster of rocks called the "Seven Sisters." This part of the Wye is reported to have a greater depth than any other length in its course. At the end of the reach is the beautiful level height called King Arthur's Plain, which in the distance assumes the appearance of towers belonging to an ancient castle. The high road turns away from the river at the apex of Symonds' Yat, but a footpath follows

the banks on either side as far as Monmouth. Shortly before reaching that town the wilder and more romantic part of the Wye ends, and from thence the valley is more open, the scenery, though still rich and beautiful, less varied, and the river pursues a straighter and less ruffled course.

The situation of the town of Monmouth is remarkably picturesque. Beautiful hills surround it on all sides, but the valley has expanded to allow the Monnow and the Trothy to form a junction with the Wye. A curious old bridge spans the Monnow, bearing on its first pier an ancient gate-house, one of the few survivors of a defensive work once common in England, which, though somewhat altered by being pierced with postern arches for foot-passengers, still retains the place for its portcullis and much of its ancient aspect. Formerly the town was surrounded by a wall and moat, and was entered by four gates, of which the Monnow Gate alone remains. Until about fifty years ago many memorials of ancient Monmouth were still in existence, but they have mostly been "improved away." One or two old houses dating back to the early part of the seventeenth century may yet be found, and a pretty oriel window is still pointed out, in a building which was once an ancient priory, as Geoffrey's Study. Geoffrey of Monmouth was once a familiar author in the days when books were few. He is a reputed native of the town, and was, probably, educated in one of its monasteries. But the great event connected with Monmouth and the general history of the country is the birth of Henry V. here, in 1387. His statue stands "for all the world to see," in front of the Town Hall in Agincourt Square. It represents the King in full armour, and is inscribed, "Henry V., born at Monmouth, August IX., MCCCLXXXVII."

A short distance below Monmouth the Wye again enters a narrow glen, hardly less beautiful, if less romantic, than the gorge which it has traversed on its course from Ross to Monmouth. The hills once more close in upon the river, leaving but seldom even a strip of level meadow between its margin and their slopes. The steeply wooded banks are so wild and so continuous that at times we seem to be passing through an undisturbed remnant of primæval forest. At Redbrook, however, there are signs of human activity. A pretty glen here descends from among the hills to the left bank of the Wye. By the river-side are little quays with barges alongside, and, alas, it must also be added, tall chimneys pouring forth smoke to mar the beauty of a lovely spot.

At Bigswier the river is spanned by an iron bridge, thrown lightly from bank to bank, and is of sufficiently pleasing design to harmonise with the surroundings. From this point the Wye is affected by the tide, but not to any appreciable extent, until a few miles below, in the neighbourhood of Tintern. On a hill overlooking Bigswier stand the church and castle of St. Briavels. The castle was erected soon after the Norman Conquest as one of the border defences; it stands on the edge of the ancient Forest of Dean, and saw much rough work in its early days. The old Keep is in ruins, but the other portions are used as a residence. A curious custom once prevailed at St. Briavels. A tax of two pence per head was levied on the parishioners to be expended in the purchase of bread and cheese for all paupers who attended service on Whit Sundays, for which there was



Seven Sisters Rocks, near Symonds' Yat.
From a drawing by A. R. Quinton.

a yearly scramble. For about three centuries this unseemly scramble took place in the church immediately after the invocation of divine peace on the assembly which usually thronged together on that occasion. The clerk, standing in the front of the gallery, was the appointed chief-agent in the affray, and the divisions of seats and pews became means for exercising the grotesque agility of all the old and young; the lame, the blind, and ragged boys and girls, performing their part in the scene according to their peculiar humour and adroitness.

The next village encountered, on our way down the stream, is Llandogo, which nestles among gardens and orchards, and rises tier-above-tier on the thickly wooded hill which rises steeply from the road beside the river. Near by is Offa's Chair—a point in the great earthwork known as Offa's Dyke, which once extended from Tidenham, across Herefordshire and Radnorshire, to the Flintshire hills beyond Mold, and perhaps to the coast of North Wales.

As the valley again slightly expands, shelving bands of sward, dotted with houses, announce that we are approaching the precincts of the far-famed Tintern Abbey. First we must pass the long and scattered village of Tintern Parva, whose pretty white cottages and pleasant gardens extend for a mile along the river's bank, which here makes another of its sharp bends. Cunningly indeed did the monks of old choose their dwelling places. There is no spot for many a mile which so completely fulfils the requirements of quiet and seclusion with certain mundane comforts, as that which they have selected. As one gazes at this noble relic, and the winding Wye stealing past it through the hills, one must accord it the first place among the classic ruins of this island, in so far as regards the beauty of its situation. For comparisons to it in architectural grace, one's thoughts may go on to Fountains Abbey, to Melrose, or to Glastonbury. But the builders of none of these chose such a charming spot in such a lovely valley. Forests were near at hand to supply them with fuel without stint, and game for their table on days of feasting. The tidal river would bring the barks of merchandise to their very door, and its leaping salmon would alleviate the severity of their fast days. Chepstow, with its castle, guarded them from marauders by the sea, and they were far enough within the line of border fortresses to fear no ill from incursions from the mountains of Wales.

The plan of the foundation of the Abbey is cruciform, and what remains of the grey skeleton of the edifice affords a fine example of early twelfth-century work. It was founded in the year 1131 by one Walter de Clare "for the good of his soul, and the souls of his kinsmen," and was confined to the use of monks of the Cistercian order. Two inscribed tombs in the cloisters give the names of two of the abbots, but, apart from such fragmentary scraps of information, the history of Tintern may be said to have perished with the Abbey. The tracery of the west front window is exquisite in design, and still remains in very fair preservation. The scene, on entering the interior, is most impressive. Vaulted roof and central tower are gone, but the arches which supported the latter are intact. The columns on the northern side of the nave have fallen with the clerestory above, but the remainder of the building has suffered comparatively little damage. The glass, of course, has long since perished with the windows, even the mullions and tracery are gone; ivy, ferns, and herbage, form a coping for the wall; the greensward has replaced the pavement of stone or tiles; but still it is hardly possible to imagine a more imposing and lovely scene than these ruins.

Between Tintern and Chepstow the scenery of the Wye assumes an entirely fresh character. A grey limestone wall, fringed with trees, and darkened here and there with ivy and other creepers, rises above the wooded slopes. As we approach the Wyndcliff, the grassy bed of the river opens out into a sort of amphitheatre, and we can trace the huge horse-shoe curve swept out upon its floors by the stream, between the base of the Wyndcliff which it washes, and the mural escarpment of Bannagor and Tidenham Crags, which form the opposite boundary of this great river-trench. It is a steep climb to the top of the Wyndcliff, but the glorious prospect obtained from the summit well repays the effort. Below is the beautiful horse-shoe fold of the Wye, bounded by richly-wooded slopes that sweep from the right with a curve in the form of a sickle. Where the curve ends there stands an imposing wall of rock with a reddish base, its brow of dazzling white lined with green woodland, while far away towards the coast the point where the river enters the Severn estuary, which is here broadening out on its way towards the distant sea, is faintly visible. The beautiful grounds of Piercefield lie between the Wyndcliff and Chepstow. Art has here assisted Nature, in this domain, by carrying paths through a belt of woodland, with outlooks cunningly contrived to command the best views. These grounds are thrown open to the public on certain days.

The town of Chepstow occupies the right bank of the Wye, and is built upon a slope, which descends in places rather abruptly from the general level of the surrounding country to the river's brink. Formerly it was enclosed by walls, like Monmouth, considerable portions of which are here and there preserved, especially in the neighbourhood of the Castle. One of the gates still remains in High Street. It is called the Town Gate, and was for a long time used as a prison. Chepstow Castle is approached by a gentle acclivity clothed with green sward. Besides the memories of sieges, batteries, and reprisals, which all old castles awaken, there is here, as is not uncommonly the case, a particular story of human interest attaching. The story centres in that part of the structure known as Henry Marten's Tower. Henry Marten was a commoner of Oxford, who, after taking his degree in 1618, entered the Inns of Court, and married a lady of fortune; from whom, however, he was subsequently separated. Eventually he became one of the judges of the tribunal who condemned Charles I., and after the Restoration he surrendered in response to a proclamation, and was tried at the Old Bailey. He admitted attending the trial and signing the warrant for the execution, but pleaded no malice, and urged the necessity of obedience to the then existing government. He was found guilty, but he petitioned for pardon, which was granted upon conditions. These included the forfeiture of his estates, one of which was the Manor of Leominster, which had formerly belonged to the Queen of Charles I., but had come into his possession during the Protectorate. He was also to remain a prisoner for life in the Castle of Chepstow. Never was a convict consigned to a more desirable place of captivity. In Marten's Tower the ex-judge lived, with gradually extended liberty, for about a quarter of a century, until released by death. His remains now rest in Chepstow Church.

A. R. QUINTON.



The Ministrants. (A lithograph.)
By C. H. Shannon.

The Drawings of Mr. C. H. Shannon.

TO the alert student of art, no London exhibition of the past season was more provocative of thought, more pleasure-giving, than that at the Dutch Gallery which comprised seventy-three drawings, pastels, lithographs, and woodcuts by Mr. Charles H. Shannon. Hung in numbers not too great, in a quiet little gallery, they gave the visitor a welcome sense of pause. Here instead of the clamant was the finely modulated voice; the insignificant commonplace did not intrude; the popularly assertive incident was absent; for the transient vogue and enthusiasm there was no place. A fineness of feeling, partly instinctive, but clarified and made the worthier by study and dream, bound each exhibit to other. This series of drawings calls for notice, then, as an eloquent protest against the haste and turmoil, the heedlessness of all save exhibition standards, the thirst for notoriety, that stamp many so-called art products of to-day. Ruskin has said that great art is produced only by men who feel acutely, nobly; and to give expression to the best of which he is capable, a man must, at times, seek inspiration in those visions lacking which his industry can be of little avail. Without this power of detachment from actuality there can be no æsthetic progress.

The importance of the Shannon Exhibition, however, rested in part only on its value as a protest, for this is merely by the way. The first thought suggested in the quiet of the exhibition was that in Mr. Shannon we have an absorbed student. Again and again he has been charged with following too closely the footsteps of



Sea and Breeze. (A lithograph.)
By C. H. Shannon.

Mr. Watts or of earlier artists; and some of his pictures are open to a measure of criticism from this standpoint. Yet to affirm that Mr. Shannon is a mere imitator would be hopelessly wide of the truth. If it be a mistake heedfully to consider pictorial achievements of Italian and British masters; to become conversant with their outlook, their methods; to apprehend and re-mould to personal issues certain of their qualities—if this be a mistake, then Mr. Shannon must be charged with it. But, surely, if an artist have anything of worth to reveal, he will be the more and not the less fitted intimately to shape that revelation by earnest and prolonged study of that which appeals to him in works of great predecessors. By individuality we do not, or at any rate should not, mean that the natural course of development, by way of childhood and youth to time of maturity, is foresworn. Respect is due to the man who instead of seeking at all hazards and in early days to be "individual," is content to allow his powers gradually to attain, in part under the influence of existent works, a truer, more complete development.

In the second place Mr. Shannon is a stylist. Few words are less scrupulously used than the word style. Perhaps Buffon was not far wrong when he said that style is the man. The definition is at all events suggestive, and may well be considered in connection with the art of Mr. Shannon. On occasions absorption in method as the end instead of as the means is a blemish in his work; but at his best, what in the widest sense may be called his style impregnates all delightful qualities of his art. Style is far other than mere manner, which may issue from a given set of non-intellectual habits; even less is it facility of hand. In the sense used by Buffon, style has its source in the mind, the soul. It gives expression to the attitude of the artist towards his environment. It reveals his artistic preferences, and hence the quality of his mind; it is the personality in vibration.



Portrait of Professor Alphonse Legros. (A lithograph.)
By C. H. Shannon.

If my two predicates be conceded—that Mr. Shannon is a student and a stylist—we are well on the way to appreciate what is best in his drawings and pictures. It may next be noted, and this partakes at once of weakness and of strength, that his art is seldom closely related to the actual. Life, with its events and passions, seems to unroll itself to him somewhat as a dream, a vision of a far-off country, of the intense experiences of whose men and women we can know little. For this reason we cannot imagine him giving us a Pietà where a mother's love and anguish are rendered as in the drawing by Michael Angelo at the British Museum. In the works of few living artists is more of thought, more of emotion of a certain kind, to be found, and these two elements essential to good art are intimately knit. We point out a limitation, not a defect, when we say that Mr. Shannon is not pre-eminently an interpreter of Pity, Solicitude, Love, Hate, Sorrow. Till now, perhaps wisely, he has been content to exercise his gifts on the re-fashioning of forms and colours to a beauty discovered by himself. Of him in truth it may be said that while Nature furnishes the words, he creates the rhythm. In any of the five examples we reproduce is there a figure or a line, much less a whole composition, that has not been deflected by the artist's personality? Almost he is too scrupulous in this respect. Not once, but many times, it is to be assumed, does he ponder each fact until absorption and regeneration are complete. He communicates to us none of those lightning flashes, none of that impetuosity, which grip the imagination in some of Leonardo's drawings, for instance. Having made a pictorial discovery, the starting point of every work of art, it comes to us with something of spontaneity lacking, by reason of the original impulse not forthwith having been expressed, even though tentatively. The practical abandonment of the rapidly-made sketch has its advantages, of course; but while the image as a whole is by some best perfected in the mind, something of its essence is probably lost in the process.

During recent years there has been an outcry against the literary picture. Mr. Shannon avoids it, not at the dictates of a transitory vogue, but by instinct. He agrees with Taine, we may be sure, who rightly held that the primary purpose of a picture is not to tell the truth, but to gratify the æsthetic sense—a dictum in apparent conflict only with that of Keats, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." Subordinating literary to pictorial requirements, some artists can still convey a narrative; the genius can interpret by way of form and colour an otherwise all but incommunicable idea; but in neither of these directions does Mr. Shannon primarily essay to work. This again is a matter of temperament, of inclination, which proves at the least that Mr. Shannon elects not to depend on adventitious aids. In Mr. Stopford Brooke's phrase, there is matter of thought, matter of love, in his pictures; but so subtly are these wrought into the texture of his work, so heedful is he that what of exaltation there is shall be of a purely pictorial kind, that careful study only reveals the true significance.

To the Portrait Painters' Exhibition at the New Gallery in the autumn of 1900, Mr. Shannon contributed a portrait of Mrs. Mildmay and her little daughter, which alone would serve to mark him out

as one of the most sensitive and distinguished of living artists. It is circular in form, and the difficult space is eminently well filled with contours at once simple and rhythmical. The quiet colour-scheme, the way in which the colours are laid on, these give pleasure. Among the pastels, drawings, lithographs, and woodcuts at the Dutch Gallery were several of no less distinction—and again it may be said that distinction rather than robust strength constitutes Mr. Shannon's chief claim to admiration. For 'The Ministrants,' a lithograph which we reproduce, there were many studies. The finished work is a characteristic one. Not only has each of the figures been dwelt upon in thought, been stripped of what, in the artist's opinion, would be a too assertive personality, but each has been seen as part of a hauntingly beautiful composition. Observe how the rectangular lines of the chamber are varied by the flowing contours of the figures; observe how imaginatively just is the correspondence between some of these figures and the circular vessels they bear, or in one of which a little Cupid is seated to the left; observe how gracious is the attitude of the seated girl, how exquisite are the folds of her drapery on the floor. Music, sunlight, the flutter of wings: these are suggested, elusively yet pregnantly, in this lyrically conceived work. It is to be noted that Mr. Shannon is in one sense a realist; his nudes are not those of a Bouguereau, but of actual existence. Two of the most delightful exhibits, here reproduced, are concerned with the sea. 'The Shell-Gatherers,' a pastel, seriously as it loses by translation into black and white, is an illustration of how admirably Mr. Shannon can fill a given space; it is a triumph of composition. There is balance, variety, apt repetition, rhythm of ensemble. In the original the imaginative appeal of these flashing waters, of the lithe figures, expressed in quiet yet joyous harmony of colour, is irresistible. Here is a place of rest and of delight, a thing of pure art. The lithograph, 'Sea and Breeze,' reproduced on p. 43, yields hardly less of pleasure. It would be difficult to recall in work from any modern hand a more happily conceived group than that of the woman whose arms clasp the little child; the poetical quality—and despite what an eminent critic has lately said, how else than by the word poetical can we express certain elusive characteristics in a drawing such as this?—is present, unforced. Not the poise of the figures only, but the foreground composition, the lilt of the stretch of waters behind, the way in which these human beings are imaginatively detached and pictorially re-knit to their environment—surely this is poetry in picture. Mr. Shannon's study of a head, see p. 46, is conceived and executed in something of the spirit of the old masters. It is a generalisation of beauty, the depicture of a type rather than of an individual; and little that is essential has escaped through the fine-meshed web of Mr. Shannon's æsthetic apprehension.



The Shell-Gatherers. (A pastel.)
By C. H. Shannon.

From the little gallery of portraits, including those of Mr. Sturge Moore and Mr. Van Wisselingh, we reproduce 'Professor Alphonse Legros,' a lithograph. Apart from treatment it is interesting as the portrait of a distinguished artist whose work has had a profound influence on several of our younger men, among others, undoubtedly, on Mr. Shannon. Of the portrait hardly more need be said than that it interprets a personality, and this with true economy of line, of concentration just where concentration is demanded. The eye naturally travels to the face, yet the hands, the folds of the coat, the modelled sketch to the left, play their required parts. The exhibition at the Dutch Gallery included, too, some beautiful woodcuts, whose circular spaces were filled with rhythmic designs of country life and the like, not the least well balanced and lovely of them concerned with diving 'Coral Snatchers.'

One of the thousand provinces of genius is to reveal that which is ordinarily overlooked, "to put sight upon us." This may be achieved in many ways. To interpret



Study for 'The Bath of Venus.'
By C. H. Shannon.

the very essence of the actual, by stripping off superfluous detail—that is one way. To assimilate existing forms and colours, to shape them anew in the crucible of the imagination to yet nobler issues—that is another and perhaps a more compelling way. The method of Mr. Shannon is of the second kind. Something of fire, of impetuous ardour, of vital movement, his art lacks, perhaps; but it is always on a high plane. In a letter dated 1863, to Theodore Pelloquet, one of the few authors who then dared to champion him, Millet made a profoundly interesting statement:—"It is not so much the nature of the subjects represented, as the longing of the artist to represent them, which produces the beautiful, and this longing in itself creates the degree of power with which his task is accomplished." If the last part of this statement accord with fact, and I am inclined to think it is a fragment only of a larger truth, we have in it an explanation of many of Mr. Shannon's fine achievements.

I have said that Mr. Shannon pays little or no heed to exhibition standards—he does not set out to create a sensation at this or that show of pictures. But almost in proportion as he exercises this wise if uncommon restraint, as he refuses to be assertive for the mere sake of assertion, do we come to follow with keen interest his career. If he be absent from the New English Art Club we are conscious of a gap which no other artist can fill; if he be represented at the International or the Portrait Painters, his are among the works most potent to attract, now by reason of fine design, now of harmony if not actual splendour of colour. Despite all that is said to the contrary, the time has not yet come—will never come, so long as beauty holds sway over thought and emotion—when a man of talent like Mr. Shannon has to be untrue to his ideals ere he gain recognition. We look with every confidence for work from him of yet more intimate beauty, of feeling more intense.

FRANK RINDER.

'Linlithgow Palace.'

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY MR. AXEL H. HAIG.



From a drawing by Miss Constance Foxley.

THE Palace of Linlithgow was the birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots. When this single point in its history has been named, the building, even were it less picturesque or less beautifully situated than it is, takes high rank amongst the very numerous palaces and castles at home and abroad over which the halo of romance has been shed through their association with the story of Mary Stuart. And when, beautiful in ruin, it presents the delightful aspect here presented by the accomplished needle of Mr. Axel H. Haig, the eye leaps with gratification, as the memory does with emotion, to know that so bright a jewel in Scotland's diadem of royalty here had such a fair casket. Of its history before and after its association with Mary something must of course be said, and when this has been told, it will be seen that this remarkable structure—now known officially by H.M. Board of Works as "Linlithgow Peel"—has a full share in the more stirring centuries of Scottish history.

There is a singular characteristic in relation to that history, that so much of it is associated with buildings now in ruin; and perhaps it may be added without offence that many of those historic buildings—palace, abbey and castle—owe their destruction to our auld enemy of England. Abating what the rascal multitude may have done in Reformation times—"I have been looking at his reformations," said Johnson in St. Andrew's!—it has nearly always been possible for the

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The Original Etching by Seymour Haden Esq. R.E.

Linlithgow Palace

BRITISH
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Scots to declare that an enemy hath done this. But in the case of Linlithgow Palace, its present ruinous condition has no romance attached to it. It was not done during the rough wooing of Henry VIII., or by internal zeal for reform, or by that abandonment for more commodious dwellings which has left so many ancient "peels" in Scotland roofless to the elements. It was nothing more dignified than the wanton conduct of a party of Hawley's dragoons, as recently as January, 1746, that delivered up Linlithgow Palace to destruction. Yet even here the romance of the Stuarts shows itself, for these dragoons were part of the royal army sent to quench the fire of the young Chevalier, and, unrestrained by a regard for what was now the property of the reigning house, they here kindled a fire which left its permanent mark on this splendid pile. Viewing the ruin, it is almost impossible for the most loyal of Scots to refrain from wishing that Prince Charlie had had better luck!

That Linlithgow Palace was a magnificent structure both the records and the remains testify. Leaving out of view the traces still to be found of the handiwork of Edward I.—the "hammer of the Scots"—and of the native kings, from David II. downwards, the picturesque and romantic story of the palace is practically circumscribed between the years 1424 and 1542. In the former year the palace was greatly damaged by fire, and James I., who had brought his English Queen home, then began to rebuild, and in the last-named year occurred that event which still keeps Linlithgow most strongly in popular affection, the birth there of Mary Queen of Scots. James V. was also born in Linlithgow Palace, and as his death occurred in Falkland Palace a few days after Mary's birth, we have here another association of that peculiar kind to which reference has been made, for Falkland Palace, although partly restored, for a time stood in apparently hopeless ruin. The portion of the palace most valued in popular esteem is the west side, in which Mary's birth room is situated. Much of the existing palace was erected by James I., James II., and James III., and one of the most notable additions is the lofty bower crowning the north-western angle, and conspicuous in every view of this grand ruin. Here Queen Margaret, according to a tradition which has almost the dignity of history, "all lonely sat and wept the weary hour," watching for the return of her husband, James IV. —never to be witnessed—from the sad enterprise which ended on Flodden Field. Pity the king had not heeded the (traditional) warning of the blue-gowned figure who interrupted his devotions in the adjoining church!

The palace was probably at its best when James V. brought to it his French Queen, Mary of Guise. Her words are preserved, that she had nowhere seen a more princely palace, and some words from Sir David Lyndsay preserve the opinion of that famous poet and Lyon King-of-Arms, on taking his leave of Linlithgow, that its

> "palyce of plesance
> Micht be ane pattern in Portugall or France."

From the general absence of windows on the outer walls, the building has, from east or west, rather a dull aspect, although from whatever point it is viewed it is picturesque. Our view shows the east front, with what was originally the principal entrance. The wide opening seen was connected by drawbridge with some outer works, of which heavy remnants still exist. An avenue of trees, of which traces can be followed, led to this entrance. The surrounding loch adds an ever-present beauty to every view of the palace. In the early part of the seventeenth century the north side was largely rebuilt by James VI., and on this side the more modern desire for outer windows was gratified. But as it was this part of the house that the dragoons set on fire, the whole side of the quadrangle stands an empty carcase—roof, floor and window being alike destroyed. In the centre line of the gaunt ruin stands the stout wall in which were the fire-places for all the many rooms looking outward and inward. This front is partly concealed by trees in Mr. Haig's etching. The interior face of this side of the quadrangle has, of necessity, a more modern look than the others; the whole detail bearing the impress of the architect of George Heriot's Hospital in Edinburgh. The king here indicated his dual sovereignty by showing his royal cypher as J.R.I, or J.R.6, according as the ornament above is a thistle or a rose. The architectural interest, so far as detail goes, centres in the interior of the quadrangle, and of this an exterior view can give no suggestion. Perhaps the most singular feature is the low and very wide oblong window on the west front, in Queen Mary's room, which seems to bear upon a row of very slight mullions an immense superincumbent weight. Obviously these stones could not, either from their position or character, bear the weight, and the secret is that the opening is a flat arch, the voussoirs and keystone being distinct, although flat on the underside. This clever work is always examined with interest by architects. Indeed, the whole pile abounds in varied and characteristic detail worthy of study.

After its destruction by fire in 1746, the palace remained for many years simply as an open quarry, and an extant drawing of 1770 presents much the same general aspect as now. There are stone roofs on the four "turnpike" stairs in the corners of the quadrangle, but all else stands open to the elements. In recent years a small sum has been voted to stay the hand of "human or elemental violence," and perhaps the ruin is as well preserved as it can be on the meagre funds supplied. Linlithgow Palace is an "ancient monument" of the highest value, and yearly attracts many visitors because of its inherent interest. Should any attempt be made to restore it? This question came up very prominently on the death of Queen Victoria, when Lord Rosebery proposed that a restoration of the palace as a royal residence might be a suitable Scottish National Memorial to our late beloved Sovereign. But the suggestion received little encouragement. Scotsmen are so much accustomed to read their history in ruins, they seem unwilling that the hand of even a loving restorer should be laid on such a relic as Linlithgow Palace. Better that it should stand, roofless and forlorn, as a memorial of Mary Stuart than become an adequate residence for the descendants of another Queen, even although that Queen should be Victoria!

T. A. C.

A Newly-discovered Drawing by William Woollett.

IT occasionally happens that lovers of Art and collectors of the works of well-known masters, are delighted with the news of the existence of a hitherto unknown, and consequently unrecorded example of the skill of a particular artist: it is therefore with pleasure that we are enabled to refer to a recently discovered original chalk drawing by William Woollett, the celebrated engraver, which has for more than one hundred years been hidden from public observation and knowledge in a country house but a few miles from Maidstone, the town of Woollett's birth and residence during the early years of his life.

The accompanying illustration will enable those collectors who are acquainted with his portraits to recognise it as a presentment of the artist himself, probably when he was a lad of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and the fact is emphasized by the following inscription written on the back of the frame: — "This Portrait of himself was drawn by him when at Maidstone and given to his Friends, and by them presented to W. Baldwin, 1796."



Portrait of himself.
By William Woollett.

Woollett's signature in the bottom right-hand corner is in printed characters, which correspond exactly with a printed inscription on the title-page of a book of fourteen pen-and-ink drawings of birds and quadrupeds, executed by him when he was only twelve years old. This book is in the Maidstone Museum, and evidences of the skill of the future engraver are apparent.

The drawing is executed in black chalk on slightly tinted paper, and is worked up to the edge of the paper, the extreme measurement of which is eleven inches and three-quarters by nine inches and three-eighths, and which was but roughly trimmed when taken off the drawing board, so that three of the pin-holes remain. The texture of the paper is very similar to the well-known paper used for chalk drawings at the present time, and a portion of the water-mark is easily seen to the left of the portrait.

The character of the work shows great exactness and precision of touch, combined with good judgment as to the necessary strength of each stroke of the crayon, and a knowledge of the value of heavy darks to give corresponding value to the adjacent lights and half-tones. There is also a noticeable absence of "outline," which is somewhat remarkable in the work of one who was little more than a child, and who probably at that period had received but little instruction in the art of drawing. The one really weak point in the drawing is in the hands, which do not look like the hands of a young person, but of a much older individual, and it is not unlikely that Woollett solicited some friend, perhaps his father, who was a thread-twister by trade, to let him draw from his hands instead of his own.

This unique work has remained in the possession of the Baldwin family since the year named in the above inscription until a quite recent date, when, at the dispersal of the contents of the mansion at Stede Hill, Harrietsham, Kent, by public auction, it was purchased by the trustees of the Bentlif Art Gallery, Maidstone, and so has now, after a lapse of more than a century, returned to the town in which it was produced, and where it will henceforth remain as a public evidence of Woollett's skill and talent as a draughtsman even in the days of his boyhood.

Whilst writing on the subject of Woollett we take the opportunity to direct public attention to the present condition of his grave-stone in old Saint Pancras Churchyard. When, a few years since, the grave-yard was levelled and transformed into a public recreation ground, the stone was removed from the grave and affixed to the south wall of the church tower; but it is in great need of repair, for the stone itself is very weather-stained and shabby, and many of the letters, which are simply incised, are almost illegible.

The stone was restored many years ago (1846) by the Graphic Society, but there is now a favourable occasion for another society, *i.e.* the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, to come forward and either restore once more the original stone, or, better still, replace it with a new one which shall more worthily perpetuate the name of the father of English Landscape Engravers.

J. H. ALLCHIN.



No. 1.—The Crown and Lion of Bavaria. From "Münchener Kalender," 1888.
By Otto Hupp.

An Heraldic Artist of To-day.

MODERN Decorative Heraldry may be said almost not to exist—and for the reason that it is modern. This is not the paradox it may at first appear to be. Heraldry was essentially an art of the Middle Ages; and, in so far as it is modern, it hardly comes under the category of Heraldry.

The Herald indeed survives, and will live on, presumably, as long as his emoluments hold out; but his occupation (other than that of amiable antiquary learned in a particular branch of mediæval lore) is gone. The Heralds' College still enjoys the privileges conferred upon it in the fifteenth century; it is still housed in the building Wren designed for it after the Great Fire; it has its Earl Marshal, its Kings-at-Arms, its Heralds, its Pursuivants, and the rest—unimpeachable authorities upon the subject of ancient armorial bearings, but powerless, it would seem, to control the design of a new escutcheon—witness the bearings of our Colonies and Dependencies. It is not difficult to understand the fond desire of new men in a new country to introduce into their apocryphal shields natural animals in all their picturesque surroundings; but how anyone not absolutely out of sympathy with the very idea of heraldry, to say nothing of heraldic design, could countenance the anachronistic achievements which pass current on the outskirts of the British Empire, is beyond all comprehension.

Made in Germany is the reverse of a recommendation in the British market. Rightly or wrongly, we pride ourselves upon our British make; and it is the national impulse to stand together. But there is something of the market, too, in our prejudice against what is foreign, some possible soreness at having in the past been worsted in competition, or a shrewd fear of competition to come. We do not show full confidence in the superiority of home manufacture by decrying whatever comes from abroad. Trade interests apart, it must in fairness be allowed that there are some things they do know how to make in Germany. Germany has given us, for example, music and poetry of the best, and in art a Dürer and a Holbein, not to mention a whole group of Little Masters. But the art in which it is



No. 2.—A Sign of the Zodiac. From "Münchener Kalender," 1891.
By Otto Hupp.

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No. 3.—A Sign of the Zodiac. From "Münchener Kalender," 1891. By Otto Hupp.

unrivalled is heraldry. Sixteenth-century German armorial work has never been surpassed; and, what is more, the Germans never lost their fine traditions of design. Heraldry is with us a province of art long since forsaken by the artist. Pedantry having usurped authority over it, he fought shy of the cage prepared for his fancy, and went where he was free. Only here and there a designer who happens to know enough of pseudo-science to hold his own against the pedant dares, to this day, to give play in heraldry to his creative impulse; for the rest the fear of breaking some vague but inexorable law, or of the penalties thereby to be incurred, paralyzes his powers of design. The Germans seem in this matter to have preserved an independence of spirit which Britons have abdicated; with them heraldry was consequently not degraded to the contemptible position it has fallen into with us. You have only to go to a town like Nuremberg and make a pilgrimage to the two great cemeteries where Albrecht Dürer and Peter Fischer lie buried, to see that the traditions of their day, a red-letter day in the calendar of art, never died out. Heraldry, of course, followed the fortunes of contemporary art; it grew as years went on more florid; eventually it declined; but it never got out of touch with the artistic spirit of the times, and it is alive in Germany. Whether we should say it lives because it was not enslaved, or that it was never enslaved, because it was alive and vigorous, matters not. What imports is that there at least the art of heraldry survives and thrives. Modern German decorative artists of any note have proved themselves proficient in heraldic design—Rudolf Seitz, Franz Stuck, Joseph Sattler, and others have all shown themselves at home in it; but there is one artist of our day who has elected to stand by heraldry, and is still doing work in that sort which is not unworthy of the national tradition. That the best of heraldry is still "made in Germany," we owe in great measure to Otto Hupp, of Munich.

It is seventeen years now since he published his first "Münchener Kalender"; and from 1886 onwards he has annually, as it were, "left his card upon us," as though to show that in Bavaria at least Heraldry is still flourishing. An artist of his ability has naturally not confined himself to work upon the scale of an almanack. Even in England we see from time to time (or those of



No. 4.—Arms of Pope Leo XIII. and of the Bavarian Bishops. From "Münchener Kalender," 1894. By Otto Hupp.

us at least who are awake to what is going on abroad) that he has done work of ampler dimensions, that he has painted, for example, the walls of a restaurant, and so forth; but his calendars are enough to show us the man and his art; and by the friendly permission of the publishers we are able to reproduce pages from them

sufficient to illustrate a phase of art characteristically German indeed, but from which, as it seems to the not too jealously patriotic mind, English designers have something to learn.

The younger German men are just now going rather mad over "The New Art," derived more or less from us: we might do worse than return the compliment by taking the nineteenth century did not lapse entirely into the hands of die-sinkers and coach-painters.

It is impossible to glance through the pages of Otto Hupp's calendars without being struck with the freedom of the artist. His art sits lightly on him. He is so evidently master of his subject that he can play with it, and fearlessly give loose to his imagination. If at times



No. 5.—A Sign of the Zodiac. From "Münchener Kalender," 1888. By Otto Hupp.



No. 6.—Arms of Salm-Reifferscheidt. From "Münchener Kalender," 1899. By Otto Hupp.

a lesson from the vigorous mediævalism of the Fatherland. The latter half of the nineteenth century saw a revival in this country (who shall say how real?) of the Gothic spirit which Italian influence had seemed to quench; in Germany it never quite went out; something of it lived through the Renaissance, revealing itself now and again in a florid form of foliated ornament, but nowhere so unmistakably as in heraldry, which even in his art is more "robustious" than commends itself to English taste, that is rather a matter of national, or it may be personal, feeling than of artistic propriety. Heraldry is not, when all is said, precisely a modest art—the business of its designer is to blazon forth the pride of ancestry, even defiantly; and here is an artist who does it with the assertive emphasis befitting the proud office of Herald.



No. 7.—Arms of The House of Zollern.
From "Münchener Kalender," 1895.
By Otto Hupp.

The natural thing to do in designing a calendar is to make use of the signs of the Zodiac, and for an artist expert in heraldic design it is equally natural to render them heraldically. That is what Otto Hupp began by doing, treating the signs, however, more or less in his own way—Aquarius, for example, as a fish-tailed water-god, and Virgo as in the act of crowning the unicorn. Some of the signs reappear in other form in the crest of the helmet—Virgo (No. 3) as a mediæval maiden, whose striped skirts flow out into ingeniously devised mantling; but, where possible, a wider range is given to symbolism: the crest for January consists of the crowns of the Three Kings (apropos of the Epiphany) irradiated by the Star in the East; for February, of a riotous jester-boy (No. 2) in allusion to St. Valentine; for September, of a hare, rampant; for November, of the horns of a stag, framing the Rood as seen by St. Hubert, whose day occurs in that month.

In the third issue, 1888, a bolder treatment was adopted (No. 5)—the devices occupying no longer the half but the whole length of a long page. Some of the crests are different: for January, the negro king with his offering; for February, an owl with the cap and bells of a jester; for May, twin fleurs-de-lys; for June, a fish, not one of those which came out of the sea to listen to the preaching of St. Anthony of Padua, but the one which brought up in its mouth the key of the Minster at Meissen, which St. Benno threw into the Elbe when Henry IV. presumed to depose Pope Gregory VII.; for August, a demi-unicorn; for September, a hound—referring presumably to St. Eustace, dog-days then being over.

The year after that the smaller series of designs recur; and from that time until 1894 one or other of the two is used; but there is in each successive calendar something new. One year it is a calendar of the chase,



No. 8.—Arms of Carolath-Beuthen.
From "Münchener Kalender," 1899.
By Otto Hupp.

with a border of quaint birds and beasts, and the genealogical tree of the House of Bavaria; another, it is the arms of the German States, or of the Bavarian bishops and the one Bavarian Pope (No. 4); or it may be a mediæval view of the Bavarian capital, with arms and emblems, or even the trade-marks of the great German breweries—which, by the way, it would be interesting to compare with the originals; we may be sure they have not the *style* which Otto Hupp has imparted to them.

With the year 1895 begins a new series of calendars—the signs of the Zodiac occur no more, and in their place we have for each month the arms of a reigning prince—Zollern, Guelph, Waldeck, and so forth. The shields are shown smaller than an Englishman would have drawn them, and the supporters (where they occur at all) still smaller in scale, leaving as much as three-



No. 9.—Cover design of "Münchener Kalender," 1899.
By Otto Hupp.



No. 10.—The Genealogical Tree of the Kings of Würtemberg.
From "Münchener Kalender," 1900.
By Otto Hupp.

quarters of the page to be occupied by helmet, mantling, and crest—which last is often the preponderating feature of the design, and is most skilfully managed. The alertness of the artist's fancy is shown by such happy thoughts as the introducing into the background of the arms of the House of Zollern (No. 7) the Imperial crown in the shape of a flaming cross or cruciform star, prophetic, as it were, of the fortunes of the dynasty. Otto Hupp's treatment of mantling is also at times as fanciful in idea as it is vigorous in drawing; and his variations upon familiar types are not arbitrary, but directly evolved from something in the arms or crest belonging—as where the stripes of the Oldenburg shield or the cape of the Wettiner crest are echoed in ribbons of mantling, or where the mane of the lion's head, which is the crest of the Schwarzburgs, itself mantles the shield. See, too, how some years later the

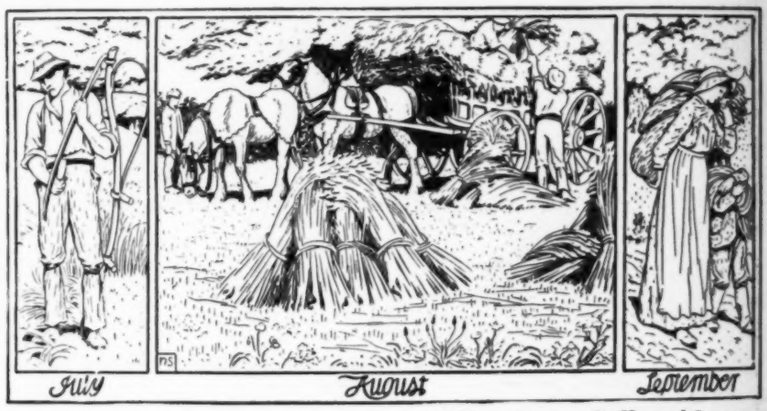
asses' ears of the Salm-Reifferscheidt crest (No. 6) are reflected in the mantling. It is strange how thoroughly the artist is saturated with mediæval influence, and yet how individual he is.

The series of princely shields, including those of Bismarck, Hohenlohe, Nassau, and Leiningen, is continued in 1896. The first two of these with masterly simple mantling, the others on a smaller scale with clever but rather gross borders of vegetable growth and insects, the name of the house often cunningly introduced on a label, not at the base of the shield, but so as to occupy the ground behind the crest.

From 1897 onwards, the calendar begins with the arms of the German States—Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, Baden, and Hesse, in succession, as frontispiece, followed at first by the shields of German Princes, and, when they are all told, of German Counts, the designs including, in the names both of the months and of the families, some very strong lettering, Roman or Gothic as may happen.

In the calendar for 1900 the lettering forms a happy break in the quasi Scandinavian border at the top of one page and at the bottom of its opposite. There is some falling off in the designs for 1901, not redeemed in this year's calendar, the pages of which are rather bald and empty. This may be due in part to the shields of the families represented; but the mantling at least was within the jurisdiction of the artist, and he seems to have skimped it, if not to have scamped it. In his smaller lettering, too, Otto Hupp shows a carelessness not to be observed in earlier work from his hand; it looks more like the rough draught of the way in which inscription is to come than accomplished penmanship. It is the work of a master still, but of a master performing his task rather perfunctorily. Perhaps he is getting tired of calendar work—in which case it is to be hoped he will have the strength to desist from it. He has made for himself among lovers of heraldic design a reputation which it would be a sin to tarnish.

LEWIS F. DAY.



A Fitzroy Picture. By Heywood Sumner.

Reviews.

"BOOKBINDING AND THE CARE OF BOOKS," by Douglas Cockerell (John Hogg, London), the first of a series of handbooks on the artistic crafts, sets forth most carefully and in minutest detail the whole process of "extra" binding, from the folding of the sheets (or the pulling to pieces of the old book) to the tooling of the new leather binding, and the final addition, perhaps, of ties and clasps to it. This is a book expressly addressed to those who want guidance in practical work; and it seems to give about all that a book can give in the way of verbal explanation of a handicraft which, as one reads, seems to be a most painstaking, if not tedious, business. It should be useful also (with its specifications) to those who have to get books bound. The subject of design is only slightly touched upon: the author belongs to those who think that every workman should be his own designer; it follows that design, as he understands it, does not go beyond what every workman can do. It is disappointing to find that the scrupulous thoroughness advocated throughout in forwarding is not insisted upon in decoration. It is taken for granted that there is no occasion for inlaying when onlaying (the pretence of it) is so much easier; and even the sticking on of paper as a substitute for white leather is countenanced! For the rest Mr. Cockerell shows himself a most careful and conscientious workman. Mr. Noel Rooke's illustrations are to be commended. Diagrams which administer to our artistic satisfaction are as rare as they are welcome.

"THE FITZROY PICTURES" (George Bell and Sons, London). Mr. Heywood Sumner's experience in mural decoration on a large scale fits him peculiarly for the task of designing coloured cartoons for the decoration of schoolrooms. He has seldom been happier than in the pictures of 'The Months' just issued. They are admirably simple in treatment, and show, moreover, conspicuous sincerity of design. The artist has observed nature for himself and treated it in his own way—witness his representation of 'August.'

"PROGRESSIVE DESIGN FOR STUDENTS," by James Ward (London: Chapman and Hall). A series of "progressive lessons in elementary and applied design, such as a master might give to a class of pupils," promises almost more than a volume of moderate size would contain. Mr. Ward, however, appears to have found the subject insufficient for a book of some fifty pages of large print, and has eked it out with chapters (on Brush-drawing, Stencilling, Interlacing and Strapwork Ornament, and Counterchange Ornament) which hardly seem to belong to the course at all—even the few final pages on Surface Design do not follow in strict progression upon the lessons before. The fact is, the hopes held out in the preface of a systematic course of teaching from Elementary to Applied Design, are not realised. Snippets of information are not enough for either Primary School Teachers or Art Masters. Those who want anything of the kind want something more thorough.



General View of West Side of Ambulatory. Frieze of 'The Battle of Bannockburn,' By William Hole, R.S.A.

The Decoration of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

A GOOD deal of money and effort has in recent years been expended in the decoration by means of mural pictures of important public buildings in Scotland. In Edinburgh a notable example is to be found in what, for want of a better name, may be called the frescoes—though the process in which they were executed is not that of the old fresco painters—of the McEwan Hall of the Edinburgh University;* in Glasgow the Corporation have commissioned several eminent local artists to decorate with pictorial illustrations of the ancient history of the city the banqueting hall of their stately civic buildings, while in Aberdeen a young artist, Mr. R. D. Strachan, has quite astonished his contemporaries in the North by the vigour and beauty of his mural work. Other efforts of the same kind in the larger towns of Scotland might be mentioned in detail, to show that a form of art popular during the golden days of the Italian Renaissance has again found favour among those who have money to spend, and who guide the public taste.

The scheme just completed for the adornment of the entrance hall and ambulatory of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, is one which in its importance has quite a national character. This gallery, situated in Queen Street, was, it may be recalled, built at great expense and gifted to the nation by the late Mr. John Ritchie Findlay of Aberlour, one of the proprietors of the "Scotsman" newspaper. It is in the Gothic style of architecture with marked Venetian features. Externally its adornment with portrait figures of eminent Scotsmen set in niches between the windows, gave for a time a much-needed help to Scottish sculpture, and this part of the work is still in progress. Internally the edifice is divided into two equal halves. On the west is the National Portrait Gallery; on the east the Antiquarian Museum, and between them is a spacious entrance hall with a square colonnade of stone pillars carrying an ambulatory on the first floor.

Before his death Mr. Findlay, in association with the Board of Manufactures, who are the custodians of the building, had arranged a scheme for the decoration of the walls of the entrance hall and ambulatory with a series of frescoes or mural paintings to commemorate outstanding events in the history of Scotland, but unfortunately for his native city, of which he was so generous a benefactor, he was removed before the work was well commenced. He had, however, seen and warmly commended the



Study for The Chancellor in the 'King David' panel. By William Hole, R.S.A.

* See The Art Journal, 1896, page 234.

frieze and one of the frescoes; and he had left the money necessary for the execution of the scheme, which, now that it has been finished, adds another to the already numerous interesting features for which the ancient capital of Scotland is famed.

Mr. William Hole, R.S.A., is the artist. It has taken him fully three years to execute this admirable series of historic paintings, and, like other artists in literature and art of whom we read in like circumstances, he has seen the end of this important work with feelings of pleasure not unmixed with regret. It has been to him a labour of love as well as a daily duty. As an easel painter Mr. Hole has been favourably known, in Scotland at least, for many years. In the South his name is more associated with his masterly etchings from the works of great masters, such as Velasquez, Millet and others, which have been so much admired. His easel work has always been of a thoughtful and thoroughly conscientious character, but it possibly has not commanded the same attention as pictures with more meretricious and showy qualities by artists with half his artistic and intellectual equipment. As a fresco painter, however, engaged in depicting incidents in the history of his own country, he has found his *métier*. Intellectually Mr. Hole is well equipped for such a task. He has shown himself to be possessed of what may be called the historic imagination, by which faculty he has seized the salient features of the scene he has sought to depict, and visualised them in paint in a vivid and interesting manner to the eyes of the spectator; he has freedom and accuracy of hand, he is an excellent draughtsman of the figure, he has a fine sense of well-balanced composition and grace of line, and what, for the execution of a series of pictures like this, extending over a long period, and entailing much patient research, is not less valuable, he has a firm belief in thoroughness, and possesses an infinite capacity for taking pains. The result of the combination of these qualities is to be seen in the production of a frieze of a highly original and decorative character, and a series of frescoes which places Mr. Hole at a bound among the great decorative painters of the period.



Studies of falling Horses for 'The Battle of Stirling Bridge.'
By William Hole, R.S.A.



Study for a Cross-bow Man for 'The Battle of Stirling Bridge.'
By William Hole, R.S.A.

The frieze or panel on each of the four sides of the front of the ambulatory is not only a pleasing example of the painter's art, but a highly instructive pictorial document, the subject of it being a procession, starting from the earliest times, of the men renowned in the arts of war and peace who have made Scotland. The work is focussed, so to speak, around an allegorical female figure representing "Caledonia," drawing aside the veil of the past, and pointing also to the sky, in which in the future other stars will appear. Many of the figures have considerable relief; gold and other joyous colours have been freely used in their decoration, and the result, though the figures number about 150, has been highly satisfactory. To name even a selection of the great men commemorated would be too much of a mere catalogue; it may be more to the purpose to say that the work has been so truthfully studied, that it constitutes, from the time of the Stone Age to the present day, an admirable and historically accurate study in costume, in ornament, and in armour, which the learned antiquarian and the most casual visitor can equally appreciate. The national collection of portraits has indeed provided authentic likenesses for nearly all these celebrities, from James III. to Thomas Carlyle, the last of the series.

This attention to secure historic accuracy of detail is also a characteristic feature of the series of eight large mural pictures by which the walls of the ambulatory are adorned. In this respect Mr. Hole has not followed the example of the later fresco painters of Italy, who clothed their biblical characters in sixteenth-century Italian costume. Each picture bears the stamp of its own period. The series begins with the landing of St. Columba, who introduced Christianity into Scotland, and ends for the present with the

marriage of James IV. to Margaret of England—an event which in due course led to the union of the crowns of the two countries, so long at warfare with each other.



The Marriage Procession of James IV. and Margaret Tudor. Edinburgh, A.D. 1503. By William Hole, R.S.A.

Thus, as regards the first picture, actual specimens of the costumes, ornaments and weapons, worn by the Celtic chief or king and his queen and courtiers, who have gathered in a Druidical holy place by the seashore to hear the missionary of the new faith, may be seen in the adjoining antiquarian museum. Mr. Hole has even been careful to note the difference in the arrangement of the tonsure in monks of the ancient Celtic church to which St. Columba belonged, as distinct from that of the Roman Catholic Church, which as yet had no footing in the country. In like manner the growth of armour, from the rude early Celtic targe to the highly developed plate covering of the mediæval knight, of weapons and of dress, is accurately noted in each fresco without its pictorial significance being in the least sacrificed. That the pictures, while pleasing to the artistic sense, should also be a liberal education in costume, armour and ornament, is peculiarly appropriate to a decorative scheme for a building of this kind, and enhances to a great extent its value to the public.

The 'St. Columba Preaching' is about 12 feet square. The second in order, an upright panel 12 feet high by 6 feet across, is one of the most attractive of the whole series. They are all good, but one or two of them in subject and in execution are perhaps a little more attractive than their neighbours. It represents the landing at Queensferry, A.D. 1068, from England, of St. Margaret and her widowed mother, and their reception by King Malcolm Canmore. Margaret, who was the sister of Edgar Atheling, had, along with her mother, to flee northwards to escape the conquering Normans. She is described as "young, learned and pious," and, winning the heart of the king, she became Queen of Scotland, and, for her good deeds, was afterwards canonised by Rome. In this picture there is a fine contrast presented between the maidenly grace and beauty of Margaret and the manly strength of this early Scottish king, who salutes his guests in courteous fashion; there is much charm in the landscape, which shows the blue waters and green shores of the Forth under pleasant sunshine, while the picturesque Saxon galley, with ample sails, now lying at rest at the stone pier where this royal reception takes place, has been introduced into the scene with decorative effect.

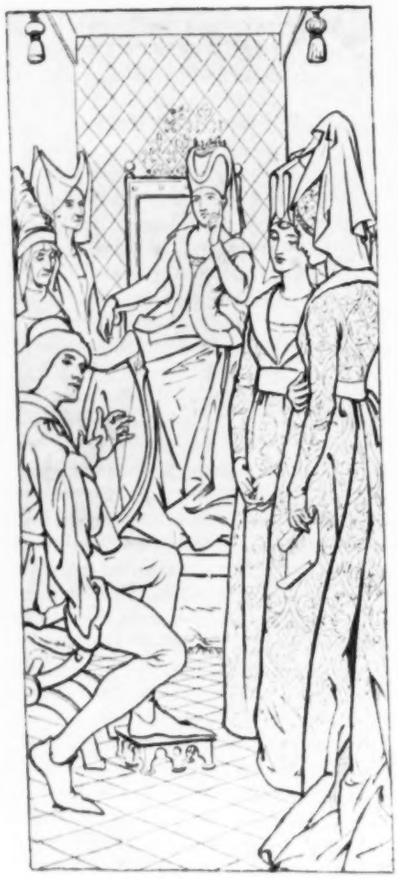
In a large fresco, 25 feet by 12 feet, the artist has depicted an event of great significance in the early history of the country—the defeat at Largs, A.D. 1263, of the Danes under King Haco by Alexander III. This is an exceedingly good example of the exercise of the historic imagination which Mr. Hole has applied to the creation of these pictures, of his ability to present a scene as it might have occurred, and in all probability as it did occur, and to people his frescoes with personages in a lifelike manner. The fight, it is recorded, was "a running one by sea and land," a characteristic of it which has been emphasised in a series of bold and striking incidents. There are Scottish knights charging the hardy Norsemen who have effected a landing on the sandy shore; dauntless Scottish foot soldiers wade into the water to attack the invaders in their boats, and some of these sectional and individual combats between the broad-shouldered Danes in chain-mail and the humbler-looking Scots are presented with dramatic force and effect. The type of boat used by the Danes survives to this day in the Shetland Islands. The fourth panel, of which we reproduce the full design and one of the figure sketches, recalls the deeds of King David I., the builder of Holyrood Abbey, he whom James VI. afterwards described as "a sair sanct for the crown," in respect of his too generous alienation of crown lands to ecclesiastical purposes. In the background is a representation of the artificers engaged in the building of this famous Scottish Abbey, with Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags beyond. In the foreground the king, equipped for hunting, rides a white palfrey, held by a boy who also is in charge of a typical

staghound. The architect of the palace and the Chancellor of the kingdom, the latter looking very "glum," desire to engage the attention of his Majesty, but he waives them aside to listen to the plaint of some poor people—a class he prided himself was his peculiar care.

Further round the ambulatory is represented an episode in the Battle of Stirling Bridge, of the details of which we reproduce several of the original studies, while opposite the Haco picture is another fresco of equally large dimensions, in which in a spirited manner is recorded that crowning glory of Scottish arms which won for ever the independence of the kingdom—the Battle of Bannockburn (p. 55). This is a most satisfying composition. The local landscape, which plays a prominent part in it, while decoratively treated is from sketches made upon the spot, and the pomp and circumstance of the warfare of those days, when men in fighting looked each other in the face, are represented with due effect and dignity. The incidents of battle on both sides are varied and interesting, with here and there a touch of pathos added; and a door-head having intruded itself into the centre of the panel, the artist has cleverly turned it to account as the dividing line of the contending armies, where met in deadly shock the charge of the flower of the English chivalry against the stalwart Scottish spearmen. Here we can admire to the full Mr. Hole's descriptive and vivid drawing, his bold touch, and his skill in depicting horses and men in lifelike action.



Mr. William Hole, R.S.A., working at a Frieze.



Cartoon design for a small panel: "The Ballad." By William Hole, R.S.A.

Alongside of it, in an upright panel, is commemorated the presentation of the boy-king James III. by his mother, Mary of Gueldres, to the nobles at the siege of Roxburgh Castle after his father's tragic death, A.D. 1460, an event which Mr. Hole has happily treated, while the last but not least of the series is a representation of the marriage procession through a street of old Edinburgh, with balcony and bow, of James IV. and his young bride Margaret Tudor, the daughter of Henry VII. The



The Good Deeds of King David I. A.D. 1124-1153. By William Hole, R.S.A.

whole scene, which we reproduce, recalls in a delightful way a mediæval pageant, to which local interest has been given by showing the city fathers, during a pause in the royal progress, presenting to the King and Queen a marriage gift.

These pictures are painted on the east and west walls of the ambulatory, four on each side. In spaces between the Gothic windows of the north wall are idyllic compositions representing 'The Ballad'—the music of peace, also reproduced, and 'The Pibroch'—the music of war. The subject of the former is a young page playing a lute and singing to a group of court ladies, and of the latter a wild rush of Highlanders, to the inspiring strains of the bagpipes. Each fresco is enclosed in a broad border with Arabesques of some characteristic Scottish flower, leaf, or fruit conventionalised; the subsidiary spaces on the walls and the arch spandrils have also been suitably decorated, and at one part carry armorial shields of Scottish nobles, and at another the quarterings of the Queens of Scotland, while the lofty roof of the hall, done in a soft sapphire blue, is star-spangled with a correct astronomical projection of the northern heavens. The Corinthian capitals of the red stone pillars carrying the ambulatory have been heavily gilded, and suggest, in the position they occupy, the calix out of which is unfolded the bouquet of colour all around.

The pictures, it may be interesting to note, are executed in what is known as "spirit fresco"—a medium found by experience to be the most lasting in which to paint mural decorations in the northern half of the kingdom. The walls are grounded with wax; a substance which, with oil of spikenard, is also used in the grinding of the colours, with the result that the surfaces are "mat," and not shiny as in work in oils. This, however, fits in well with the general decorative plan, which is meant to be flat in effect, like a piece of tapestry with an even distribution of light and shade. In this respect Mr. Hole followed the traditions of Giotto rather than those of the later Italians—a course also adopted in his decorative work by that great modern French artist, recently deceased, Puvis de Chavannes. A note of originality in design and treatment, however, distinguishes this unique series of paintings by Mr. Hole, and being the work of one hand they have a unity of purpose and aspect not often seen in works of this kind in public buildings. One other commendable feature about the frescoes is that Mr. Hole has sought to fit them for the place they occupy as a background to a handsome piece of architecture. Naturally, therefore, the colour-scheme is uniformly quiet in feeling—low-toned blues, soft reds, greens and greys, with here and there a dash of black or dark brown for emphasis, being the prevailing tints; and though there is little or indeed no attempt made to render aërial perspective, it is wonderful how the felicitous combination of these colours has imparted to the pictures, the incidents of which are all enacted in the open air, an out-of-door aspect. Mr. Hole, it need hardly be said, designed all these pictures in cartoon form before painting them on the walls. Everything was drawn to scale, the figures being studied from the life, and occasionally a coloured sketch was made to try the effect. Hundreds of studies were executed of single figures and groups, and his scrap-books and sketches for the last three years, in connection with this monumental work, are almost as interesting as the pictures themselves.

W. MATTHEWS GILBERT.

Edward Onslow Ford, R.A.

EDWARD ONSLOW FORD was born in London on July 27, 1852; on December 23, 1901, he died at No. 62, Acacia Road, St. John's Wood. The worth of a life depends in small degree only on the number of its days. Keats was but twenty-six when he died, Giorgione was no more than thirty-two when his magnificent career was cut short. Whether it come soon or late, death is ever a tragedy; and perhaps the most beautiful, if not the least poignantly sorrowful time at which the summons can come, is when the blossom of life has still unopened petals, generous in promise of yet more splendid development. Springing mysteriously from the sources of life, the passing from life of a personality must always be marked, just in proportion to the lovableness, the nobility of that personality, by a cleavage of ties, by the seemingly ruthless termination of hopes, aspirations, dreams.

The death of Onslow Ford, at a moment when all Christendom was preparing to celebrate the feast of good-will and wide-reaching love among men, came as a personal sorrow to many other than those of his immediate circle. His art was based on the foundations of a receptive and generous personality. Some men, with little to express, give the appearance of achieving many things; but the best work of Onslow Ford approximates only to the ideal of beauty and significance and graciousness which day after day perfected in his mind, exercising an increasing influence on his endeavours. To meet him even casually was to become aware of a personality gentle, nervously sympathetic, alert. If it be true that each of us, by the nature of his ideas and acts, builds up either a prison-house or a sunlit palace of thought, which in its turn influences like structures built by his neighbours, then of a surety the palace of thought created by Onslow Ford remains to welcome and encourage earnest pilgrims along life's too often sharp-stoned highway. The man exhaled, was wrapped about with, an atmosphere



Bust of M. Paderewski.
By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.

that gave to his slightest word or act a distinctive charm. Had he never made for himself a name as a sculptor, he would still hold a place among those artists of life, bearers of joy and consolation to many who stand unmoved before the Elgin Marbles or the Mona Lisa of the Louvre.

I hold myself particularly fortunate in being enabled, by the courtesy of Mrs. Onslow Ford, to reproduce the work on which the sculptor was engaged at the time of his death; when I saw it in the studio the clay was still soft, the hand-marks of the artist were still, so to say, impermanent. What more aptly than this 'Snow Drift' could symbolise those "thoughts hardly to be packed into a narrow act," the "all I could never be," of a life which closed before the fiftieth milestone had been reached? It is a figure born of snow flakes—snow flakes which thus congregated retain much of that intangibility, that airy grace, that happy abandon which they possess as in myriads they pass, wind-driven, before our eyes. An inscrutable fate has cast this personification of snow drift—numbed, but surely with breath still issuing from the parted lips—upon some lone shore. The figure, with its highly sensitive face, streaming hair, half-folded arms, pose of calm if not of joy, has been lovingly modelled by the sculptor. It reveals, as few if any things from his hand could better reveal, the fine feeling, the constant impulse towards beauty, the determination not to leave vague or unfinished detail which in his opinion called for definite expression. There is no necessity to dwell on the pathos of this 'Snow Drift,' wrought—it is practically finished—as it was during the last weeks of Onslow Ford's life. So, almost unawares, did the peace of death come to freeze into an eternal calm his efforts here, the efforts of one whose sympathies, like sun-lit snow-flakes, had gladdened the hearts of many, caused them to step forward with uplifted instead of with downcast eyes.



Glory to the Dead.
By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.

Edward Onslow Ford, at the age of eighteen, began to study at the Royal Academy, Antwerp, where, a few years previously, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema had received his first training in art. It was Onslow Ford's original intention to become a painter; nor to the end did eager interest in the sister art lapse. During most of his summer holidays he made sketches in oil, and we need go no farther back than the Academy of 1899, at which was exhibited his 'Woolacombe Bay,' to discover a work in this kind. After two years at Antwerp he went to Munich, and, entering the workshop of Professor Wagmüller, was recommended to devote his talent to the perhaps more exigent art of the sculptor. While at Munich, Onslow Ford married the third daughter of Baron F. von Kreusser. At the Royal Academy in 1875 he was first represented by a bust of Mrs. Onslow Ford; in 1876 two more busts came from his studio, then and for some time afterwards at Blackheath; and, later, the portrait, in terra-cotta, of the Rev. Newman Hall, served to suggest that his name would not for long remain unknown. In any circumstances, it is no easy task in this country, where the art is still relatively slighted, for a sculptor to make headway; and the difficulty is increased when a man refuses to sacrifice his ideals on the altar of popularity. In 1881, however, Onslow Ford won, in open competition, the commission to execute the figure of Sir Rowland Hill, now in the Royal Exchange, first seen at Burlington House in 1882. Onward from that time success was assured; but he was not of that inartistic race to whom success is synonymous with æsthetic annihilation. If we compare the Rowland Hill statue with the Queen Victoria Memorial, so ill seen at Burlington House last summer, sure and steady progress is discernible. From first to last Onslow Ford was a student, examining, pondering, comparing, assimilating, alike examples of Greek art and those by talented modern craftsmen.

He was elected to Associateship of the Royal Academy in 1885, and, by a perhaps unexampled number of votes, to full Membership ten years later.

For long the studio in Acacia Road was a centre for artists of diverse schools and dissimilar aims. Some years ago Mr. Arthur Hacker painted a portrait of Onslow Ford at work in this studio; and in 1899 there was shown at the Royal Academy the portrait, which we are enabled to reproduce, from the hand of Mr. Wolfram Onslow Ford, the artist's second son. Familiarity with the sitter does not tend to make less difficult such a task; but it is improbable that any more faithful and intimate presentment of the sculptor is in existence, especially as he was when the strain of perhaps over-eager and continuous work had begun to leave traces on his face. In his right hand he holds a photograph of one of his favourite pictures—Van Eyck's unsurpassable portrait of Jan Arnolfini and his wife; in the right-hand top corner a few inches of Mr. Hacker's portrait are visible; behind—on a pedestal which in the finished work bears rich and beautiful enamel—is 'The Singer' of 1889; and behind that again we have a glimpse of the Shelley Memorial, now at University College, Oxford, originally intended by Lady Shelley for a site in Italy.

'The Singer' ranks with the 'Folly' of the Tate Gallery,



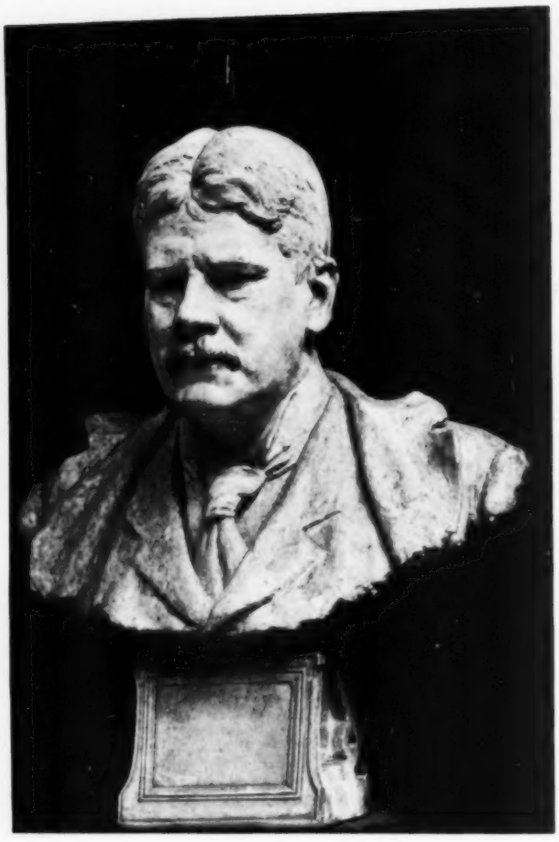
Snow Drift.
By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.

with 'Music,' 'Peace,' 'Applause,' and 'Echo,' as evidence of the zeal and patience and skill which characterized Onslow Ford's efforts in this delightful kind. In other parts of the studio, witness is borne to the many friendships, whether based on a common love of art, of literature, or on the wider foundation of a joint humanity, formed by Onslow Ford. A group in one corner consists of a particularly strenuous and able portrait of Wolfram Onslow Ford; of Dagnan Bouveret—this is a rapid sketch made at a single sitting; of Messrs. W. Q. Orchardson, Arthur Hacker, and of the talented American, a great personal friend of our artist, Mr. J. McLure Hamilton. To this list we must add portraits of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, of Millais and Herkomer, Briton Riviere and Ridley Corbet, and, a recent work which we reproduce, of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, R.A. Certainly not the least penetrative, sincere and able portrait from the hand of Onslow Ford is that of Queen Victoria: an achievement, as now seen in *plein air* in front of the Infirmary at Manchester, full of dignity, of reserve, of character. No wonder that the Queen held it in such high esteem—seldom if ever has her womanhood been so well expressed—as from the first bust to commission several others.



Portrait of E. Onslow Ford, R.A.
By Wolfram Onslow Ford.

Onslow Ford's output was large, and it is impracticable here to do more than name a few of his important works. The fine bust of General Gordon, 1888, was followed two years later by the memorial of the hero—in Oriental dress, seated on a fully caparisoned camel—now on the Esplanade at Chatham; a bust of Mr. Balfour, 1892; the Gladstone of 1894; the Jowett Memorial of 1897; Dr. Dale of 1898; Sir William Agnew, 1899; the Huxley and the monument to the Maharajah of Mysore, 1900; the equestrian statuette in silver of Lord Roberts' gallant son who died of wounds received at Colenso—a lithe and beautiful study which has not been exhibited; the portrait head, commissioned by the musician himself, of Paderewski,



Bust of Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.
By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.

which we illustrate as a third example of recent work; and the 'Glory to the Dead,' here reproduced, familiar to and admired by many who visited the Academy last year: these things mark almost as many mile-stones on the æsthetic highway of one whose distinguished, if brief, career was shaped towards lofty issues.

FRANK RINDER.

Passing Events.

MR. HERBERT COOK, in *The Nineteenth Century and After* for January, asks: "Did Titian live to be ninety-nine years old?" and having brought forward evidence to state a negative answer, he concludes that Titian only lived to the age of eighty-seven. Mr. Cook doubts if the generally accepted dates of Titian's life (1477-1576) are correct, and says that there is no authentic record until the year of Giorgione's death (1511) of the work of Titian, in which year he gave a receipt for a payment on account of some frescoes in Padua. The biography of Dolce (published 1557) shows that in 1507-8, with Giorgione, Titian worked on some frescoes in Venice, at this time being "scarcely twenty years old," and this contemporary evidence places Titian's birth at about the year 1489. But in 1571 Titian wrote to King Philip II. of Spain and mentioned that his age was 95, that is to say, dating his own birth some thirteen years earlier than Dolce states was the case. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle accept the master's own statement of the time of his birth, although they hint at a cause for exaggeration. Northcote, in his Life of Titian (1830), preferred 1480, "on the joint authority of Vasari and Sandrart," but a passage quoted in Mr. Cook's Essay from Vasari's biography, shows that the date 1480 was a misprint, Vasari having in two other places mentioned 1489. Mr. Cook therefore decreases the age of Titian on the contemporary and independent evidence of Dolce and Vasari, biographers both intimate with the painter, and he rejects the artist's own statement. Most writers have been content to accept the researches of Crowe and Cavalcaselle. Mr. Claude Phillips, than whom there is no more thorough exponent of the detective interest, acknowledges in his book his indebtedness to the two famous authors, by whose decision he abides: and the most recent authority on the subject, the catalogue of the Winter Exhibition at The Royal Academy, 1902, in agreement with the opinion of Sir E. J. Poynter, fixes the date at 1477.

IF we could be convinced that Titian's years amounted to less than has been generally supposed, a most rare piece of artistic folklore would vanish. We could no longer enter the great Venetian painter as the champion of the profession in the lists of longevity. In the hands of which artist, then, could be placed the long lance as symbolical of long life? Mr. G. F. Watts, one of the greatest painters of all time, attains the age of eighty-five on February 17th. Nollekens, the sculptor, and Beechey, each with their eighty-six years, Carlo Maratti with his eighty-eight, Giovanni Bellini and Michelangelo, each with their eighty-nine, Linnell and Largillière, each with their ninety, Robert-Fleury with his ninety-four, were all ousted by the Scotch artist Schelky, who attained to more distinction with his ninety-six years than with his brush and canvas. But it is among the Men of Kent that we find an artist who has eclipsed all others with his tenacity to life, and with Mr. Sidney Cooper (B. 26th September, 1803) as champion at ninety-eight, even Titian, with the longest life which has been attributed to him, must look to his laurels.

DURING the last few weeks death has ended the career of several artists eminent in their several spheres. The world of art cannot afford such severe losses. Elsewhere we dwell more fully on the work of E. Onslow Ford and of Kate Greenaway. In future numbers we shall refer to the work of Sir Noel Paton, David Law, and John Brett, and we wish now to convey to the relatives of the deceased artists our sympathy for the great loss they have experienced. The loss seems more acutely personal because from time to time we have enjoyed the active support of the artists to a somewhat exceptional degree, and our remembrance of our cordial associations will be a lasting memorial to them.

WE wish to call special attention to a new publication which will be of the greatest service and interest to all connected with the Fine Arts. We refer to Mr. Herbert Slater's "ART SALES OF 1901" (Virtue), a record of prices obtained at auction for pictures and prints. This bulky volume has been compiled with the greatest care, the index alone covering over one hundred closely-printed pages.



The Flight into Egypt. By Holman Hunt.
From "The Saints in Christian Art." (Bell.)

Recent Art Publications.

THE eighteenth century, a period of political and social upheaval and transition in France, was also marked by the evolution of a distinct style of decorative art, although there was no corresponding advance in sculpture and painting, the modern renaissance of which did not really commence until the nineteenth century. Lady Dilke, who has made French art her special study and has already published several books on the subject, has, in her new volume, "FRENCH FURNITURE AND DECORATION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY" (Bell), passed in exhaustive reviews the masterpieces of all the great decorators who worked during the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. With rare literary skill she has woven the vast mass of material collected into a most interesting consecutive narrative, in which the reader is brought into intimate touch, not only with the artists themselves, but also with those for whom they worked. De Cotte and Boffrand, Pineau, Oppenord, and Meissonier, Verbreckt and the Rousseaus, Watteau, Gillot, Audran, Oudry, Boulle, Cressent, and others less celebrated, look forth, each with his own distinctive individuality, from the framework of their designs, whilst the shadowy forms of their employers flit to and fro, suggesting, controlling, criticising, and, alas, all too often marring, by their frivolity, what might have been the noble character of the surroundings created for their pleasure. With its beautiful reproductions of typical salons and its numerous illustrations of furniture and other minor details of decorative art, its Appendix giving lists of the work of typical masters, transcripts of rare manuscripts, and its well-arranged Index, the "French Decoration" will take rank as a classic of sterling value to all interested in the society of the eighteenth century.

The want of a new and comprehensive work on Christian Art has long been felt, and the appearance of "THE SAINTS IN CHRISTIAN ART," by Mrs. Arthur Bell (Bell), with its beautiful and appropriate illustrations, is peculiarly opportune. The old standard books on the subject are completely out of date, and the student who relies on their statements as to the authorship and location of works of art will often find himself quite behind the age. Knowledge of art is now essential to all who lay any claim to culture, and knowledge of sacred art implies not merely acquaintance with the names of the great masters who excelled in its production, but also an intelligent comprehension of the subjects represented and the meaning of the symbols introduced. To give but one example: no amount of æsthetic feeling or historical information, valuable as both are, will suffice to explain the appearance in Fra Angelico's 'Great Crucifixion' of the various groups of saints, but their identity and the significance of their presence will be understood at once by the initiated. The first volume of "The Saints in Christian Art" deals with the Evangelists, Apostles, and their immediate successors alone, but it will be followed by others on the later saints. For the arduous task of their preparation Mrs. Arthur Bell's long experience as a writer on art has fitted her well, and it is probable that in course of time the present publication will take a similar position in schools and colleges to that of her "Elementary History of Art," which is a government textbook in England and America.

It is a pity that other owners of fine collections of pictures do not follow the spirited example of Mr. Drury Lowe, of Locko Park, Derbyshire, and issue descriptive catalogues of the works of art in their possession. The "CATALOGUE RAISONNÉE OF THE PICTURES AT LOCKO PARK" (Bemrose), compiled by the well-known German art critic, Dr. Jean Paul

Richter, will be found of great value to the student and the collector, for it embodies not only considerable research on the part of its author, but also the notes made by the purchaser at the time of their acquisition. The collection consists mainly of works by the great Italian masters, but it includes also examples of Franz Hals, Wright of Derby, and Hogarth. The twelve illustrations are excellent reproductions of gems of the collection, amongst which, perhaps, the most beautiful are the 'Portrait of a Lady,' by Domenico Ghirlandajo, the 'Portrait of Duke Ercole of Ferrara,' by Francesco Cossa; the 'Portrait of Mrs. Lowe,' ascribed to Lucas de Heere, and the 'Head of a Youth,' after a drawing by Andrea del Sarto.

In an admirably illustrated little volume (Seeman, Berlin), one of a valuable series of handbooks on the great Italian cities, Mrs. Louise Richter gives a practically exhaustive account of the quaint mediæval town of Siena, which, situated as it is out of the beaten track, has been to some extent overlooked by tourists until quite recently. A long residence in Siena has given the authoress an intimate acquaintance with it, and her wide culture has enabled her to discriminate well between the essential and the immaterial in dealing with the relics of the past. Her book is a lifelike portrait of a unique survival of a time gone by, a piece of good literature as well as a valuable text-book.

So far as literary merit is concerned, "FRA FILIPPO LIPPI," by Mr. Edward C. Strutt (Bell), is one of the most satisfactory of the art-monographs which have recently appeared. It is written in a bright yet incisive style, and although it is the result of much careful research, that research is not forced upon the attention of the reader. The dry bones of historical data are clothed with flesh and blood, and transmuted by the magic touch of imagination into the living image of a man whose personality must have been singularly attractive. Strange to say, that personality is not very clearly reflected in the work of the merry-hearted friar, whose motto seems to have been, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Fra Filippo Lippi's sacred pictures, although there is nothing divine about them, might all have been painted by one who had kept his monastic vows unbroken, so that his faults and lapses from the strict path of morality appear to have been to a great extent the results of the circumstances of the time at which he lived rather than of any natural depravity.

"JAPAN: A RECORD IN COLOUR" (A. and C. Black). The fine-coloured reproductions of Mr. Mortimer Menpes' clever drawings make his new book a most attractive volume, but it is difficult to follow the writer of the text in the assumption that all previous students of Japan have been prevented, by the duplicity of the natives or by their own stupidity, from arriving at a right judgment on any branch of the subject under review. Moreover, the note at the beginning of the volume is puzzling. Miss Menpes, who speaks of herself as having been a child five years ago, says in it: "I endeavour to present with what skill of penmanship I possess my father's impressions of Japan;" but it is impossible that any young girl, however gifted, could have written the opening chapter "On Art and the Drama," still less that on "The Geisha."

It is somewhat difficult to understand why the Siennese should have expended so much care, thought, and technical skill on the production of the masterpiece examined by Mr. Robert H. Hobart Cust, in a handy little volume entitled, "THE PAVEMENT MASTERS OF SIENA" (Bell). The book is the first of a new series of monographs on the great craftsmen of the past. With so much to attract the attention in the Cathedral, it seems a pity that such exquisite designs should have been produced merely to be trodden underfoot. Had not the celebrated pavement been protected by a wooden floor it would long ere this have ceased to exist, and the result of this precaution is that it is known to very few, for it is only for a short time after the Feast of the Assumption that the covering is removed. Many of the best sgraffiti have been taken to the Opera del Duomo, and their place supplied in the Cathedral itself by copies, a fact adding much to the value of the reproduction in Mr. Cust's book of the work in its original entirety, with a key plan making reference to any particular design easy.

"BRUNELLESCO," by Leader Scott (Bell). The designer of the celebrated double dome of the cathedral of Florence has suffered from the greater fame of his pupil, Michelangelo, much as Perugino did from that of Raphael. In this charmingly written and beautifully illustrated little volume Leader Scott to a great extent atones for this long injustice by the skill with which she assigns to her subject his true place in the history of art. She evolves, moreover, a most lifelike picture of his personality, and tells with a freshness giving them new zest the deeply interesting incidents of his friendship with his much-loved rival Donatello and the young painter Masaccio, whose early death was one of the great sorrows of the architect's life.

Those who are unable to afford the more costly volume on "REMBRANDT VAN RIJN," by Mr. Malcolm Bell, will hail with satisfaction the appearance of a little monograph by the same author with numerous and excellent illustrations (Bell). It contains practically all the information in the larger work, but there are fewer illustrations, and the long lists of etchings are omitted.

Professor Axel Tallberg, A.R.P.E., has been at work on a portrait of Tolstoi, and this has been published as a large etching, by the painter, from the firm of J. K. Lindstedt, of Helsingfors, in Finland. The plate is very forcible, and renders the character of the Russian prophet in a manner worthy the original. The plate is similar in treatment to Rajon's famous head of Darwin, but it cannot be said to be quite so fine in artistic quality.

The plate for the Art Union of London subscribers is, for 1902, the large etching by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., entitled 'Victoria Victrix.' This is the plate of the artist's own picture in last year's Academy, wherein Queen Victoria is being conveyed in state from the Isle of Wight by representatives of her Navy. Mr. Wyllie has been fairly successful in suggesting the majesty of the occasion, and in black and white his work is very telling.

'President McKinley,' by W. Nicholson (Heinemann), is one of the finest of this artist's portraits of the earth's great rulers of the present generation.

BRITISH MUSEUM 06 DEC 1902



Painted by Jean-Marc Nattier

The Countess of Neubourg and her daughter.

By permission of Reginald Vaile Esq.

BRITISH
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Country Pleasures.
By Jean-Baptiste Pater.

Mr. Reginald Vaile's Collection of Eighteenth-Century French Pictures.—I.

FOR the past three months there have been exhibited in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, some thirty pictures belonging to Mr. Reginald Vaile, which, with one or two exceptions, are by French artists of the eighteenth century. From many points of view the event calls for notice in these pages, and, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Vaile, we are enabled, in this, the first of two articles, to reproduce several of the important works. Sheffield in the beginning of the twentieth century: the France of the eighteenth century. The mind-pictures evoked by the words are radically different; indeed, it would not be easy within the stated limits of time and space to suggest peoples and conditions more remote. Five hundred years ago Chaucer alluded to the Sheffield whittle, the common knife used by those whose social rank did not entitle them to carry a sword; to-day, Sheffield is the capital of steel. Sheffield is essentially industrious. Each of its citizens, tacitly accepting as inevitable conditions of modern commerce the smoke-hung atmosphere, the muddied waters of its dozen streams, toils from morning to nightfall, either with hand or brain. Forgetful of the fact that in the Castle and the Manor the Earls of Shrewsbury lived hardly less sumptuously than Henry VIII. or Queen Elizabeth, it has been said that Sheffield has no lordly ancestors, that its inhabitants are stolid, unamusing, if eminently hospitable and kind.

To the relatively unleisured populace of Sheffield, then, could they unravel their impressions, the sentiment exhaled by the pictures of Mr. Vaile must have come as a revelation, or rather, maybe, as an inexplicable enigma. Of dilettanteism, frivolity, pretty conceits, luxurious trifling, the atmosphere of the boudoir, of the fashionable salon, the multitudes that flock in and out of Yorkshire factories know little, understand less. Strenuous work during the day, strenuous play at football or other national sport when work is done; little apt to curb the angry word, almost invariably voicing what is kind somewhat brusquely; making

for a goal with little circumlocution: thus, briefly, may be summed up the acts and modes of thought of the Sheffield populace. As I had opportunity to observe, many of them were puzzled at sight of Mr. Valle's pictures. It were well had it been possible to deliver one or two lectures on the subject, which would have served to span the chasm of thought and feeling dividing the two worlds.

Even for so-called cultivated persons—and how ready we are to apply the epithet to those who by habit outwardly observe a few social rules—no phase of art is less easy of approach. The naïveté of the primitives; the resplendent colour of the Venetians; the force of a Rembrandt, the silvery dreams of a Corot; the dignity of a portrait by Watts, the modernity of another by Sargent: for one or more diverse reasons we can with ease adjust our attitude to such works of art. Rightly to appreciate French art of the eighteenth century, however, involves first of all a considerable imaginative effort; that is, if we be not already in touch with the social and political conditions whence it sprang. All art worthy the name is related to its age; either it mirrors the age or, as a protest, reverts perhaps to mediævalism for inspiration. To take a broad view, society in France of the earlier eighteenth century was hastening towards a fall. The people, down-trodden, insufficiently fed and clothed, were ranged on the one side; on the other were the *noblesse* and those whom they chose to favour. Prior to the Revolution it is impossible to conceive of the rise of a school of painters other than that which actually developed. No small part of their province was to assist in keeping obscured the eyes of the aristocracy, to soothe them into a false security. The paramount aim of art is to yield pleasure; and, again broadly, pleasure was to be gained only by looking on works expressive as nearly as may be of—nothing, but that nothing treated, by the introduction of accessories, by skill of handling, as though it were matter of import. If we accept Mr. Stopford Brooke's dictum that in every great work of art there must be present matter of thought, matter of love, immortals that give birth to joy and to beauty, much of the French art of the eighteenth century will be found lacking, particularly in one element: thought, although of course not altogether absent, is there as a mere ghost. By an unwritten law, which every successful painter was bound to observe, the sphere of his endeavour was restricted to presentment of themes remote from the common life of the day. Classical or legendary subjects; the luxurious trifling of this or that fine lady at court; love scenes in one of the thousand beautiful gardens that rose throughout France at bidding of king or courtier; anything concerned with the elaborately-wrought veneer wherewith unthinking cruelties were covered: so far but no farther—if we except suggestions like those in Watteau's incomparable Gilles of the Louvre—could the painter go. But, if they be not actually synonymous terms, one of the attributes of genius is that of the seer. Genius discerns things in their relationships and their origin, and partial development only is possible if the vision of genius be limited. May it not well be that the melancholy of Watteau is in part attributable to his inability, by reason of circumstance, to create of more significant material pictures of haunting beauty? The imaginative genius fares through this and other worlds in quest of the unknown; to imprison him within walls of the superficial, the irresponsible, the luxurious, is to strike a deadly blow at the shrine whence issues his inspira-



Princess Couslande-Graft.
By Antoine Pesne.

BRITISH MUSEUM

tion. Amuse us—at all hazards do not be serious—as you value our favour, hint not at the turmoil in the "common" world which we would disregard: thus in effect said the patron to the artist.

But some may object that similar restrictions operated when Greek sculptors created things of enduring beauty, figures or groups as perfect in their kind as it is possible to conceive. There is, however, a signal difference. In Athens, slavery was a fact accepted by all as inevitable, and high living was not based on wrong inflicted consciously, or even semi-consciously, on those of a different class. It was by choice, and not by reason of any social necessity, we may assume, that Greek artists worked as they did. On the other hand, what of noble beauty might not the world have lost had Jean François Millet lived a century earlier, or had our own Watts been born, as was Watteau, in 1684 at Valenciennes. It is essential, as I think, to the just appreciation of pictures such as those belonging to Mr. Vaile, to readjust our point of view, and bring it into conformity with conditions and limitations such as I have attempted to indicate. With one or two noteworthy exceptions—and always Watteau the seer must be remembered—we need not expect to find pictures which are the issue of "impassioned contemplation," of great adventures such as genius loves to follow, of profound study of men and things, of enthusiasm kindled by the significant, of wide-reaching sympathy, controlled only by the painter's vision of beauty, complete and unified. Artists worked within a consciously restricted area: that is the fact not to be forgotten, a fact almost incompatible with the presence of the spiritual element.

As frontispiece to this number we reproduce what undoubtedly is one of the gems of Mr. Vaile's French gallery. It is from the brush of Jean-Marc Nattier—his signature and the date 1749 appear on the marble column to the right—and represents the Countess of Neubourg and her daughter. In it we have a superb example of the art of this skilled, if not inspired, painter. Born in Paris in 1685, Nattier died there in November, 1766. He was a pupil of his father, Marc Nattier, and possibly of his godfather, Jean Jouvenet. In the Palace of Versailles a room is occupied by his pictures. Two of the five examples in the Louvre show respectively Mlle. de Lambesc and the young Count of Brienne—a work painted in 1732, which, although more cumbered with detail, bears some resemblance to Mr. Vaile's picture—and 'The Magdalen,' in white silk robe, seated in a rocky landscape, with a book open at the "Psaumes de la Pénitence." Not until the priceless Wallace Collection was opened in 1900 was there a Nattier in any of our public galleries. At Hertford House we may study the artist in several characteristic achievements: in the large fanciful portrait, deemed to be of Mlle. de Clermont, served by copper-coloured attendants after her bath; in that of Marie Leczinska, Queen of France, wearing a sumptuous red robe; and, among others, in that of a Prince of the House of France, in elaborate Court dress, where notes of gold and positive reds and blues are introduced in the colour scheme. Some fine examples are, too, at Trentham. Nattier did not aim at profound characterisation. So far as his art is concerned, the human soul—which breathes in many a picture by Rembrandt, and, to take a modern example, in Whistler's portrait of his mother—might not eternally be at work moulding this



Portrait of a Lady.
By Louis Tocqué.



The See-Saw ("La Bascule").
By Nicolas Lancret.

contour, setting that light in the eye. The Countess of Neubourg, whatever in truth she may have been, is seen as a beautiful model in fair surroundings. Yellow-hearted pansies in one hand, feather from costly jewel-box in the other, she is distrait, uninterested, a thought weary of the emptiness of her life, as she poses for her portrait. In its kind it would be difficult to find a more comely face than that of the little girl, whose eyes are of deepest brown. Light scintillates everywhere. It plays on the veined marble, on the wall and the heavy curtain above, on the lace of the dressing-table with its mirror of harmonious lines, on the ivory-white of Madame's robe, on the blue drapery which passes from behind the figure on to the knees, and, finally, is concentrated on the faces and busts of mother and child. Art such as this could hardly be carried farther. It is all but an ideal rendering of the elegance, the brilliance, the costly idleness of the period. Certainly it mirrors the age.

Antoine Pesne, by whom is the portrait which we reproduce of the Princess Couslande-Graft, was a contemporary of Nattier, born in Paris a year or two earlier —probably in 1683 or 1684—who died in Berlin in 1757, where he had become Court Painter to Frederick the Great. His historical pieces and portraits were admired by connoisseurs at the Court, and in the Potsdam Galleries, as in those of Dresden and Berlin, are some of his principal pictures. Neither at Hertford House nor in the National Gallery is he represented, and the Louvre possesses only a portrait of Nicholas Vleughels, a contemporary French painter. To show the Princess as an artificialised palmer serves as an admirable comment on the sentiment of the time. She bears the staff and scrip, and wears the scallop shells of those who fared from one holy shrine to another, subsisting on charity as incessantly they travelled. But her bodice is wrought with gold, a large pearl is on her blue ribbon. As with several others, the portrait is in a frame whose gilded design carries out the idea of the picture. At the four corners are scallop shells, and at the top a staff and scrip are grouped with Cupid's arrows and the torch of Love.

A second fancy portrait, here illustrated, shows another of the hundred directions in which artists of the time exercised their talent for invention. Like Nattier and Antoine Pesne, Louis Tocqué, or Tocquet, was born in Paris during the last decade of the seventeenth century—to be exact, in 1696. He married the daughter of Nattier, vied with him as a painter of Court beauties, and after spending two years at St. Petersburg, whence he moved to Copenhagen, died in the French capital on February 10, 1772. Despite his renown, Hertford House provides us with no example from his brush, but in the Louvre are ten portraits, at Versailles several more, including that of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia. In one respect, at any rate, Tocqué and his contemporaries are to be cordially commended, albeit the merit should rather be credited to the vogue of the day: they seldom or never painted a woman in a high dress, which hides many of the most beautiful lines in the human figure. The lady is supposed to personify one of the myriad stars that æon after æon pursue invisible paths as they voyage through space. Her rich dress is of pearl colour, her sash of faint violet, and her hair, of course, is powdered.

Our headpiece is by a man whose name is more widely known. Jean-Baptiste Pater, as every lover of the arts is aware, was born at Valenciennes in 1695, eleven years after Watteau, whose pupil he became. One of the most delightful of the imaginary word-portraits by his English namesake, Walter Pater, is contained in that series of letters, extracted from "An old French journal," concerned with Watteau and Pater,



The Love Vow ("Le Serment d'Amour").
By L. A. Trinquesse.

with the incomparable genius of the one, the less inspired, less exalted talent of the other. If in Mr. Vaile's collection the single picture by Watteau—a portrait of Mlle. Haranger, relative of the Abbé Haranger, who obtained for the artist loan of a house at Nogent, near Paris, wherein he died in 1721—finished only so far as the face is concerned, weaves for us no enchantment like 'L'Embarquement pour l'île de Cythère,' reveals to us relatively little of the man who once and for all expressed the tragi-comedy of Gilles and his fellow players, we have in the picture by Pater a work which shows him at his best. It represents one of those fêtes galantes for which he is renowned. How pleasant is this fair landscape, where, in the sunshine, richly-dressed men and women play at love, and while away the hours in a dalliance from which they would have no awakening. The arrangement of figures, foliage, landscape, shows that, whencesoever it came, Pater could beautifully compose a picture, and, so long as we do not put it side by side with a fine Watteau in the same kind, it yields us a full meed of pleasure, induces a mood of buoyant irresponsibility, provides within its frame many a haunt of delight. On a smaller scale, but no less attractive, is a second picture of the same kind; and Pater is represented, as well, by 'Le Mari cocu et battu'—it shows a suspecting husband paying the penalty of masquerading in his wife's clothes with the object of discovering her faithlessness—and 'La Chasse Chinoise,' particularly fine in colour, painted for the king, its carved frame bearing the arms of the Bourbons, the fleur-de-lys, and the royal crown. The four Paters admirably exhibit three phases of his art.



Find the Handkerchief ("Cherche Mouchoir"). By Nicolas Lancret.

No less familiar the civilised world over are the pictures of Nicolas Lancret, yet another artist born in the French capital at the end of the seventeenth century. According to Ballot de Sovot, the success achieved by two of his exhibited works caused a rupture between himself and Watteau, from whom, after a brief friendship, he was permanently estranged. His, again, was not the effortless genius of the Prince of Court Painters, whose works he copied. The two ovals which we reproduce charmingly illustrate the art of Lancret. The colour harmony of the originals cannot be rendered, but we may see how finely he has filled the aptest of all spaces wherein to represent youthful gaiety, may see into what lovely nature-patterns he has woven trees and foliage, the sentiment of spring in them. 'La Bascule,' with the boy, arms outheld, laughing to the woods as he see-saws, and 'Cherche Mouchoir,' where the girl in green bodice and striped dress of red and black mischievously peeps at the boy in gold cloak passing the handkerchief — these pictures suffice to prove that if the figures of Nicolas Lancret do not move with the airy grace of those of his great contemporary, he is by no means to be classed with the mere imitators. At Hertford House we may study him to advantage, among others, in the small and exquisite 'Girls Bathing,' and in the 'Fête in a Wood,' for long attributed to Pater. Mr. Claude Phillips suggests that this last is the 'Bal dans un Bois,' which, when exhibited in 1718, excited the wrath of Watteau.

'Le Serment d'Amour' is from the hand of L. A. Trinquesse, the dates of whose birth and death are unknown, but who was admitted into the Guild at The Hague in 1767, and exhibited in Paris as late as 1793. Neither in the Louvre nor in Hertford House is there any picture by him. The two couples, admirably balanced in the composition, who move swiftly through this woodland glade, are under Cupid's spell. Finger to lip, love-poisoned arrow in hand, the winged figure on the pedestal looks down as naïvely as though, since known by the Greeks under the name of Eros, he had not made men and maidens dance to his bewitching measures.

FRANK RINDER.

(To be continued.)



Original sketch for 'The Pursuit of Pleasure.'
By Sir Noël Paton, R.S.A.

Sir Noël Paton, R.S.A.



Titania and the Indian Boy.
From the original drawing
by Sir Noël Paton, R.S.A.

BY the death of Sir Noël Paton, R.S.A., LL.D., long Her late Majesty's Limner for Scotland, Edinburgh will seem to many comparatively empty. To his friends, he was one of its chief ornaments and attractions. He was exactly fitted to the place where the greater part of his long life of eighty years was passed. There was a close and striking harmony between the perfect symmetry of his life, from birth to death, and the splendid tapering rise of the gray capital of the North, from the railway to the topmost points of Castle and Calton Hill.

He was in full accord with both its distinction, its majesty, its antiquity, and its variety. For the genius of Sir Noël sought expression not only in painting but also in poetry and sculpture. This is further emphasised by his having been born (1821) in the early Scots capital, of which it is said in the ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens"—

> "The King sits in Dunfermline toun,
> Drinking the blude-red wine."

The place is saturated with history and superstition. Looking down the glen below Wooer's Alley Cottage, Sir Noël's birthplace, you see Dunfermline Palace and Abbey ruins. It was there that, in boyhood, he used to go out at nights looking for the fairies and elves. There also he imbibed—through his mother, he thought, but I think through both parents—that love of things antiquarian which held him through life.

His mother was a MacDiarmid, and upon one of my earlier visits to him in Edinburgh, he took out a genealogical chart, now lying before me, and traced his mother's pedigree back to Malcolm Caenmore, and so to an earlier Malcolm II. who reigned 1005—1034. Then raising his splendid figure and throwing back his head, he said proudly, "I am of the blood of the ancient Scottish Kings."

He might have been a king, he looked so regal. And yet, was it possible wholly to repress a smile?—which instantly vanished, however, under his stern look and



Wooer's Alley Cottage, Dunfermline.
From an early drawing by Waller H. Paton, R.S.A.



Photo. J. Moffat, Edinburgh.

Sir Noël Paton, R.S.A., LL.D.

injured air. I was intently studying the chart, and asked carelessly a guileless question as to the male line.

"Your mother, I see, married Joseph Neil Paton. Who were the Patons?"

His face became set as flint, but he answered not a word. The fact is that his grandfather was either weaver and town bellman in Dunfermline and afterwards a turner, or a turner and printer. But he was a genius, for he was an author who printed, illustrated, and published his own works. His name was David Patton. His son, Sir Noël's father, was first a weaver and latterly a pattern designer. There is no doubt that Sir Noël drew his turn for art from his father's side. The thought he inspired was of the wondrous human perversity which led a man of his artistic genius, strong sense, and intellectual power, to allow one half of his genealogy to take up so much of his attention, and occupy so high a place amongst his life interests. What was best in him came through his father, and yet he valued his long descent through his mother as highly as, if not more highly, than his artistic faculty.

From the mother came his love of Highland story and tradition, his sentimental Jacobitism, and his superstition. I could not help being amused by the earnest credulity with which he would discuss the value of dreams and omens, and the reality of the supernatural beings of the Highlands. He was proud of his share in Celtic otherworldliness. He thought it strengthened his imagination and filled him with supernatural romance.

"Don't you think, Sir Noël, you get more grace and beauty of fancy from the fairies of the Lowlands, than of imagination from the demons of the Bens. You cannot be superstitious."

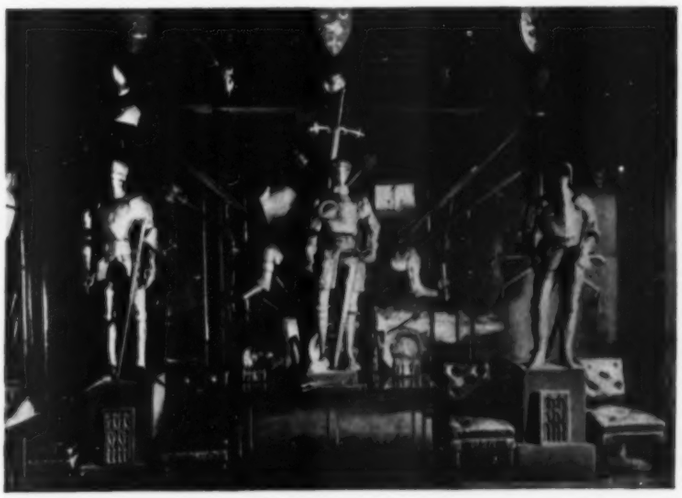
"Not superstitious? Look at this letter signed by myself in Mrs. Crowe's 'Night Side of Nature.' It takes us back to Dunfermline and my early life, and settles the point.

"WOOER'S ALLEY COTTAGE,
DUNFERMLINE-IN-THE-WOODS.
"*Monday morning, 31st May*, 1847.

"DEAR MRS. CROWE,

"*That* dream of my mother's was as follows:—She stood in a long, dark, empty gallery: on her one side was my father, and on the other my eldest sister Amelia, then myself and the rest of the family according to their ages. At the foot of the hall stood my youngest sister Alexes and above her my sister Catherine—a creature, by the way, in person and mind, more like an angel of heaven than an inhabitant of earth.

"We all stood silent and motionless. At last *It* entered—the unimagined *Something* that, casting its grim shadow before, had enveloped all the trivialities of the preceding dream in the stifling atmosphere of terror. It entered, stealthily descending the three steps that led from the entrance down into the chamber of horror: and my mother *felt It was Death*. He was dwarfish, bent, and shrivelled. He carried on his shoulder a heavy axe; and had come, she thought, to destroy 'all her little ones at one fell swoop.' On the entrance of the shape my sister Alexes leapt out of the rank, interposing herself between him and my mother. He raised his axe and aimed a blow at Catherine, a blow which, to her horror, my mother could not intercept; though she had snatched up a three-legged stool, the sole furniture of the apartment, for that purpose. She could not, she felt, fling the stool at the figure without destroying Alexes, who kept shooting out and in between her and the ghastly thing. She tried in vain to scream: she besought my father in agony to avert the impending stroke: but he did not hear or did not heed her; and stood motionless, as in a trance. Down came the axe, and poor Catherine fell in her blood, cloven to 'the white halse bane.' Again the axe was lifted by the inexorable shadow, over the head of my brother, who stood next in the line. Alexes had somewhere disappeared behind the ghastly visitant; and with a scream, my mother flung the footstool at his head. He vanished and she awoke. This dream left on my mother's mind a fearful apprehension of impending misfortune 'which would not pass away.' It was *murder* she feared; and her



Portion of Dining-Room, 33, George Square, Edinburgh.

suspicions were not allayed by the discovery that a man—some time before discarded by my father for bad conduct, and with whom she had somehow associated the *Death* of her dream—had been lurking about the place, and sleeping in an adjoining outhouse on the night it occurred, and for some nights previous and subsequent to it. Her terror increased. Sleep forsook her, and every night, when the house was still, she arose and stole, sometimes with a candle, sometimes in the dark, from room to room, listening in a sort of waking nightmare, for the breathing of the assassin, who, she imagined, was lurking in some one of them. This could not last. She reasoned with herself; but her terror became intolerable, and she related her dream to my father, who, of course, called her a fool for her pains—whatever might be his real opinion of the matter. Three months had elapsed, when we children were all of us seized with scarlet fever. My sister Catherine died almost immediately—sacrificed, as my mother in her misery thought, to her (my mother's) over-anxiety for Alexes, whose danger seemed more imminent. The dream-prophecy was in part fulfilled. I also was at death's door—given up by the doctors, but not by my mother; she was confident of my recovery; but for my brother who was scarcely considered in danger at all, but over whose head she had seen the visionary axe impending, her fears were great; for she could not recollect whether the blow had or had not descended when the spectre vanished. My brother recovered, but relapsed, and barely escaped with life; but Alexes did not. For a year and ten months the poor child lingered; and almost every night I had to sing her asleep; often, I remember, through bitter tears, for I knew she was dying, and I loved her the more as she wasted away. I held her little hand as she died; I followed her to the grave—the last thing that I have *loved* on earth, and *the dream was fulfilled.*

"True and Sincerely yours,

"J. NOËL PATON."



The Vision of the Holy Grail.
By Sir Noël Paton, R.S.A.

Mrs. D. O'Hill, sculptor, Sir Noël's sister—the Mrs. Amelia Robertson of the chart—first gave me a hint of this wonderful dream. When I asked Sir Noël if he still believed such things, he replied, "Of course I do," but a laugh in his eye led me to be a little sceptical of the measure of his faith. The conversation here referred to took place nearly twenty years ago at his house in George Square, Edinburgh. He was then a fine-looking man, large of frame, stately in his bearing, and with a good deal of the air of the *grand seigneur.* And that leads to a common delusion regarding him

"I know," he said, "that people think me proud, because I do not care to mingle much with men, or to be on familiar terms with them. It is not pride that keeps me in isolation. You can call it reserve, but it is reserve based upon diffidence, and modest doubt of myself. I am never sure of the impression I make, and I shrink naturally from familiarity."

A similar feeling affected his view of art. He once said—

"No form of human endeavour equals the artist's. You can do anything with our art, music and song. They used to call me the young Raphael. It was an incitement, not to imitation but *to failure.* A higher always rose above my highest, a better above my best. I could never paint my full thought, could never give it expression. Something was always left just beyond my reach to tempt another effort. As I approach it, it recedes and rises. I suppose it is the unapproachable ideal."

He said this very sadly at a time shortly after the dream affair. If my notes are disjointed I cannot help it. It is not for me to dissect, but to try to restore Sir Noël, or rather to construct him.

EDWARD PINNINGTON.



Bury.
Pencil Sketch. By Cosmo Monkhouse.

Cosmo Monkhouse as an Art Critic.



Pencil Study of a Head.
By Cosmo Monkhouse.

THE late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse was a man of very various gifts and accomplishments. He was one of those who seem to be born with the literary tendency inherent, and for whom no particular stimulus or bias is needful, since they take to books and a bookish line of thought as naturally as infant streams descend the hills. I remember being told that when Monkhouse appeared at the Board of Trade, in 1857, to take up the not exorbitantly responsible post of a junior supplementary clerk in his seventeenth year, he came straight from St. Paul's School with a great air of the "literary man" about him, and confided to the inspection of his familiars a desk containing enough poetry to furnish forth two handsome volumes. Nor, although cold winds of criticism blew upon him, did this lyric ardour so entirely abate but that in 1865 he published a volume, "A Dream of Idleness," which was not without its admirers. Monkhouse, until near the end of his life, cultivated the Muse, and two pleasant collections remain—the "Corn and Poppies" of 1890, and the posthumous "Pasiteles the Elder" of 1901—to testify to his grace and skill in the manipulation of verse.

But Monkhouse was also a novelist—he published "A Question of Honour" in 1868; he was a biographer, a critic of literature, a writer on educational subjects. His ready pen and his sensible, well-balanced judgment were not directed to any theme without producing a result which was at least of ephemeral value. But it is in none of these capacities, not even, I suppose, in that of poet, that posterity will mainly be occupied with the name of Cosmo Monkhouse. I think that one or two beautiful things of his—the noble "Dead March" and the "Song of the Seasons"—will become familiar in collections of nineteenth-century verse. But Monkhouse will be remembered, since everybody nowadays must have his label, as an art critic. This was the kind of work to which his scattered powers and divided interests finally converged. Here he grew more and more at home. Here he had a place which was entirely his, and which he filled serenely and with dignity. There seemed to be something, which peculiarly calmed him, and recalled his too-restless curiosity to a fixed theme, in the spectacle of beautiful objects.

Monkhouse was never more agreeably himself than when immersed in the examination of a fine work of art. He was a perfect type of the arbiter of art, as the eighteenth century understood it. If you saw him with a specimen of rare ceramic in his hands, you were inclined to cry, with Byron—

> "How well his connoisseurship understands
> The graceful bend and the voluptuous swell."

His manner in front of a picture, or a vase, or a medallion, was simplicity itself. The airs of a Maudle were disgusting to him, and he was almost rude to the raptures of a Mrs. Cimabue Brown. He bent his eye very seriously to the task, and often it was the eye



Sketch in Oils.
By Cosmo Monkhouse.

alone which seemed to move. Stolidly, almost torpidly, Monkhouse would fix himself in front of the object, and then turn with some little word muttered, or almost grunted, which gave the key of the position. He was an exceedingly kind man, and one of the griefs of his life was that he had so often to explain to ambitious owners that their possessions were not quite so valuable as they supposed, were often, indeed, not of any value at all. Monkhouse's gracious heart shrank from the knitted brow and pursed lips of the disappointed owner, and he cultivated little shrugs and coughs that let the poor man down lightly, vague exclamations and wanderings of voice that broke his fall. Then he would trot, as soon as possible, to a



Pencil Sketch. By Cosmo Monkhouse.

station in front of something that he could really praise, and the difference of emphasis did more than direct exposure could have done to shake confidence in a fraud or a copy.

Curiously enough, it was long before Monkhouse became convinced that he could combine this delicate visual judgment with any definite species of literary work. He was approaching his fortieth year when he brought out a collection of "Studies of Sir Edwin Landseer." If I recollect right, these were of slight importance, and written in the first instance to accompany prints of the then so popular painter. But in 1879 Monkhouse had at length an opportunity to exhibit in a work of importance his practised talent as a connoisseur. In that year he was invited to contribute to a series of useful biographies of the Great Artists, a "Life of



Sketch in Oils. By Cosmo Monkhouse.

Turner." I well recollect the gratification which this commission gave him, and the zeal with which he prepared to carry it out. He was not weary with frequent taxes upon his memory; he was fresh, ardent, and full of compressed information. The figure of Turner particularly attracted him. He had long made the early English water-colour painters his study, and nothing could be more gratifying than to be asked to extend his impressions to the painter whose genius embraced and transfigured the talent of these his predecessors, in whose sunrise all their delicate stars were consumed.

There was room for such a volume as Monkhouse planned, and indeed for one on a more ambitious plan. Thornbury's too-famous "Life of Turner" had been one of those thoroughly bad books which seem to prevent the diffusion of light by their dead bulk of obstruction. Hamerton had done much better in a biographical and critical monograph, elegant, fervent, and incomplete, like most of the work of that vivid and inconsequent writer. Monkhouse did not possess some of the brilliant qualities of Hamerton, he had less rapidity of mind, less initiation. But he brought to the execution of his task a ripe taste, a solid judgment, and great experience of eye. The result was that he produced a "Life of Turner" which, in spite of its exiguity, was, and remains, a little masterpiece, and which, in a series of useful manuals of very varied value, continues to stand alone as a permanent contribution to literature. I am not sure that it will not come to be regarded as the best of Monkhouse's compositions.



Sketch in Oils By Cosmo Monkhouse.

The next important addition by Cosmo Monkhouse to the literature of art was the volume which he published in 1890 on "The Earlier English Water-Colour Painters." The book did a great deal, if not to stimulate, at least to regulate and classify popular interest in these charming forerunners. Monkhouse was never tired of recommending the peculiarly English character of this national school of water-colour, with its unobtrusive sincerity and beauty, its homely feeling for the atmosphere and the colour of our island. His book covered the century from the Sandbys down to Turner, and he had some thoughts of pursuing the topic in greater minuteness through the pages of a vastly enlarged edition. While, however, he was still, in his leisurely way, wondering whether his avocations would permit him to do this, Mr. Roget came by with his huge official "History of the Old Water-Colour Society," and there was no room for another exhaustive treatise on the subject. But in 1897 Monkhouse reprinted his own monograph, with some revisions and additions.

In the pages of "The Earlier English Water-Colour Painters" will be found some of the most finished passages of prose which Monkhouse has left behind him. His description of the Alpine drawings of Cozens, an artist for whose silvery effects he cultivated the highest enthusiasm; his differentiation of Turner and Girtin; his analysis of the charm of William Hunt; and his remarks introductory to the names of De Wint and Copley Fielding, are examples of the sobriety and grace of his sound and careful art criticism which cannot be praised too highly.

In 1886 Monkhouse was very much struck by a stranger who came up to him in the Early Italian room of the National Gallery, and asked him, "If there was anything in these pictures to admire except their age?" The desire to present a lucid and intelligible reply to this startling inquiry, led him to set about the immediate preparation of a popular work on "The Italian Pre-Raphaelites," which appeared in 1887, and from 1890 to 1893 he delivered several series of popular lectures, partly at King's College and partly in the National Gallery itself, with the purpose of encouraging a sensible comprehension of archaic Italian art. He continued his popularisation until it embraced the whole National Gallery, on which glorious collection he issued a pleasant volume in 1895. I am not prepared to say whether Monkhouse possessed a specially technical authority on these difficult matters, but I am inclined to suppose that the conditions of his life, which had precluded much foreign travel, scarcely placed him on a level with younger and more daring adepts.

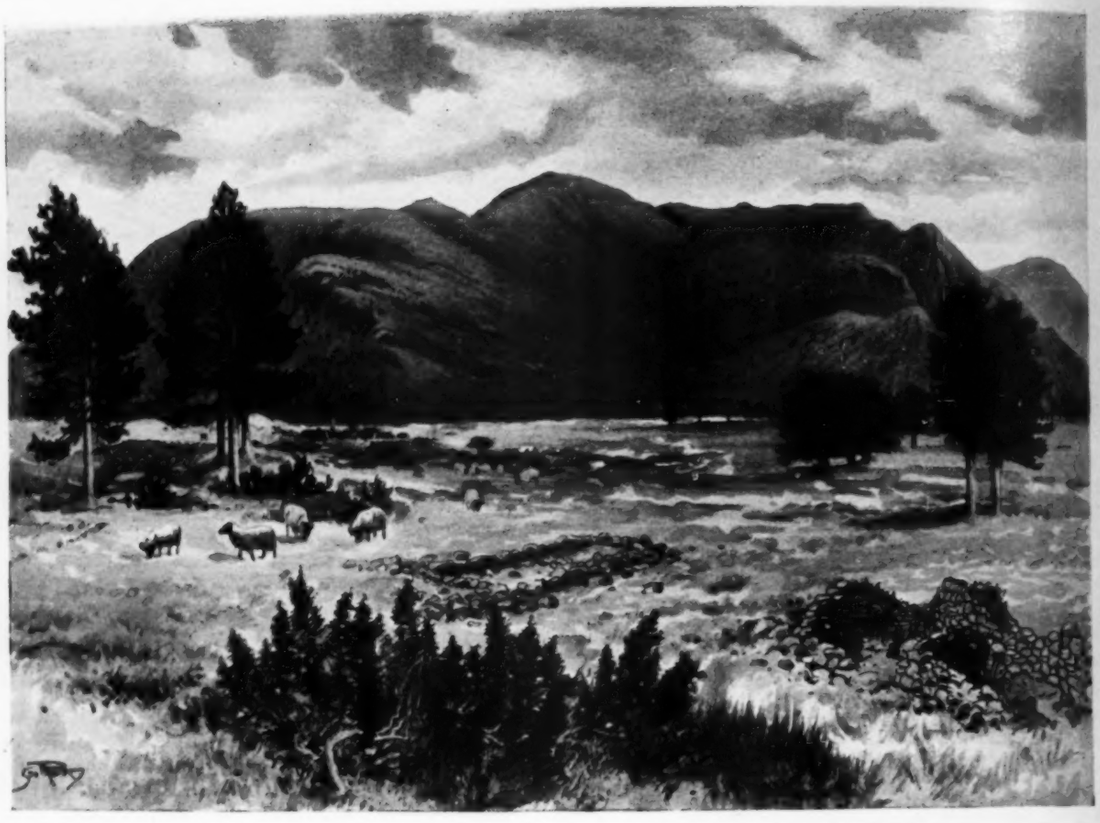
I must not forget that his careful and conscientious method was of inestimable service to the "Dictionary of National Biography," to which, from the beginning to the end, he supplied many exhaustive contributions. His memoir of Reynolds in particular was a triumph of concise composition; and his papers on Gainsborough, Turner, Millais, and many others were marked by the same characteristics of precise statement and patient inquiry—qualities to which his editor, Mr. Sidney Lee, testified in the *Athenæum* not long after his death. He was a great admirer of Hogarth; and in three articles which appeared in these pages, for September, October, and November, 1879, he printed a most excellent and original comparison of Landseer and Hogarth as humourists and animal painters.

Cosmo Monkhouse was a man of great simplicity and straightforwardness. He did not affect, nor even perhaps possess, the qualities which encourage a writer to do battle with his peers. He was pacific, he was indolent, he was a little slow. In the contemplation of beauty, he preferred its minor to its major key. He admired and revered the great masters, but it was a drawing by Edridge, a green and purple tile from Shiraz, a charming Sheraton table, a mezzotint after Coates, that he really enjoyed. He was a refined virtuoso who was also a perfectly honest man, and this combination of modest thoroughness with a cordial and unobtrusive enthusiasm is the key-note of his character as a critic.

EDMUND GOSSE.



Photo, Hollyer. *The late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse.*



Tullochghru and Cadah Mor.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

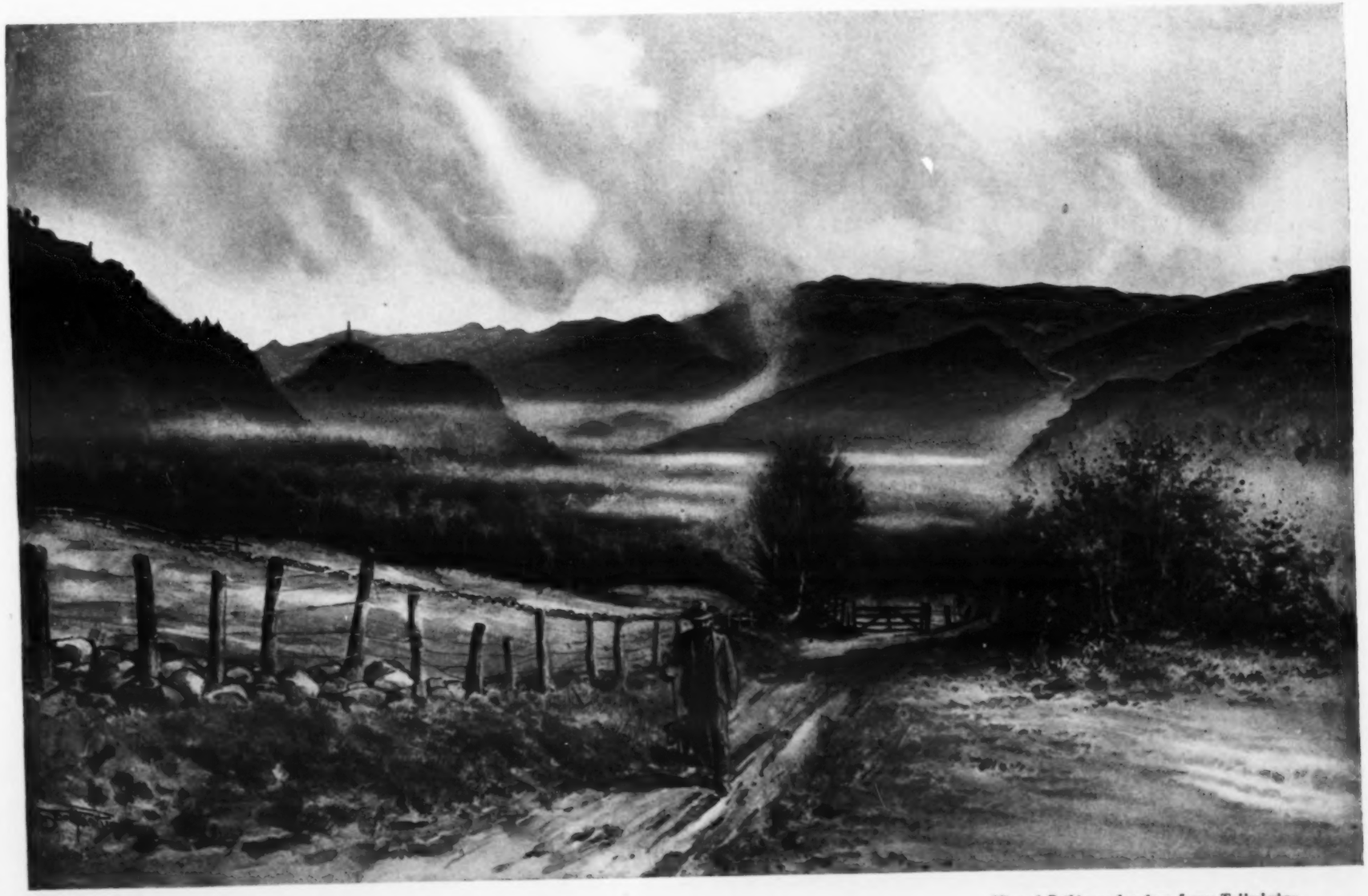
Rothiemurchus.—II.*

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

THE Spey, as it forms the western boundary of Rothiemurchus, has a somewhat diversified course, being mostly swift and shallow, with extensive margins of white pebbles in its bed; but where the high road from Aviemore crosses it by a picturesque iron bridge, it expands into a deep and wide pool as black as Erebus, as if it concentrated in itself all the peaty waters of the bogs of Drumochter, where it rises, and gives one an impressive idea of the might of the river. The Spey is not a classic stream. No poet has sung its praises, but the murmur of its tide has found articulate expression in the beautiful strathspeys which echo the swiftness of its pace and the swirl of its waters. It has been associated as no other British river has been with our national dance music. Its tributaries from Rothiemurchus, each "a mountain power," swell its volume and add to the beauty of the scenes through which they flow. They traverse the whole extent of the region from east to west, from the bare bleak heights of Braeriach and Cairngorm to the rich green meadows which the Spey has made for itself in the low grounds. The vast pine-forests would be oppressive without those voices of Nature that inform the solitudes, and destitute of those silvery pools which mirror the alders and birches. The Luineag issues from Loch Morlich, and exposes for most of its course its sparkling wavelets to the open sky, and the Binnie, uniting the stream that comes from the Larig Pass and the river which carries off the surplus waters of Loch Eunach, hides itself in the depths of the woods, whose green folds hush the soliloquies which it holds with itself. They both form at Coylum Bridge—which means the meeting of the waters, or literally the twofold leap—the Druie, a capricious river, that often shifts its channel and converts much fertile land into a wilderness of sand and gravel. With its vagaries have been connected the fortunes of the House of Rothiemurchus, which would be prosperous so long as the course of the river continued the same, but disastrous should it change its bed and work out a new channel for itself. Twice, at least, this change has happened, when the property passed from the Shaws to the Grants, and during the great Moray floods which devastated the whole district.

The subject streams of Rothiemurchus, which are the size of rivers and speak powerfully of the great range of mountains in which they rise, gather to their generous heart the whispered wanderings of a hundred rills. They bring down the grand music of the mountains, the roar of the tempest, and the sigh of the wind and the swoop of the mist in the wild corries, and the soft murmur of the upland brook. In the rhythm of their song may be detected all the mystic tones in which the mountains converse with one another. The Luineag is the stillest water, for its bed is least rugged; but the Binnie is full of large granite boulders over which it rushes with a swift clear current, whose harshness is

* Continued from page 10.



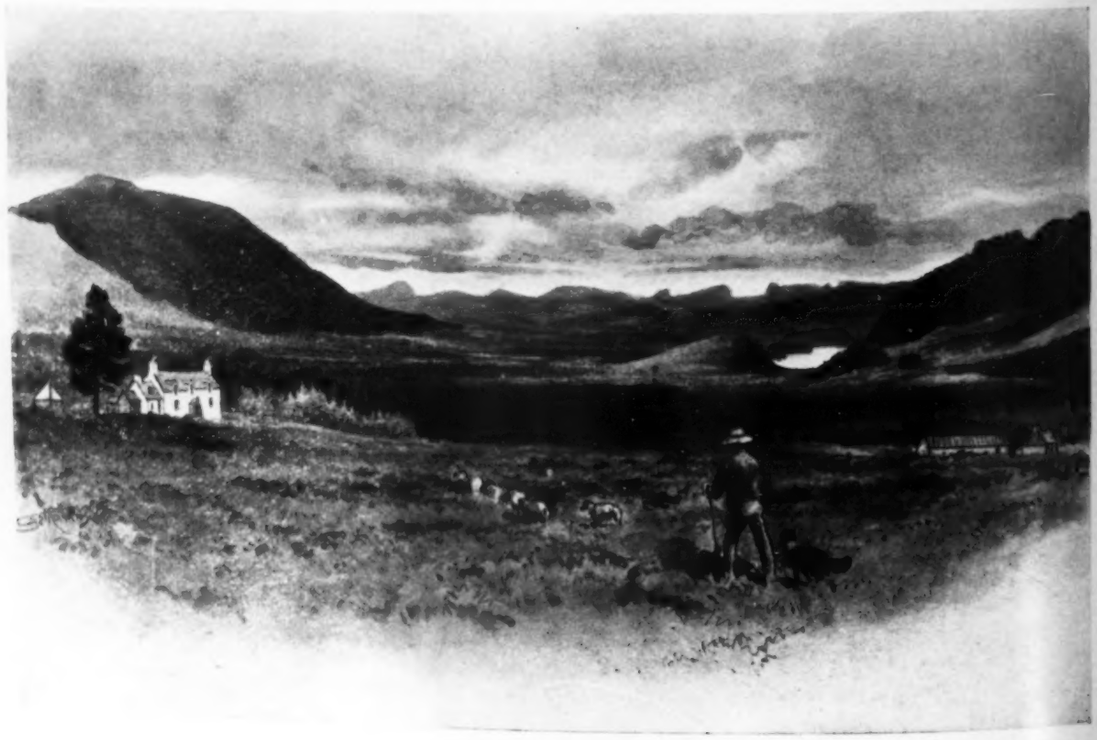
View of Rothiemurchus from Lower Tullochgbru.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

made musical by the listening air. It is the sound of the Binnie alone that is heard, when the night deepens the oppressive stillness and lonesomeness by hushing all other noises, and the great mountain range looms on the horizon beneath the stars, a gigantic silhouette—a geological dream, a vision of the primeval ages, whose shade inundates all the landscape, and turns all the amphitheatrical valleys black as ebony.

Nowhere are there more magnificent fir-forests than those of Rothiemurchus. These forests, about sixteen square miles in extent, are the relics of the aboriginal Caledonian forest which covered all this region in one unbroken umbrageous mass; and there are here and there many of the old giants which the hand of man had never planted, still growing in the loneliest recesses, and giving an idea of what the whole primeval forest must have been in its prime, ere the woodman, about a century and a-half ago, invaded its solitudes and ruthlessly cut down its finest trees to be converted into timber. Most of the trees that now cover the area are of comparatively recent planting, and though well grown do not display the rugged picturesqueness for which the fir in its old age is so remarkable. A plantation of young Scotch firs is as formal as any species of the pine tribe, and presents an exceedingly tame and monotonous appearance; but as the tree grows older, it develops an amount of freedom and eccentricity of shape which no one would have expected of its staid and proper infancy. Its trunk loses its smoothness and roundness, and bursts out into rugged flakes of bark like the scales on the talons of a bird of prey, or the plates of mail on an armed knight. Its boughs cease to grow in symmetrical and horizontal lines, and fling themselves out in all directions gnarled and contorted, as if wrestling with some inward agony or outward obstacle like a vegetable Laocoön. Its colour also changes; the trunk becomes of a rich tawny red, which the level afternoon sun brings out with glowing vividness, and the blue-green masses of irregular foliage contrast wonderfully with this rusty hue and attest the strength and freshness of its life. Such old firs are indeed the trees of the mountain, the companions of the storms that have twisted their boughs into such picturesque irregularities, and whose mutterings are ever heard among their sibylline leaves. They are seen to best advantage when struggling out of the writhing mists that have entangled themselves among their branches; and no grander background for a sylvan scene, no more picturesque crown for a rocky height, no fairer subject for an artist's pencil exists in nature. While the rain brings out the fragrance of the weeping birches, those "slumbering and liquid trees," as Walter Whitman calls them, that are the embodiments of the female principle of the woods, it needs the strongest and hottest sunshine to extract the pungent, aromatic scents of the sturdy firs, which form the masculine element of the forest.

The fir is an old-world tree. Its sigh on the stillest summer day speaks of an immemorial antiquity. Its form is constructed on a primitive pattern. It is a relic of the far-off geological ages, when pines like it formed the sole vegetation of the earth. It is the production of the world's heroic age, when Nature seemed to delight in the fantastic exercise of power, and to exhibit her strength in the growth of giants and monsters. It has existed throughout all time, and has maintained its characteristic properties throughout all the changes of the earth's surface. It forms the ever-green link between the ages and the zones, growing now as it grew in the remote past, and preserving the same appearance in build and figure.

It is a novel experience to wander on an autumn



Upper Tullochgrm.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



Whitewell and Larig Pass.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

afternoon through the unbroken forests of Rothiemurchus. The Scotch fir usually looks its best at this time, for the older leaves that have a yellow withered hue have been cast, and the new ones developed during the summer shine with a beautiful freshness and greenness peculiar to the season. Wherever a breach occurs among the trees, the ground is everywhere covered with a most luxuriant growth of juniper bushes, some of which are of great age and attain a large size. The grey-green of the foliage contrasts beautifully with the dark blue-green of the firs. A dense undergrowth of heather, into which the foot sinks up to the knee, clothes all the more open spaces. Where the trees crowd together more closely the heather disappears, and in its place the ground is carpeted with thick luxuriant bushes of the bilberry and cranberry, whose vivid greenness is very refreshing to the eye. The huge conical nests of the black ant, composed of withered pine-needles, are in constant evidence; while on the forest paths, when the sun is shining, may be seen myriads of the industrious inhabitants passing to and fro on their various avocations. The labour involved in the construction of these nests must be enormous. Many of them are old and abandoned; and over these the cranberry and bilberry bushes, which are ever pushing forward their roots on new soil, spread themselves so that they are half or wholly covered with a rank evergreen vegetation, indicating their origin only by the undulations they make in the ground. The aromatic smell that pervades all the air is most refreshing. It stimulates the whole system as you fill your lungs with its invigorating breath. The sanative influence of the fir-forest is most remarkable. The plague and the pestilence disappear, the polluted atmosphere is deodorised, and with an effect as magical as that of the tree which sweetened the bitter Marah of the wilderness, the presence of this tree purifies the most deadly climate.

There is no wood more durable than the timber of the old Scotch fir. It is proof, owing to its aromatic odour, against insect ravages; and its texture is so hard and compact that it resists the decay of the weather. So charged with turpentine are the firs of Rothiemurchus, that splinters of the wood used to be employed as candles to light up the dark nights, when the people gathered together in some neighbour's cottage to ply their spinning-wheels and retail their gossip and old stories. These wood-torches when set in sconces would burn down to the socket with an unwavering and brilliant flame, and would thus give forth a large amount of light and heat at the same time. During last season the dark, cold days were brightened for us by splendid fires made of old roots left in the ground when the patriarchal trees had been cut down, and which contained a vast amount of resin. I know no fires so delightful, not even those made of the pine-branches and cones of the Vallambrosa forest in Italy, blazing up at once, and continuing to the end clear and bright, while emitting a most pleasant fragrance filling all the room, and creating a most healthy atmosphere, which counteracts the noxious influence of the rain and damp. The trees in this cold mountain climate do not grow very rapidly, but they are valuable in proportion to the slowness of their growth; the part of the wood which is exposed to the sunshine being little more than sapwood of small value, while the part which is turned to the north, and grows in stormy situations and takes long to mature, is hard and solid and very valuable. It is of

a fine red colour, and when cut directly to the centre or right across the grain is very beautiful; the little rings formed of the annual layers being small and delicate, and in perfectly even lines. The best part is nearest the root.

About two hundred years ago such was the abundance of timber and the difficulty of finding a market for it, that the laird of Rothiemurchus got only 1s. 8d. a year for what a man chose to cut down and manufacture for his own use. The method of making deals was by splitting the wood with wedges, and then dressing the boards with axe and adze; saw-mills with circular saws and even the upright hand-saw and plane being altogether unknown. A very old room in Castle Grant is still floored with deals made in this way, showing the marks of the adze across the boards. As a specimen of the immense size of the trees that were cut down in the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurchus, there is preserved at Gordon Castle a plank upwards of six feet in breadth. The trees when felled were made into rafts and floated down the Spey into the sea. Large heaps of old roots dug up from the peat-bogs and from the clearings in the forest may be seen, piled up beside every cottage and farmhouse for household fires; and everywhere the people seem to be as dependent upon the forests as the peasants of Norway. Indeed, what with the forests and the mountains and the timber-houses, one might easily imagine oneself wandering in some Dovrefield valley, instead of at the foot of the Cairngorm range.

For the contemplative and poetic mind there is no more impressive scene than a fir-forest. It is full of suggestion. It quickens the mind, while it lays its solemn spell upon the spirit like the aisles of a cathedral. Here time has no existence. It is not marked as elsewhere by the varying lights and shades, by the opening and closing of the flowers, by the changes of the seasons, and the appearance and disappearance of various objects that make up the landscape. The fir-forest is independent of all these influences. Its aspect is perennially the same; unchangeable amid all the changes that are going on outside. Its stillness is awe-inspiring. It is unlike that of any other scene in nature. It is not solitude, but the presence of some mystery—some supernatural power. How vividly, in the ballad of the Erl King, does Goethe describe the peculiar human or supernatural feeling of the forest. The silence is expectant, seems to breathe, to become audible, and to press upon the soul like a weight. Sometimes it is broken by the coo of a dove which only emphasizes it, and makes the place where it is heard the innermost shrine, the very soul of the loneliness. Occasionally you hear the grand sound of the wind among the fir-tops, which is like the distant roar of the ocean breaking upon a lee-shore. Sometimes a gentle sigh is heard far off, how originating you cannot tell, for there is not a breath of wind, and not a leaf is stirring; it comes nearer and waxes louder, and then it becomes an all-pervading murmur. It is like the voice of a god; and you can easily understand how the fir-forest was peopled with the dim mysterious presences of this northern mythology. In its gloomy perspectives, leading to deeper solitudes, there seem to lurk some weird mysteries and speechless terrors that keep eye and ear intent. You have a strange sense of being watched, without love or hate, by all these silent, solemn, passionless forms, and when most alone you seem least lonely.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

(To be continued.)



In the Forest of Rothiemurchus.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



By permission of Lady Wantage.

The Enchanted Castle. (*No. 67 in R.A. Exhibition.*)
By Claude.

The "Old Masters" at Burlington House, 1902.

CLAUDE.

THE collection of so many fine Claudes under one roof will be to many the chief attraction of this Exhibition. A right understanding of the great Franco-Roman landscapist of the seventeenth century can only be obtained by a sympathetic understanding of his personal attitude towards nature, and of the peculiar mode of interpretation resulting from it.

Ruskin has attacked him with a rhetorical bitterness which would do credit to a special pleader or to an electioneering agent; but he has brought no new charges against him. He decries his compositions as of exceedingly unequal merit, a fact which has always been recognised, even during his lifetime, and by his friends, who, nevertheless, valued his works above those of any other landscape painter; while popes, princes, and art-lovers vied with each other for their possession, purchasing them at prices then unheard of.

"He must be considered," writes a German painter who knows him well, "as one who rose by force of native genius, the pupil of nature only. He spent whole days in the open air, observing the subtlest atmospheric changes. He troubled himself with no rules, but followed nature simply. It was owing to his happy natural gifts that his compositions were so fortunate. Speaking generally, he was absolutely unlearned, signing his name even with difficulty. His life was both quiet and retired, his only pleasure being in the exercise of his art. . . .

"His work has this great quality, it attracts all; it charms the unlearned, while the connoisseur, enraptured and amazed, can hardly tear himself away from so much beauty."

His gifts lay only in the direction of landscape; in spite of much time and effort expended on them, he could never draw figures. When his friends criticised their unnatural length and shocking drawing, he would reply: "I sell my pictures, but I throw my figures in!"

It is as a painter of light, of radiance, that he is unapproachable, and it is as such that he is lauded on his tombstone, "QUI IPSOS ORIENTIS ET OCCIDENTIS SOLIS RADIOS IN CAMPESTRIBUS MIRIFICE PINGENDIS EFFINXIT," "Who Wonderfully painted the Light of the Rising and of the Setting Sun upon the Country Side."

He died at the age of 82, in the persistent exercise of his art; having always lived with consistent homeliness and simplicity.

It is difficult to understand how a man of Ruskin's undeniable æsthetic subtlety could have so completely failed to understand Claude as to be able to write "there is in his work no simple or honest record of a single truth"; and again, "his pictures are one mass of error from beginning to end"; phrases most prejudicial to the critic's reputation as an art appreciator.

It is true that he who approaches Claude with the eye of a botanist, thirsting for such information as whether the group of trees silhouetted against the clear sky consists of oaks or beeches, of walnuts or of chestnuts, will go away disappointed, as he would from the learned Poussin, or from Rubens; or for the matter of that, from Raphael, or Titian!

But if he would feel the seduction of the South, of ancient palaces, of world-old trees, of shimmering waters, of vast stretches of Campagna, dappled with



By permission of Lord Windsor. *Procession to Calvary.* (*No. 14 in R.A. Exhibition.*)

light and shade, if he would know the meaning of "halcyon days" and of "Elysian fields," let him go to Claude!

He gives as little satisfaction to the topographist as he does to the botanist. We who know and love Rome and its environments, naturally wish to identify localities which he has touched with the glamour of his art; and it cannot be denied that here he grievously fails us. We recognise 'The Arch of Titus' (Nos. 55, 66, 77, 106); 'The Temple of the Sibyl' (57); 'The Fortress of Ostia' (60); 'The Pantheon' (62); 'The Colosseum' (66); 'The Torre delle Militie' (47); 'The Waterfall of Tivoli' (51); 'The Medieval Round Towers which Protect the Coast of Latium' (52, 58, 64); 'The Gulf of Terracina, with Circeum in the distance' (77, 62, 50); but, alas! these familiar landmarks rise amid surroundings we know not.

We must reconcile ourselves to the fact that Claude was not an archæologist, but a poet; not a topographist, but an artist, who took the facts of nature as an architect takes stones, to use them as he chooses in the fabrication of the Palace of his Dreams. We must not go to him for small facts, but he will give us, if we chose it, the finely distilled quintessence of places, and of days!

His ideal, we must remember, was one universally accepted at his day; when all pictures, whether figure or landscape, were expected to be "compositions," that is to say, works of art, not mere transcripts from nature. The realism of to-day, based on the "snapshot," had not yet come into existence.

If Claude's pictures are as purely ideal as is possible to the works of mortal man, who builds out of the material of his experience, his sketches—of which a great number are collected here, notably the little drawings from the Windsor Library, others are at the British Museum—are accurate studies from nature (see for instance the study of S. Giovanni e Paolo, with its careful reproduction of medieval architecture). On the other hand his large elaborate drawings are of small artistic value, in spite of detailed and conscientious execution. And this is not surprising when we remember that they were executed for the purpose of controlling the output in the picture market, for he suffered much at the hands of imitators and forgers.



Dulwich Gallery. *St. Francis of Assisi.*
(*No. 12 in R. A. Exhibition.*)



Dulwich Gallery. *St. Anthony of Padua.*
(*No. 17 in R. A. Exhibition.*)

The actual material subject-matter counts for little with him. In this respect the 'Enchanted Castle' (No. 67, lent by Lady Wantage) forms a striking exception, most of the other pictures being instances of the repeated but varied treatment of the same "tema."

The landscapes belonging to the Duke of Westminster (No. 106), and to Lord Radnor (No. 77), are both based on a drawing (No. 82) in the Liber

Veritatis, but are nevertheless absolutely dissimilar, being differently lighted, and the expression of different conditions of sun and air.

Claude is never concerned with the reproduction of the particular pattern of a given landscape, but with the acts and moods of the sorceress, Light; with the gleaming patina with which she gilds rude travertine ruins; with the impalpable silvery iridescence of air; with the tenderness of distant horizons; with the warm glow of southern sunshine, and with the shimmer of sun-smitten waters.



Photo. Braun, Clément & Cie.

The Holy Family.
(No. 73 in R.A. Exhibition.)
By Fra Bartolommeo.
By permission of Sir Frederick Cook, Bart., M.P.

RAPHAEL.

An exceptional opportunity for the comparative study of that phase of Umbrian art which centres about the person of the youthful Raphael is here presented by the accidental juxtaposition of no less than seven pictures, well known to critical literature, which bear, or have borne, his name, the collation of which is bringing to light the unexpected existence of an intercommunity of qualities so striking as to predicate a common origin; an assertion which, in their present proximity, can be easily verified.

We will take the figures of three saints (No. 28, belonging to Sir J. C. Robinson), which are ascribed to Perugino's pupil, Lo Spagna, as our point of departure. Although this attribution dates from the time of Waagen, and is repeated by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, this picture was nevertheless ascribed to Raphael, both when in the Dudley Gallery and at the sale at Christie's.

Undoubtedly connected with it are three cognate figures, originally in the same Gallery, which now form part of the Mond Collection.

These six saints are obviously by the same hand as a small picture in the Louvre, 'The Dead Christ' (No. 1568-430), somewhat vaguely catalogued as belonging to the "Ecole d'Italie." It seems to me that the author of this little work (and therefore of the six saints) is clearly not Lo Spagna; the pose and movement of the figures and the arrangement of their draperies are too purely Peruginesque. We must look for some pupil of Perugino, of less able and definite an artistic personality than Lo Spagna.

Not that the facial types, the drawing of the hands, and the general scheme of colour, are characterless; on the contrary they seem to me to correspond perfectly with the peculiarities of Eusebio di San Giorgio, at an early period of his not very distinguished career.

The group of pictures, of which Lord Windsor's 'Christ carrying the Cross' is the best, belongs, in my



National Gallery, London.

The Holy Family.
By Fra Bartolommeo.



Photo. Anderson.
Gall. Corsini, Rome.

The Holy Family.
By Fra Bartolommeo.

opinion, to another phase of the work of the same master.

Although it would be absurd to attribute the *execution* of Lord Windsor's picture to Raphael, it is more than possible that he provided the *sketch* on which it is based. This becomes more probable, if one accepts it, as I do, as having formed, together with the three Raphaelesque pictures hanging near, the predella of the great altar-piece, the 'Madonna of S. Anthony' (No. 85), belonging to Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

The group composed of the fainting Virgin and other women in Lord Windsor's picture is undeniably Raphaelesque in conception. Quite the reverse, on the other hand, is the fair-bearded man in armour in the same picture, as are also the thick-necked horses, with their wooden movements and small heads; and as is also the general colour-scheme, of which a pale orange is the dominant note. So also is the artificially crimped and curled arrangement of the hair in the young man who drags Christ by a cord. And what a Christ! What a contrast between him and the Christ of the 'Disputa!'

The two pictures of monks lent by the Dulwich Gallery belong to the same predella (No. 12, 17).

No nearer to Raphael is the Christ in the 'Agony in the Garden,' whose mean features, pointed beard, unnaturally long neck, wild hair, and stiff and shapeless hands reveal a third-rate master of the quality of Eusebio.

On the other hand the noble simplicity of the pose of the sleeping disciples must be attributed to the sketch by Raphael from which it is derived. What Eusebio's unassisted genius could produce is shown by a picture called (strangely enough) 'A Legend of S. Nicholas' (No. 16), in which a naïve poverty of conception is very unattractively united with tastelessness of representation.

How different an impression of artistic capacity is produced by the almost contemporary 'Knight's Dream,' in the National Gallery, in which the figures are approximately the same size. It may be used as a measure determining the relative levels of a Raphael and of a Eusebio.

Having found it impossible to accept Raphael as the possible author of these small predella-pieces, and being convinced that they are by Eusebio, we are forced to conclude that Raphael, for some reason unknown to us, confided the execution of this predella to his friend and quondam studio-companion.

If we re-associate these predella panels with the great altar-piece (No. 85), of which they form the base, we will find that time, injuries, and restoration, have done somewhat towards levelling the barrier of "quality" which originally put the work of these two unequally gifted fellow students into different worlds. Nevertheless the beauty, both of colour and movement, of the two flying angels in the lunette, bears witness to their origin. Especially lovely is the noble head on the right, seen in profile.

It is impossible that so sublime a creation should be the fruit of the same artistic temperament as produced the stilted and prosaic figures of the predella!

We have not space to examine or determine the nature of the disfigurements to which this splendid altar-piece has been subjected; it must suffice that we point to the contrast presented by the backgrounds of the upper and lower pictures, the one, of an opaque and heavy blue; the other, untampered with, delicate, transparent, ærial, radiant.

FRA BARTOLOMMEO.

A series of interesting questions are associated with Sir Frederick Cook's Fra Bartolommeo (No. 73), of the Madonna with the Infant Christ and the little St. John, of which the composition is similar to that of the recently acquired picture in the National Gallery, and to that of another, the authenticity of which has never been disputed, in the Corsini Gallery in Rome.

That a great master should paint the same picture twice is rightly accepted, on psychological grounds, as *a priori* improbable. This is one of the reasons why such a picture as the 'Vierge aux Rochers,' in the Louvre, accredited by unimpeachable evidence both external and internal, is accorded its exclusive authenticity.

It is quite as likely that Raphael should have painted the Sixtine Madonna twice, as that another richly endowed and imaginative artist of the Renaissance, with a mind teeming with "inventions," should in this period of slow production first paint a picture and then copy it! Such a proceeding would argue extraordinary lack of creative power, and . . . doubtful commercial morality, it being generally understood that in selling a picture its author parted with its copyright also!

Fra Bartolommeo seems to form an exception to this rule, for each of these *three* pictures appears equally authentic.

The study of the pictures themselves will furnish us possibly with a clue to the reason of this anomaly.

The picture in the Corsini is late in date; is low in tone, black in the shadows, and learned, not to say pedantic, in composition; that in the National Gallery is, on the contrary, fresh, spontaneous, pitched in a very high key, but defective in modelling, imperfect in drawing, and hard in colour, especially in the flesh-tints; it is in short immature: but is nevertheless, in my opinion, the original on which the other two are based.

And as recently as two years ago it was not difficult to recognise it as such. Since it was bought for the National Gallery, indescribably tender "glazes," by means of which Fra Bartolommeo evoked the iridescence of blonde flesh, and the last "finesses" of modelling, have been removed, leaving the picture in such a state that two critics of fine taste have hesitated to accept it as his at all. The indestructible charm of its rhythmic line seems to me, however, still to proclaim its incontrovertible legitimacy.

It is an early work, as is shown by the light and lovely key in which it is painted (I speak, alas! from memory), and by the peculiar undulating line of the hem of the dress.

The pyramidal composition is broken in Sir Frederick Cook's picture and in that of the Corsini Gallery, in the one case by the addition of Joseph, and in the other of Anne.

There are other slight changes too, corrections and improvements of the general composition, such as would inevitably suggest themselves in the course of repetition.

Vasari's account of the Frate's serious and concentrated life, of his constant effort to realise the best he could conceive, is corroborated by his work.

His early pictures and his early drawings, of which a number have survived, are of an exquisite delicacy of sentiment and execution; whereas the few pictures we possess of his ripe manhood are forcible, sober, and restrained; they have lost their sweet spring-like freshness and are recondite, the fruit of effort, of science, almost architectonic in construction, studied in rhythm, learned in the distribution of light and shade; but for

all that sincerely religious, the work of the first Florentine after Giotto whose vision of the Queen of Heaven is solemn and hieratic.

Surely it is intelligible that a man of so fastidious and modest a temperament, whose career covers so wide a gamut of achievement, should revert more than once to an earlier composition, remodelling it in accordance with his changed taste.

This search, not for novelty but for perfection, seems to me both noble and characteristic. That the spontaneous and facile Raphael should have been influenced by an art which was the fruit of severe discipline is not among the least of Fra Bartolommeo's titles to our gratitude.

J. PAUL RICHTER.

David Law, R.P.E.

THE death, at Worthing, of Mr. David Law, on the 28th of December, 1901, in his seventy-first year, removed one of our foremost landscape etchers, and one of the founders of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.

His health had been failing for some time, and it is practically two years since he ceased working. His last important commission, a large plate of 'The Meadow Pool,' after Clayton Adams, for the Art Union, sickness compelled him to resign—not without a manful struggle—to the competent hands of Mr. C. O. Murray.

From a drawing by Miss J. B. Bowness.

Those who are familiar with his work will find that his life very fully explains and supports it; for it was quite logically the outcome of his early training and experiences. At Edinburgh — where he was born on the 25th of April, 1831 — he was apprenticed to a landscape steel-engraver, attending in the evenings the art classes at the Academy conducted by Messrs. Christie and Dallas, to whom so many well-known men owed their first tuition. Law belonged to the same "flight," so to speak, from the Academy, as the late R.A.'s John Pettie and Tom Faed, and the present W. Q. Orchardson.

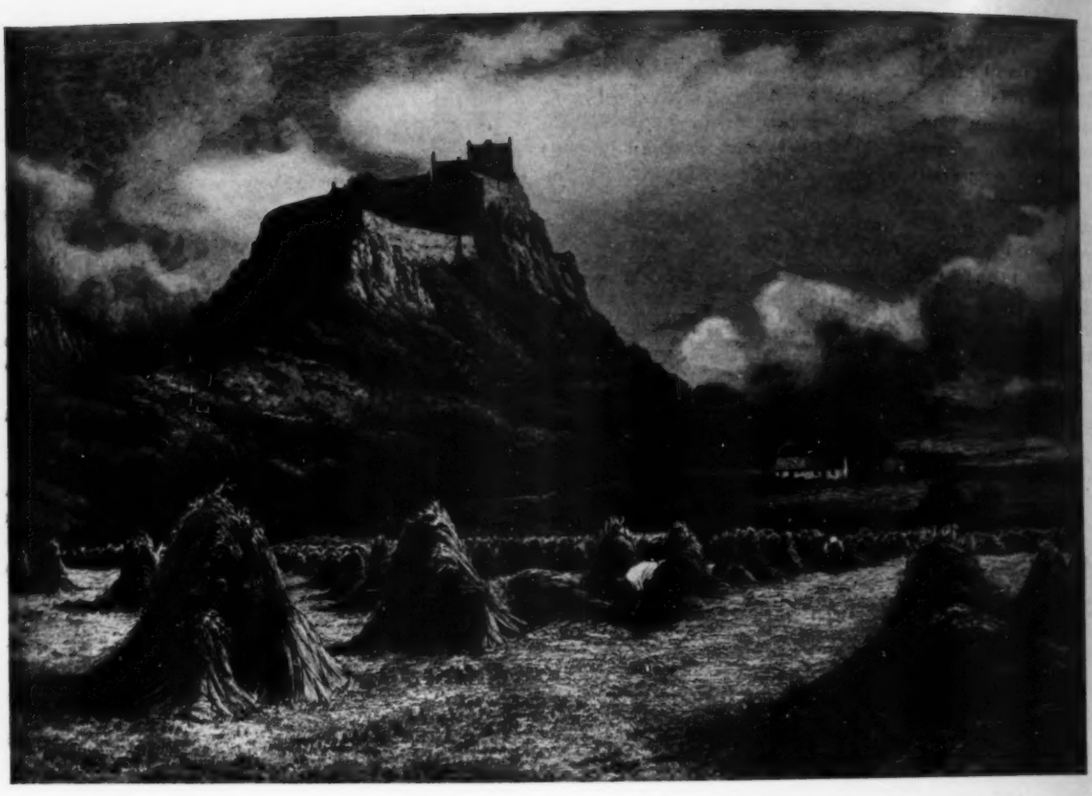
When his time was out he obtained an appointment as "hill" engraver in the Ordnance Survey Office at Southampton; and though of little value artistically, we may suppose that this map-work would give him practical acquaintance with the technical side of etching, and graft upon the steel-engraver's knowledge the power to manipulate the bitten line, if it did not familiarise him with its greater freedom and resources. In those days etching was a neglected art. It simply would not have occurred to anyone desirous of becoming an artist that he might enter this way upon his career; that door had been closed so long that its existence had been forgotten, and the very path that led to it lost sight of. Law was determined to follow an artistic career—he had to choose from the ways that were open; he therefore resigned the Ordnance Survey work to devote himself to water-colour painting.

It was all a long time ago, and many people who know Mr. Law's work very well are not aware that he practised water-colour painting with success for many years; maintaining loftily and soundly the rich, solid and conscientious tradition of our fine insular school. The technique of those drawings which I have seen suggests a little of the pleasant "spottiness" of Birket Foster, with something of the breadth of E. M. Wimperis, and the colour is rich and full; proving in a way that is very satisfactory to the lover of his etched work that the colour suggestions of his "black and white" have been read aright, and the true impressions received.

The output of Mr. Law's long life of almost incessant industry is naturally very great, greater than we can enumerate here. His two first important commissions were executed for Mr. Arthur Lucas, the publisher—'The Armada sailing from Ferrol,' and 'The Defeat off Gravelines,' after Sir Oswald W. Brierley. There are many important series of original etchings—the two Thames series, of which the first was made for Mr. Lucas; the Castle series, for Messrs. Dowdeswell, which includes the large well-known Windsor and Warwick plates; and the Trossachs series for Mr. Lucas (from which we reproduce 'Stirling Castle'), besides very many separate plates. Some of his last works were engravings after MacWhirter for The Fine Art Society. The Trossachs series, which was dedicated to the late Queen, may be said to represent very fully the strength and range of Mr. Law's powers. The ten etchings comprising the series elicited a letter of



Portrait of David Law, R.P.E.
From the painting by J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.



Stirling Castle.
Drawn and Etched by David Law.

hearty appreciation from Mr. Ruskin. "Your noble etchings," he wrote in 1885, "have come this morning, and I am entirely grateful for the gift, and have true pleasure in possessing them." They show all the marvellous delicacy and refinement, masterly draughtsmanship, and exquisite qualities of life and sparkle by which Mr. Law's reputation was gained.

Over thirty years ago, in "Etching and Etchers," Mr. P. G. Hamerton wrote: "Mr. Law's work is much more an interpretation of water-colour than independent etching. His way is to study from nature in water-colour, which he uses boldly and skilfully, and then to interpret that on copper. I never met with any interpretative etching more generally successful than his. Mr. Law has overcome the great sky difficulty, for his etched clouds have really the soft quality of clouds; and their forms, without being painfully accurate, are full of care for truth." This was written when Mr. Law was only beginning as an etcher, and refers, no doubt with justice and truth, to a transitional period. It was not, and could not be, intended as a final verdict upon his art and technique.

It is true that Mr. Law came to etching through water-colour painting, but he was a steel-engraver first; and his etching conveys to the writer much more of the liberated steel-engraver than of the etching water-colour painter. Steel engraving was a painfully slow, laborious art, and only a little relaxation from its rigid limits and exactions would seem to the engraver a very great emancipation. Mr. Law's work is often as elaborate as steel engraving, yet it is never "tight"; it is always cheerful and unwearied, however immense the obvious industry displayed. He took as much liberty as he required for ease, and his rigid training enabled him to accomplish with comfort what another could never have done without showing "tiredness."

Four original etchings by Mr. Law, as well as interpretative plates after Corot and David Murray, have appeared in THE ART JOURNAL since 1881; and it will not be forgotten that our Premium Plate for 1898, 'The Toils of Day are Over,' after B. W. Leader, R.A., came from his needle. Mention may be made of 'The Rocky Bed of a Welsh River,' also after Leader, in Virtue and Co.'s "Royal Academy Etchings" Series. Many original etchings by him appeared in the "Portfolio."

By the courtesy of the family we are enabled to reproduce the painting of Mr. Law at his etching-table, by Seymour Lucas, R.A., never before reproduced. Personally he was a man of a large-hearted and genial Scottish type, and by a large circle of friends will be sorely missed.

H. W. B.

John Brett, A.R.A.



From a drawing By T. Runciman.

EARLY in his career John Brett, who was born in 1831, was described by Ruskin as "one of my keenest-minded friends," and the phrase aptly describes the concise arguments in paint which Mr. Brett produced in his lifetime. From 1856 to 1901, with the exception of the year 1863, Brett contributed at least one picture to each successive exhibition at the Royal Academy, and in 1881 he was elected an Associate of that body. With him were elected MM. William Burges, Dicksee, Gow and Thorneycroft, the death of Burges later in that year causing a vacancy which was filled by Mr. Aitchison.

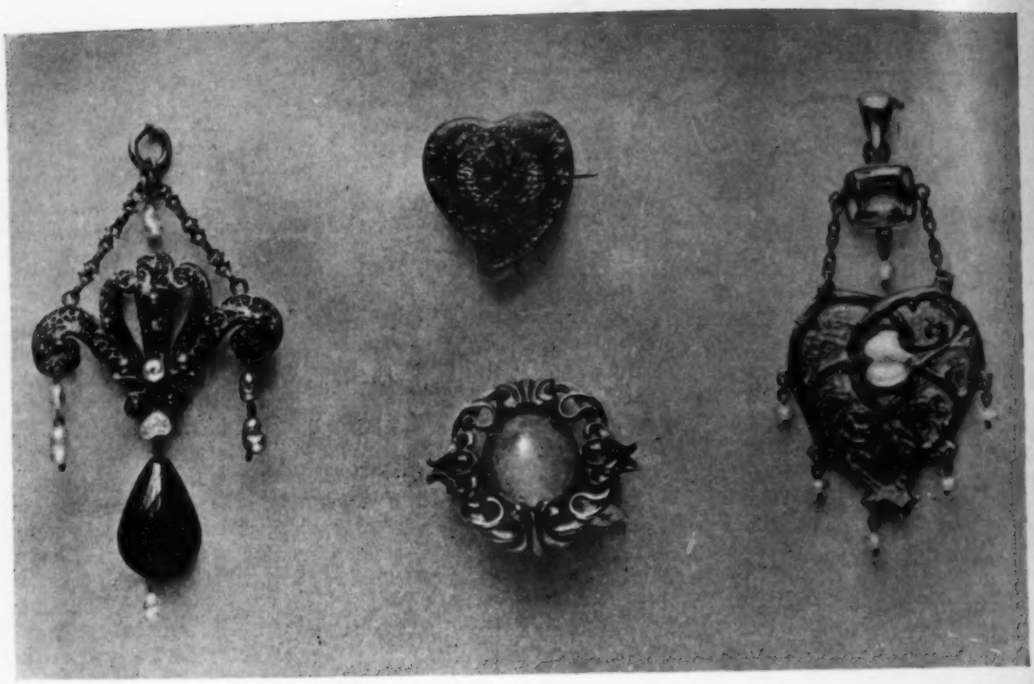
The entries in the catalogues of the exhibition show that in his youth Brett did not confine his attention to the seascapes and landscapes which claimed his subsequent endeavours. Three portraits appear under his name in 1856, and in the following year his 'Glacier of Rosenlaui' was companion to a figure subject entitled 'Faces in the Fire,' which THE ART JOURNAL described as "a subject by no means worthy of the execution." The delicate finish of his work, which afterwards became one of his chief characteristics, had even then attracted notice, and in 1858 his solitary canvas, 'The Stonebreaker,' compelled the admiration of Mr. Ruskin, who recorded in his "Notes" that "this, after John Lewis's, is simply the most perfect piece of painting with respect to touch in the Academy this year; in some points of precision it goes beyond anything the pre-Raphaelites have done yet. I know no such thistledown, no such chalk hills and elm trees, no such natural pieces of far-away cloud in any of their works." After pointing out a few errors in the composition, Ruskin continued: "For all that, it is a marvellous picture. . . . . If he can paint so lovely a distance from the Surrey downs and railway-traversed vales, what would he not make of the chestnut groves of the Val d'Aosta!" The following year, Mr. Brett's 'Val d'Aosta' was accepted for exhibition. On seeing it Mr. Ruskin wrote: "Yes, here we have it at last—some close coming to it at least—historical landscape, properly so called—landscape painting with a meaning and a use. Here for the first time in history we have, by help of art, the power of visiting a place, reasoning about it, and knowing it, just as if we were there. Standing before this picture is just as good as standing in that spot in Val d'Aosta. . . . . A notable picture truly: a possession of much within a few feet square. . . . . Historical landscape it is, unquestionably: meteorological also: poetical—by no means; yet precious in its patient way: and, as a wonder of toil and delicate handling, unimpeachable. The chestnut-trees are like a finished design of Dürer's; every leaf a study: the poplar trunks and boughs drawn with an unexampled exquisiteness of texture and curve."

From that time to the end of his life, Brett spent most of his working hours in depicting sea effects from John o' Groats to Land's End. He also made periodical excursions to Italy, where he found congenial subjects both on the coast and inland. At the R.A. Exhibition in 1880 he exhibited two pictures, one of which, 'Britannia's Realm,' was purchased for the nation from the funds of the Chantrey Bequest. In this picture the calm sea is refreshingly true to nature, and so clean is the execution that at a distance it has the appearance of being painted in water-colours.

Although Brett's disposition was such that he was not likely to be concerned with the written opinions of his work, yet the flattering reception accorded to him by Ruskin created a standard of eulogy which other critics could not maintain. Such extravagant praise from anyone less qualified than Ruskin to examine and estimate the worth of a picture would have crushed the artist's progress with intended kindness. To a late critic who had placed him in "the school of minute elaboration," Brett retorted that "it is a well-established practice that if you cannot dig, and to beg you are ashamed, you go into business as an art critic": but when the next moment he lamented that Ruskin had no successor, it was evident that he still cherished the laudatory analysis of his work by his earlier commentator, and resented the judgment of a less appreciative writer. Yet Mr. Brett need not have become indignant when he was entered on the roll of "the school of minute elaboration," and we think the opinion of which he complained, that "ever since that day the word 'laborious' has been the keynote of the press criticism of my unfortunate productions," was not at all general. The remark was probably meant to indicate the scrupulous and praiseworthy care with which his pictures were finished, not to imply a painful decoration of his canvases.

In 1886 he exhibited in the rooms of The Fine Art Society "an average summer's work out of doors, consisting of forty-six sketches and three small pictures, painted between June and September." He came from his seclusion by special request, and wrote some prefatory notes to the catalogue to explain his method of painting. The brief essay indicated his researches as a student of atmospheric effects, and showed his ability to explain the purpose of every brush stroke he made. He believed in sketching only for its use to fix certain scenes on the mind, and considered a sketch to be useless if the picture could not be afterwards produced by the aid of the memory alone.

When in town he lived for many years in Harley Street, but about ten years ago he first occupied "Daisyfield," Putney, where he died on January 7th, 1902. This house was built according to his own ideas and requirements. It was a one-floor building, and consisted of dwelling rooms, a studio, and an astronomical observatory.



Gold Filagree Pendant and Silver Brooch with Sapphire.
By F. S. Robinson.

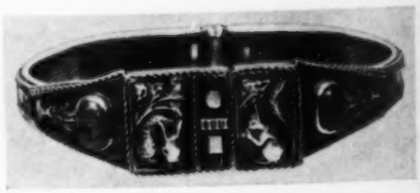
Brooch and Enamel Pendant.
By J. C. Watt.

Artistic Jewellery.



Cloisonné Enamel Pendant on grey blue ground; centre pearl, with amethysts.
By B. Nelson.

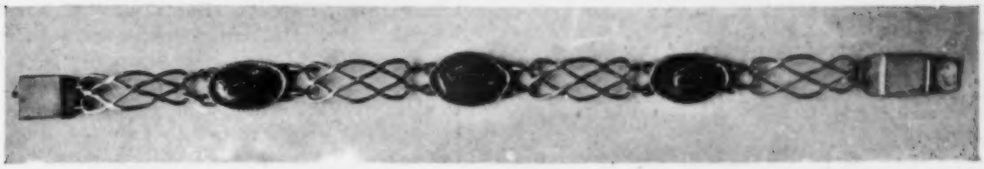
A GREAT change has come over the production of jewellery during the last few years. Instead of being solely in the hands of jewellers belonging to the trade, with their stereotyped and often-repeated designs and their uniform manner of setting precious stones, we find the matter now taken up by artists, who not only create the designs for the particular object which they may wish to engage upon, but also carry out the designs themselves when they do not intrust them to skilled and experienced workmen. The trade jeweller will continue to exhibit his style of ornament, notwithstanding this very new departure, and as such a style will always find a larger public than will artistic description of ornament, we need not trouble ourselves as to his welfare, nor indeed consider further the position he holds in relation to our subject; but for those "amateurs" who like to possess objects made once, and once for all, instead of articles turned out by the dozen, there are places where beautiful and individual things can be obtained, and where a look round is a liberal education in such matters. Amongst such places we would mention Mr. Montague Fordham, who continues to collect and exhibit, at 9, Maddox Street, fine examples of what those artists who have taken up the crafts seriously can do. The position he has taken is all the more valuable at the present time, because the so-called Arts and Crafts movement has un-



Silver Bracelet.
By Paul Cooper.



Enamel Pendant on Silver Repoussé.
By B. Nelson.



Silver Bracelet.
By B. Nelson.

fortunately degenerated into a craze, with the usual lamentable result that a number of quite worthy individuals, who have no idea of what art really means, have taken up the crafts and have produced articles of which the workmanship is often very imperfect, and the design as dull as that of the ordinary trade productions. Provincial and foreign exhibitions have done much to favour these minor craftsmen, who naturally have more time to spare for the preparation of work for exhibitions than the creator of really beautiful things, who generally prefers to work quietly in his own workshop on such commissions as he may obtain. Defective workmanship and poor design have been rampant in jewellery which has recently appeared in various exhibitions, and it is therefore specially interesting to see at Mr. Fordham's show-room really fine jewellery of such artists as Mr. H. Wilson, Mr. F. S. Robinson, Mr. B. Nelson, Miss May Morris, Mr. J. C. Watt, and others.

Mr. H. Wilson shows some charming work, both in enamel and precious stones, emerald rings in novel settings, and amongst other things a high comb for the hair which wants description at some length, being one of the most original designs for that fashionable article of ladies' adornment which we have yet seen. It is in gold decorated with some of the twisted wire work so much affected by this artist. The peacocks stand with necks intertwined and drooping tails, plain spaces of gold are left and harmonious coloured jewels set.

Mr. Nelson is another artist craftsman who is coming well to the fore—we give an illustration of a cloisonné enamel pendant of his, but unfortunately one loses in reproduction the delightful harmony of the doves and the grey blue ground.

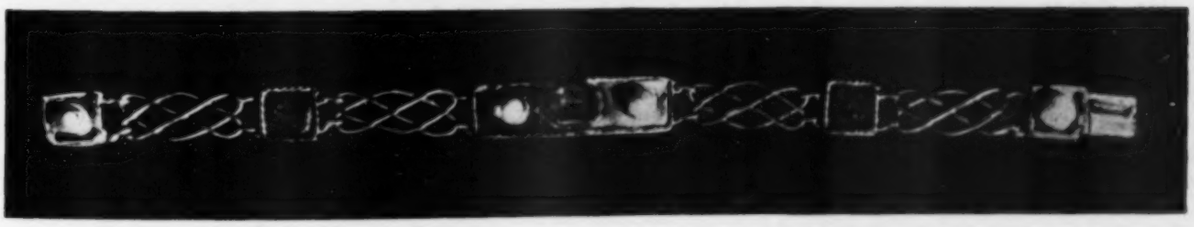
A clasp by Miss Casella in cast silver would inevitably appeal to any dog lover, setting forth as it does two hounds with beautifully-modelled heads, curled round on each half of the clasp and bearing the appropriate motto "Love me, love my dog." Mr. Robinson makes a new departure in gold filigree. We believe thus far he is the only artist in England whose filigree work is before the public. It is certainly the only English filigree work we have yet come across; and a pendant exhibited at Mr. Fordham's with pearls is a delightful piece both in design and execution.

Buttons may not sound a very important item where artistic matters are under consideration, but at the present time any woman with a feeling for dress will tell you that they have become so, and a look at the varied collection at Maddox Street will convince one of the fact: Mr. Fordham has some of every sort and kind to offer, charming small repoussé silver ones, large ones worked in copper, enamelled ones of different patterns and colours, as well as little coloured china plaques set in either silver or copper, which are quite a novelty and much to be recommended for certain styles of toilettes.



Hair Ornament:
Mexican Opal and Enamel.
By Miss E. M. Wortlington.

Mr. John Baillie, at The Mall, Kensington, has an interesting show of artistic work, and amongst other things some good pieces of jewellery; noticeably some from Mr. Watt which are of charming colour and workmanship. Unfortunately there were on view only two brooches and a buckle by this artist, whose work made one desirous of seeing more. Mrs. G. Carr had some good enamels, a heart-shaped pendant of interesting design in basse-taille enamel, and beautiful in colour. Miss G. Smith exhibited two small brooches—one representing Orpheus in enamel set in a quaint silver device; the second, a Bacchante, had a similar setting. Miss E. Kirkpatrick's enamels were of a lovely colour, and one as a buckle was specially to be admired as a good piece of work.



Bracelet: Gold, Pearls, Emeralds, and Enamel.
By B. Nelson.

The New Gallery and the Society of Oil Painters.

"THE Monarchs of Great Britain and Ireland." Such is the high-sounding title of the Winter Exhibition at the New Gallery, whose scope is singularly appropriate to this Coronation year. King Edward VII. himself is patron. The student of history, of costume, of archæology, will find much to attract as he makes the round of the three galleries, hung with some 170 portraits, as he examines the armour in the central hall, the several hundred miniatures, drawings, manuscripts, and royal relics in various cases. Those in quest of fine æsthetic achievements, however, come away disappointed somewhat. Many who contributed to the success of the Tudor, the Stuart, and the Guelph exhibitions in Regent street again aid the management; but from the royal collections come only, apart from relics, a series of fine miniatures by Nicholas Hilliard—of whom Donne wrote that a hand or an eye drawn by him "is worth a history by a worse painter made"—and his pupil, Isaac Oliver, and some of the Holbein drawings from Windsor. Had not the palaces been undergoing structural or other alterations, the King would doubtless have lent many of the unrivalled portraits from Windsor and from his future London residence at the end of the Mall.

In the small south room, round the top of whose walls hangs a reproduction of that portion of the Bayeux tapestry illustrating the departure of and return to England of Harold, are the earliest pictures. A work in four compartments, deemed to date from about 1425, is concerned with as many scenes in the life of St. Etheldreda. In the first her marriage with Egfrid, King of Northumberland, is represented; in the second she superintends the erection of a church at Ely, to whose cathedral this archaically beautiful work, with its raised gold background, formerly belonged. Every lover of art will welcome, too, the Earl of Pembroke's diptych, on whose left side Richard II. is seen kneeling with three Saints behind him, on whose right the Virgin and the Infant Christ are in a semicircle of Angels, rose-crowned, their blue-silver wings pointing heavenward. Pictures such as these, by artists whose names are forgotten or unknown, suggest the reflection that increased knowledge of the human form, of perspective, and the like, is not inevitably accompanied by greater pictorial beauty. An altar-piece representing the marriage of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou, a portrait of Margaret Beaufort, in black dress—on which the gold embroidery has beautiful effect—and diamond-shaped headgear, the Earl of Pembroke's version of the three 'Children of Henry VII.,' the name of each written above the figure, the Earl of Ancaster's oblong memorial picture of the marriage of Henry VIII. with Katherine of Aragon, all unascribed, attract as we pass round to Holbein's masterly cartoon of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., executed as a study for the fresco destroyed at Whitehall in the fire of 1698. There is a sweep, a certitude, about this cartoon, its every line alive, which call for prolonged study. Holbein was the artist to render with pictorial dignity the massive figure of "Bluff King Hal."

The West Gallery contains much to amuse, something to delight. In the first kind is an unascribed portrait of Elizabeth, in short dress, decorated with monstrous beasts, with birds, fishes, and flowers, and a second, attributed to Zucchero, unsympathetic of contour and colour, in which she is made to serve the purpose of a flowerpot. A finer hand was at work in two more portraits of the virgin queen, both given to Zucchero, that belonging to Mr. Charles Butler, showing her in outstanding lace ruff and richly-wrought dress with puffed sleeves, a happy arrangement of somewhat formal design, wherein the sitter is all but de-characterised. Assigned to Lucas de Heere, the 16th-century Flemish artist, are a beautiful interior, the red-robed lady, reading from an illuminated manuscript, somewhat unaccountably said to be Lady Jane Grey; 'Mary I.' in amber, pearl-embroidered robe, with bands of brown fur; and Mary Queen of Scots, in costly dress and white lace ruff, her close-fitting cap edged with pearls and two bands of jewels.

There can be no doubt as to what is the 17th-century treasure of this West Gallery: this is Van Dyck's world-famous portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria, which, by the courtesy of the owner, Mr. Edmund Davis, we reproduce. Never, probably, was there wrought a finer harmony of pearl and rose. Just such a half-languid scheme suits this seemingly languid lady, right hand resting on crown, formal ringlets on her forehead.

To the left as we enter the North Gallery are large Knellers, Van de Vaarts, Jervases, and opposite, by way of bringing the exhibition up-to-date, Mr. Orchardson's 'The Four Generations,' seen at the 1900 Academy. Elsewhere we find a historically interesting 'Interior of the Guildhall,' with scores of figures, by



Early Spring in Tuscany.
By D. Y. Cameron.



From the Picture in the Collection of Edmund Davis, Esq.

Queen Henrietta Maria.
By Van Dyck.

William Daniel; Sir W. J. Newton's 'Christening of the Prince of Wales,' 1843; portraits by Hayter and Winterhalter; and, of the King, by Bastien Lepage and Mr. A. Stuart Wortley. On the end wall are examples by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, and Hoppner. Out of not very promising material, Gainsborough painted a picture of some beauty, showing George III., life-size, in Court dress; and again we are enabled to pause before his exquisite portrait of Anne Luttrell, Duchess of Cumberland, one of the few irresistible creations at the New Gallery, one of the loveliest of Gainsborough's "dear, dead women." Mrs. Alfred Morrison's version of 'Le Deuil Blanc'—Mary Queen of Scots in white mourning assumed on the death of her first husband, Francis II.—from the Hastings collection, is one of several charming exhibits in the miniature section.

In reducing the number of exhibits from about 500 to 350, the Society of Oil Painters has taken a wise step. On walls whose every inch of space, from well beneath the line of vision to many feet above it, is hung with pictures, as though the aim were to fit in the greatest number practicable, work is not seen to advantage. As numbers have diminished, so has the standard been raised.

I would direct attention to the landscapes of Mr. D. Y. Cameron. 'The Valley,' deep and rich in tone, is a true pictorial evocation of that romantic sentiment alluded to by Stevenson, when he said that in passing from Fielding to Scott "we become suddenly conscious of the background." The Valley invites the imagination along the hill-ramparted road, towards some such goal as that of those ancient wayfarers whose wanderings are perhaps commemorated in our word romance. 'Early Spring in Tuscany,' which, by the courtesy of Mr. Cameron, and of the owner, Mr. W. Warburton Wingate, we reproduce, is of a different kind. The aim here has been to express the joyous uprising of the earth-spirit in a land of beautiful memories. The wide Italian highway is flanked by slender poplars, not yet in leaf; under shelter of the hill to the left, beyond the red-roofed house, are blossoming fruit trees; the slopes of the hills are bathed in colour. The design, as might be expected from an etcher so able, is at once structural and delicate; the blithe green of the wayside grass, the notes of purple and faint violet, the mist-grey poplars graciously receding, the serene blue sky, are wrought to rare beauty of colour. But the best remains. Early spring in Tuscany is a time of sunflood. The artist has gone a long way towards achieving that fragment of the impossible which shall reveal in form and colour the rapture with which sunlight falls on an awakening earth, the joy with which earth welcomes the ever-vibrant although æon-old call to new activity. Were there no other picture here, the gallery should be visited to see this work of Mr. Cameron.

The four pictures of Mr. James S. Hill—retired from the distinguished sextet of landscapists whose annual show at the Dudley Gallery was of great interest, his place having been taken by Mr. Mark Fisher—serve to enhance his reputation. Between Mr. Hill's breezy depictures of stretches of Welsh moorland, overhung by drifting cloud, is the very clever 'Ugly Princess' of Miss E. Fortescue Brickdale. She is one of the several followers of the Pre-Raphaelite school—another of whom is Mr. Byam Shaw, represented by a positively-coloured subject picture—into whose tradition it is difficult here and now to infuse fresh life. Mr. Alfred Withers, to his advantage, appears to have come under the influence of the young Scotsmen; Mr. Arthur G. Bell has reverted, for a reversion it is, if we mistake not, to the modern Dutch manner of observing and painting; Mr. Terrick Williams has given us nothing better than 'The Market, Concarneau,' with groups of peasant-folk in the sunshine; the marine of Mr. J. R. Reid, 'Home with the Catch,' is vigorous as one could wish; Mr. Peppercorn, alike in his grey sea-piece and his 'Dartmoor,' reveals the quiet spell of solitary nature on the coast and remote inland; the romantic spirit permeates the not in all respects satisfactory 'Endymion' of Mr. George Wetherbee; and, among others whose works should be mentioned, are Messrs. Herbert Marshall, F. F. Foottet, Fantin-Latour, and R. W. Allan, the pastoral by whom is particularly charming. On no account should there be overlooked Mr. T. Austen Brown's 'To the Fold by Moonlight,' where a golden glow from the lanthorn falls on the fleeces of the sheep, and the white-fronted hut, the red roof, the mysterious half tones of trees and country things are knit into a luminously beautiful scheme.

Passing Events.

THE Election of Mr. G. F. Bodley to the full membership of The Royal Academy is a tribute to his meritorious career since his admission as an Associate in 1882. In 1899, he received the Royal Gold Medal, the first presentation of which was in 1848, since when it has been presented annually to some distinguished architect, or man of science or letters. Lord Leighton, P.R.A., Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., and Professor Aitchison, R.A., are among the recipients best known in this country. It was offered to John Ruskin, but the time being past when he cared to receive honours which might have been acceptable in his earlier years, he courteously declined the Medal with a dignified excuse to that effect. King Edward has intimated his wish to continue its presentation, and Mr. J. F. Bentley, the architect to the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, will this year be placed on the roll of recipients.

MR. MATTHEW RIDLEY CORBET, elected to Associateship of the Royal Academy on January 29, was born several decades ago in the quiet little Lincolnshire village of South Willingham. His initial training in art was under Davis Cooper, a cousin of Mr. W. H. B. Davis, R.A. Mr. Corbet was one of the six or



From the picture in the Tate Gallery.

Val d'Arno: Evening.
By M. Ridley Corbet, A.R.A.

seven pupils who attended the opening class at the Slade School, and later he entered the schools of the Royal Academy. Subsequently, he spent three or four years in Rome, there to come under the potent influence of Signor Giovanni Costa, a regular exhibitor at the New Gallery, friend of Leighton, and patriot no less than painter. Italy—that sun-steeped land where Dante wrote, where Giotto painted and designed his bell-tower, where to Botticelli came his vision of Spring, to Leonardo a yet more comprehensive and profound vision of the world and of the drama of human life—in the spirit of Italy Mr. Corbet's work is steeped. His knowledge of Italy is not that of the tourist; it is that of the poet-painter, whose imagination is stirred by the cadence of the hills, the magic of dark cypresses silhouetted against the evening sky, the elusive beauty of olive-clad slopes, the "temper" of that country whose every valley, as mists steal silently across, is charged with memories. From the 1901 Academy there was bought with the Chantrey Fund Mr. Corbet's 'Val d'Arno,' which, with his consent, we reproduce. It reveals a vibrant nature, an ability pictorially to evoke at once the solemnity and the serene joy of the hill-ramparted valley of the Arno, as light ebbs in the west, and the colours of day sink into the obscure unity of night.

THE Prizes and Studentships offered by the Royal Institute of British Architects last year provoked good competition. The subject set in accordance with the Soane Trust, was a design for a swimming bath, the medallion and £100 being awarded to Mr. James B. Fulton. The Tite Certificate and £30, offered for a design for a Royal Memorial Chapel in the Italian Style, was taken by Mr. C. Gasgoyne. For the Owen Jones studentship, founded for the encouragement of the study of Architecture, more particularly with respect to ornament and coloured decoration, Mr. Edward H. Bennett was awarded the Certificate and £100. Mr. C. Wontner Smith took the Pugin Medal and £40, offered annually to promote the study of the Mediæval architecture in the British Isles. In each case the money is only given to the student if he elects to fulfil conditions of travel for the advancement of his studies. The work of the competitors, together with contributions from the various Travelling Students, was recently exhibited at The Alpine Club, and on the 3rd of February the prizes were distributed to the above-named students and to those successful in other competitions. Mr. John Slater, in his address from the Chair, echoed Sir E. J. Poynter's advice to the Students of the Royal Academy, that it is no indication of genius to be grotesquely original; Mr. Henry T. Hare criticised the technical accuracy and the draughtsmanship of the work submitted; and Sir L. Alma-Tadema spoke a few words of encouragement.

OF the lectures given during the winter in the Hammersmith Town Hall, none was so popular as that delivered on the 30th January. Mr. Walter Crane discussed "The Language of Line" and made his subject sufficiently elementary to keep together a large audience. The remarkable facility with which the artist made lightning sketches to explain a technicality or to strengthen an argument gave a seaside-celebrity-artist tone to the proceedings which was quite amusing. Mr. Crane told anecdotes and illustrated them as delightfully, if more roughly, as he does in his books. His remarks on the evolution of the primary egg into animal forms, and his explanation of the conventional strokes which represent landscape effect, were particularly instructive. In one of his drawings he wittily made the name of the borough a play on the typical figure of Vulcan at his forge. The various streets in "Hammer-smith," and the winding course of the Thames, were made to form the outline of his sketch, a local application of mythology which was duly appreciated. Sir William Richmond, R.A., was in the chair.

LEIGHTON House has recently been the object of uncertain ownership or administration, but it still helps towards its own maintenance by being the scene of concerts, exhibitions and lectures. During February some interesting and well-attended lectures, illustrated with the lantern, were delivered by Mr. Windsor Fry, R.B.A., on the History of the Art of Painting from Cimabue to Leighton: and in one of the studios Miss Fortescue Brickdale exhibited a set of paintings, imaginative though sometimes ludicrous in conception and colouring. Many of these were shown in Bond Street last year classified under the title of "Such stuff as dreams are made of!"

APPEAL to the House of Lords has gained the decision that tapestry is not legally a fixture. In bringing this question to the highest Court the litigants have done a service to owners of such decorations, for although the Court of Appeal reversed the judgment of a lower Court, until the matter had been finally settled the possession of valuable tapestry without the right to remove the pieces at will was a doubtful privilege.

WE understand that shortly a movement will be made by the patrons of Christie's sale rooms to endeavour to have the principal sales held either earlier on Saturdays, or on Fridays. The time of commencing sales varies curiously in different countries. In Paris an important sale as a rule begins on a Monday or a Tuesday at one or two o'clock in the afternoon. In New York important auctions are always held in the evening, beginning at six o'clock, usually in the middle of the week. The Saturday afternoon sales at Christie's have been an important event in England for a very long time; but recently, with the change of customs and the great tendency to enjoy the country from Friday night till Monday morning, the attendance in King Street has been seriously affected. It would appear, therefore, that the authorities would be well advised to consider the question of holding all their important sales on Thursdays or Fridays. It must be within the knowledge of those who are interested in such matters that whenever a good picture comes into the market, whether it be sold at Christie's or Robinson and Fisher's, it fetches a large price even in the middle of the week. For example, the two Van Dyck portraits from the Peel collection were sold on a Thursday, and as £24,250 was paid for them, it is quite certain they would have fetched no more on a Saturday afternoon.

FRANCE has reason to be proud of such contributors to her national possessions as the late M. Thomy Thiéry. His bequest to the Louvre of a collection of pictures by the most famous painters of the Barbizon School has, however, caused the Trustees some concern, for the inadequate wall space at their command is notorious, and they are confronted with the same difficulties regarding the exhibition of the recent additions as have troubled the authorities at the Luxembourg. One clause stipulates that the collection is to be shown intact, which will necessitate the re-arrangement of other pictures. We hope this will soon be done, so that the new acquisitions may be placed on view.

IT is not generally known that the pictures in the Brera Gallery, in Milan, have been undergoing a re-arrangement. This work is not likely to be completed for some time, and meanwhile the visitors have opportunities of examining close at hand the chief pictures. Raphael's 'Sposalizio' on the floor, with a possibility of looking closely into the handiwork, is an occurrence necessarily of great rarity, and one much appreciated by connoisseurs who are visiting the gallery just now.

IT has been definitely settled that the Exhibition of Modern Decorative Art at Turin will be opened on the 26th of April. As soon afterwards as can be arranged we shall deal exhaustively with the subject.

Books on Decorative Art.

"LE VERRE," by Paul Frick (Paris: Librairie C. Reinwald, Schleicher Frères, Editeurs). Under the title of "Le Verre," M. Paul Frick contributes to the "Livres d'or de la Science" (section industrielle) an astonishingly comprehensive little book on glass, its history and manufacture. He has contrived in a wonderfully small compass to give us, at the price of a franc and a half, practically all that we want to know about the composition of glass, its manufacture and manipulation. Soda glass and flint glass, crown glass and plate, common bottles and Venetian wine glasses, come equally within his scope—mirrors and their silvering, lenses and their polishing, chemical retorts and watch glasses, cylinders and artificial pearls. The only chapter that falls short is that dealing with artistic developments, which is neither so full nor so appreciative as the others. M. Frick hardly seems quite to realise, at all events he does not fully explain, what M. Gallé is doing at Nancy or Mr. Tiffany at New York. It is really the *industries* connected with glass which most deeply interest him, and on all that concerns them he speaks with knowledge and authority, giving us, in fact, just that much-needed insight into the practical working of the glass house which artists and art-workers outside the trade have such difficulty in acquiring.

The new edition of "A BOOK OF STUDIES IN PLANT FORM AND DESIGN," by A. E. V. Lilley and W. Midgley (Chapman and Hall, London), is considerably enlarged, containing not only a number of additional illustrations, but two new chapters on "Leather Embossing" and "Plant Ornament in Relief." The authors have found, they say in their introductory note, "too great a tendency among their students in design to simply copy the natural forms on ornamental lines, without inventing a fresh and original treatment, each for himself," and it is their endeavour, "by placing a considerable number of historical and other ornamental renderings of the same plant side by side with the drawings from nature," to enable them "to realise more clearly what is required in ornament." Whether the rising generation is not more likely to appropriate the conventions of Messrs. Lilley and Midgley, is a question—more especially as the examples of historic types given by them are few and far between, and the modern renderings of, for example, the honeysuckle on page 80, will appeal more strongly to the sympathies of students up-to-date than the most perfect Greek anthemion. Be this as it may, the book is very popular among students, and in its improved form is likely to be a greater favourite still.

"A SYSTEM OF BRUSH DRAWING AND DESIGN," by R. Smeaton Douglas, F.S.A.Scot. (Chapman and Hall, London). "Most books on brush drawing," says Mr. Douglas in his introduction, "seem to have been written more for the very young pupil who takes up the subject as an amusement, rather than for the more advanced student who desires to devote himself with a serious purpose to this branch of Art." But even if the "blobbing" with colour thickened with *soap* to the "consistency of cream," here recommended, were a branch of serious art, which it is not, the 15 plates of which the book consists would not go far towards their avowed purpose of qualifying teachers under Article 91 D of the Code.



From "The Brothers Dalziel" (Methuen).

The Arrival at Cologne.
By Richard Doyle.

Recent Art Publications.

MORE books have been written about Mary Stuart than about any personage of the Middle Ages. Yet the interest in her career is indeed perennial, while the latest volume, just published by Messrs. Virtue, is one which has the highest claims to attention. It is entitled "PALACES, PRISONS, AND RESTING-PLACES OF MARY STUART," written by Mr. M. M. Shoemaker and Mr. T. A. Croal. This handsome volume, with nearly 70 illustrations, is not a history of the unhappy lady whose gentle upbring in Touraine so unfitted her for strife in stormy Scotland, but only of the places she occupied. In France, palaces were her home; in Scotland her resting-places never sheltered her long; while her eighteen years in England were altogether spent in prisons. The Frontispiece to the book is a reproduction in exquisite tints of the most beautiful and authentic portrait of Mary Stuart, from the National Library in Paris, while the other illustrations are mostly taken from similar documents, and from views of the palaces and prisons.

"THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN ART," by G. Hartmann (2 vols., Page, Boston, U.S.A.) gives a faithful account of the chief American Artists, both of to-day and of earlier times. Mr. Whistler and Mr. Sargent bulk largely in the volumes, while a crowd of young men of whom Europeans scarcely know the names are brought forward for brief recognition.

"THE BROTHERS DALZIEL" (Methuen) renders a history of the fifty years' work carried on with much distinction by the worthy brothers George and Edward Dalziel, draughtsmen, engravers and publishers. Their association with the chief Artists in black and white in England led them into close contact with many notable people. Illustrations from designs by Leighton, Watts, Holman Hunt, Burne Jones, Rossetti, Pinwell and Millais, with autograph letters reproduced in facsimile, make the volume full of charming variety.

A book with similar artistic interest, with illustrations by men working during the same period, is "SOME POEMS BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON" (Freemantle). Mr. Joseph Pennell



"The Essays of Elia." (*Methuen.*)

The Start.
By Garth Jones.

supplies a characteristic preface, summing up the excellencies of the illustrators who lived in "the sixties," and Mr. Holman Hunt, in an introduction, tells of the difficulties the designer had to encounter when his interpreter on the wood was not thoroughly capable. Many of the illustrations are shown in facsimile and in wood engraving, and it is certain that the latter leaves a good deal to be desired.

"LEIGH HUNT'S OLD COURT SUBURB" (Freemantle), originally published about fifty years ago, has been charmingly edited by Mr. Austin Dobson, and illustrated by Mr. Railton, Mr. Shepperton and Mr. E. J. Sullivan. The general arrangement of the book is uncommonly delightful.—"THE ESSAYS OF ELIA" (Methuen), is illustrated by Mr. Garth Jones with much originality, and Lamb's Essays assume a new aspect under his inspiration, of which we print a specimen.

The second and third volumes of Dr. Russell Sturgis' "DICTIONARY OF ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING" carry to completion this most elaborate and exhaustive undertaking. Every word which can be found in an architectural work, or technical word employed by a builder, is explained and discussed with clearness and knowledge. Sometimes, as in such words as "stone," "window," "vault" and "round-church," the articles cover several pages, with many illustrations. Countries also are dealt with under their names, giving the characteristics of their architecture, and every explanation is made more convincing by diagram and illustrations where necessary.

Mr. W. J. Muckley's manual on "ARTISTIC ANATOMY" (Ballière) has worthily reached a second edition.—"PERSPECTIVE FOR ART STUDENTS," by R. G. Hatton (Chapman), is published to help candidates to qualify for the new Syllabus for the Board of Education, great care being taken by means of clear diagrams to show the meaning of the author.

The well-merited success of their National Gallery Catalogue has happily induced Messrs. Cassell to make a similar publication on the National Portrait Gallery. Every picture in the gallery is reproduced face to face with descriptions of the work, making the volumes, of which only the first is ready, like the previous ones, the most complete possible illustrated catalogue. Not only are the portraits useful for reference, but also as materials for comparison between the various representations of the personages; such, for example, as Queen Elizabeth, where we have nine different portraits presented on one page.

Compilations on county histories have ever been publications much sought after, and Mr. J. S. Fleming's "ANCIENT CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF STIRLING" (Gardner, Paisley), is no exception to the rule. It is indeed evidently a labour of love, and although the paper and print leave room for improvement, the volume is one which will give a great deal of pleasure to others beside those connected with the locality.—"SKETCHES OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD," by John Aston (Methuen), is evidently meant for freshmen, for the drawings are neither well chosen nor well drawn.

"MEDIÆVAL LONDON," by Dr. Benham and Mr. Charles Welch (Seeley), on similar lines to the preceding, appeals necessarily to a much larger public. It is a description accompanied with many drawings of London



"Ray Farley." (Fisher Unwin.)

"Here we come gathering nuts in May." By Hugh Thomson.

before the fire of 1666.—"SHAKESPEARE'S TOWN AND TIMES" is an enlarged second edition of Mr. and Mrs. Ward's very acceptable book. It is regrettable, however, that the illustrations are made sometimes to face inwards and sometimes to face outwards in an unreasonable manner.—"THE ART OF BUILDING A HOME" (Longmans) is specially suitable for those who are arranging to build or furnish small or elegant houses; it contains a series of lectures by Mr. B. Parker and Mr. R. Unwin, with seven illustrations explaining the suggestions of the authors.

Mr. Hugh Thomson has provided a series of astonishingly clever illustrations to "RAY FARLEY" (Fisher Unwin), a novel by J. Moffat and E. Druce, of otherwise ordinary merit.

The most useful Annual, and the most instructive both to Artist and Connoisseur, is "THE YEAR'S ART" (Virtue) which under Mr. Carter's careful hands has reached its 23rd annual issue. The feature of the 1902 volume is a series of good Photographs of Portrait Painters, and Mr. Carter's own *résumé* of the Art of the past season.—"THE CHEMISTRY OF PIGMENTS," by Mr. E. J. Parry and Mr. J. H. Coste (Scott), is a highly technical work on the chemical qualities of colours, and is to be commended to artists seriously studying the properties of paint.

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The Sleep of Psyche.
By Prud'hon.

The Wallace Collection.*

THE FRENCH PICTURES.—IV.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

WE have done with the art of the eighteenth century, though not with the works which had their origin in the eighteenth century. Fragonard, Greuze, Houdon, lived on into the first years of the nineteenth, pale ghosts of their former selves, since their conceptions no longer had any root in the time, and they vainly, pitiably strove, by a mere outward conformity to the new fashions in art and in thought, to keep abreast of the generation of men who had the Great Revolution in their veins. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that most of those painters of the neo-Classic School, with David at their head, whom we justly rank as the most deadly enemies of the eighteenth century and all its works, did much of their best work in that very period, and a great deal of it—strenuous as might be their repudiation of what they deemed its faded butterfly frivolities—in continuation of its most academic traditions. Do we not find the gayest, the brightest butterfly of them all, Fragonard himself, making his first success with that pre-eminently academic performance, 'Le grand prêtre Corésus se sacrifie pour sauver Callirrhoé'; and Greuze heart-broken because the Academy will not take him at his own valuation, and accept as great art his 'Severus reproaching Caracalla with the attempt to assassinate him'?

Jacques-Louis David, the chief and leader of the *intransigeants*, the man who hated and despised Watteau as much as he did royalty and all its works, was fifty-two when the century closed. Gérard, the portraitist of the Empire and the Restoration, was thirty; Guérin, that inventor of sham Græco-Roman classicism, who in frigidity went beyond David himself, was twenty-six; Girodet, the painter of the 'Déluge' and the 'Songe d'Endymion,' was thirty-three; and Pierre Prud'hon, the only one of the school with whom we are here immediately concerned, was forty-two. I have but now called Prud'hon "one of the school"; and yet this description is in its essentials erroneous. From his own time and its frigid formulas, infinitely more conventional than what they sought to replace, he could not wholly escape. But, without casting them away, he transfigured, he fertilised and humanised them, substituting for the harsh, rigid Roman and Græco-Roman art of David—who could be both great and human, but only when a modern subject or a human being inspired him—the suavity, the musical harmony that Leonardo da Vinci and Correggio had breathed into him. And, diligent student as Prud'hon was of these divine masters, he was no mere *pasticheur*, no mere imitator of outward characteristics, such as the academic student easily acquires. His was a kindred

* Continued from page 363, 1901.

spirit; and something of the divine suavity, something of the mysterious serenity of Leonardo, something of the more voluptuous and earthly grace of Correggio did indeed pass into the soul of this humble French provincial, who alone among the neo-classicists belonging to the end of the one century and the beginning of the next, was in the higher and larger sense a painter; who alone beautified the pseudo-classic formula by something of the warmth and the loveliness of Nature.

It has been said already that David was unquestionably a master when his mistaken view of the function of art did not constrain him to draw the life-blood from his conceptions and his figures, and to make of them so much Græco-Roman sculpture, bereft alike of the force and the suavity which he could show in modern subjects with which he was really in touch. In such pages of contemporary history as the 'Couronnement de l'Impératrice Joséphine,' he can prove himself as veracious and as dignified as Domenico Ghirlandajo himself, and, moreover, in certain groups, very like him. In such portraits as the 'Pius VII.,' the 'Mme. Pécoul,' the 'Madame Récamier' of the Louvre, he stands forth the equal of any portraitist of the seventeenth, eighteenth or nineteenth century. Strangely enough the one instance in which he is truly and grandly classical, is in a modern and absolutely contemporary subject, 'The Death of Marat.' For here he preserves, with the historical and momentous aspect of the event, its essentially vital and human character. But enough of this harsh yet singularly interesting painter, who is, alas! unrepresented in the Wallace Collection. If it were necessary to compare David and Prud'hon to two great painters of the past, I should—with all necessary apologies to those painters and that past—point to Mantegna and Leonardo.

Prud'hon is really seen at his best in the magnificent *fusains*, or charcoal drawings, of which the finest series are to be found in the Louvre and at Chantilly. Here the neo-classicism, which, as a man of his time, he is compelled to adopt, though with his own essential modifications, develops a phase of passion and absolute grandeur which is hardly to be met with in his paintings. In the Wallace Collection his suavity is more completely exhibited than his strength. Nevertheless, if we except the Louvre itself, it may be claimed for the Nineteenth Century Gallery (No. XV), at Hertford House, that it contains a better series of Prud'hon's paintings than any other collection. The earliest example of his art here is the pretty little piece 'Puppies' ("Oh! les jolis petits chiens!"), which is sentimental genre, aiming at the tenderness and vivacity which delight us in a Fragonard, but not quite easy or successful in movement. All the rest is much later in date. The little 'Maternity' (on this page) must have been painted some time before 1810, since the large copy, with life-size figures, made by Prud'hon's mistress, the ill-fated Mdlle. Constance Mayer, and now in the Louvre, was exhibited at the Salon in that year. This little study has, for the time to which it belongs, an atmospheric envelopment, a truth and expressiveness of chiaroscuro, quite wonderful. Like the 'Zéphyr,' its near neighbour here, it might, without being utterly put to shame, be placed even beside Correggio himself. Of such painting as this—of such use of the brush—no other Frenchman was in these first years of the nineteenth century capable.



Maternity.
By Prud'hon.

The 'Zéphyr se balançant au dessus de l'eau,' as the picture is called in the French catalogues, is a reduced original version of the picture of that name which appeared at the Salon of 1814. A life-size sketch in oil from this same original belongs to Baron de Schlichtling, and was in the Paris Exhibition of 1900. But the little jewel of Hertford House is greatly superior to either of these both in handling and in exquisiteness of charm. In its embodiment of a beneficent force of nature in a gracious and ever-youthful human form there is something, not of the Græco-Roman but of the truly Greek. One of the master's most famous works is the 'Venus and Adonis' of this collection, which first appeared at the Salon of 1812. The sketch in oils for the whole work—much praised by the Goncourts—is in the Marcille collection; and Chantilly holds a lovely repetition from Prud'hon's own hand of the Venus, shown this time in three-quarter length only, and, in her spirituality of aspect, a Psyche rather than the Goddess of Love.

The vast canvas of the Wallace Collection, though one of the most imposing, is not, as a whole, one of the finest of Prud'hon's works. The beautiful landscape, with its gleams through tall tree-trunks of yellow and

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Paolo and Francesca.
By Ary Scheffer.

greyish light, has no true relation to the figures or their chiaroscuro; the Venus is lovely, flexible, and quite Correggiesque in her appealing charm; but the stiff and frigid Adonis savours too much of Prud'hon's friend Canova. The figure of the reluctant youth looks, indeed, like one of the Italian sculptor's icily gracious statues but imperfectly galvanised into life. Moreover, the lighting of the figures has no true relation to that of the landscape. But then we cannot expect even a Prud'hon to be altogether in advance of his age in such matters as these.

Altogether lovelier, and a creation which recalls Correggio, in its perfectly suave beauty, unmarred by any rough or jarring note, by any awakening to the more poignant realities of life and love, is 'The Sleep of Psyche' (p. 97). It might, with almost equal fitness, have been called 'The Sleep of Venus and Cupid,' since Psyche is represented in all the allurement of full-blown beauty, and the Love God not as the ardent lover—a youth but not yet a man—but as the chubby little divinity who, so often in eighteenth-century art, appears as the delight and the plague of his mother. Yet there is in this Psyche a purity, a virginal grace tempering voluptuousness, which excludes such an interpretation. A swarm of beautiful boy Zephyrs, poised in the air, float silently and effortlessly downwards, rapt in a painless ecstasy as they watch and guard from harm the sleep of the Love God and the mortal of whom his love has made a divinity. In colour, in atmospheric vibration, in the tone and transparency of shadow—in these points Prud'hon lags far behind his great prototypes of the sixteenth century. In grace and spiritualised sensuousness he is their not unworthy successor. Here he adds to the Correggiesque harmony and musical flow of line, something of the Alexandrian Greek—through temperament evidently rather than through deliberate imitation. There is a much smaller version of 'The Sleep of Psyche' in the Musée Condé at Chantilly.

The 'Assumption of the Virgin' is the finished sketch for the picture exhibited at the Salon of 1819, and now in the Louvre. Here Prud'hon has remembered not only Correggio, but Guido Reni. This 'Assumption' has the self-conscious elegance and cunningly-regulated ecstasy of the Bolognese *caposcuola*, who during the earlier half of the seventeenth century reigned supreme in Italy. When he is at his best in portraiture—as in the injured but still beautiful 'Madame Jarre,' of the Louvre, which so greatly influenced the art of M. Henner—Prud'hon knows no superior among his contemporaries. The sole example of his art in this branch to be found at Hertford House, is a sprightly portrait-sketch—little more than a monochrome—'Joséphine Beauharnais, afterwards the Empress Joséphine.' I have some

misgivings as to the correctness of the designation in this case. Still, since it is consecrated by long usage, and no more probable description offers itself at present, I must needs keep it as it is. Of the vivacity and elegance of the presentment there can be no doubt.

Antoine-Jean Gros, the precursor of the Romanticists, is represented here only by the little piece, 'General Bonaparte reviewing Troops,' painted some time between the Battle of Arcole, 1796, and the Battle of Marengo, 1800. This bears a general family resemblance to the large 'Equestrian Portrait of General Bonaparte reviewing Troops after the Battle of Marengo,' which is now in the Palace of Compiègne. Gros is here still painting with the passion and the hero-worship of his youth. Later on he will return, humbled and penitent, to the fold of David, the uncompromising, his first master—there to meet his downfall and destruction.

Géricault, another precursor of the great Romantic movement, is represented here by a 'Cavalry Skirmish,' fierce in passion, full of the horrid clangour of war. This is the Géricault of the 'Officier de Chasseurs à Cheval de la Garde Impériale,' and the 'Cuirassier blessé quittant le Feu,' which represent in the Louvre what may be called the Napoleonic phase of the fiery young painter's art. In the famous 'Radeau de la Méduse,' which was, on its first appearance, more highly appreciated in England, where, in the painter's life-time, it was exhibited, than in France, he is a Romanticist who still shows, even in his tremendous revolutionary effort for freedom, some traces of the pseudo-classic school of Guérin in which he was trained.

And now we come to the acknowledged head of the Romantic movement, to Delacroix himself, assuredly one of the great masters of the nineteenth century, depreciate him as his ungrateful descendants in art may, who, as if to vex his ghost, go over, bag and baggage, to the enemy, worshipping even in his defects his rival and inveterate persecutor, Ingres, who is undoubtedly great in virtue of the suavity, the severe elegance and the grandeur of his conceptions, great in the undaunted realism of his portraiture, but as a colourist wholly abominable. Delacroix is as liable to be misunderstood as Tintoretto, with whom he has, indeed, something in common. With him drawing, composition, colour, were above all modes of expression, used, and uncompromisingly used, in order to realise his painter's vision to the full; and thus mere academic correctness was not for a moment allowed to weigh in the balance when the aim could only be attained by some heroic and quite deliberate departure from the grammar of the art. Some of these divergences are, it must be owned, not a little trying even to Delacroix's most fervent admirers. Their annoyance at what may seem either ignorance or wilful defiance, not infrequently puts them into a frame of mind which is the very one in which it is least possible for the imagination of the onlooker to meet half-way the imagination of the painter-poet. And without such sympathy, such readiness to divine and to give one's soul to the soul of the painter, Delacroix's passionate, lurid art, in which colour stands above all for emotion, for tragic significance, when it does not mean voluptuous enchantment, cannot be understood.

His great qualities and his obvious defects are well illustrated in the two canvases in the Wallace Collection—the 'Execution of the Doge Marino Faliero' (p. 101), and the smaller 'Faust and Mephistopheles.' Nothing is correct in this Venetian tragedy of the fourteenth century; neither the *à peu près* architecture, nor the drawing of the strange yet impressive figures; nor yet their facial expression, which is often of the most rudimentary order. But for all that the artist realises his vision, gets his effect of a great world-tragedy, the pomp and outward gloriousness of which but serve the more to emphasize the horror of a crime so tremendous, so crushing in force and deliberation as to stand high above punishment.

To turn from Delacroix to Delaroche, to Gallait, to Robert-Fleury in this same gallery, is to see at once the difference between the poetised vision of the painter transfiguring with his genius some awe-striking event of history, and the finished historical anecdote, or narrative in paint, which aims not so much at an interpretation as at a representation; and is therefore, even at its best, an historical document, or an historical romance in paint, rather than, in the higher sense of the word, a picture. The 'Faust and Mephistopheles' is, in truth, notwithstanding its beauty of colour, more than a little grotesque. In the series of designs lithographed by Delacroix for Goethe's 'Faust,' it appears again; but this time is rendered with a far higher dramatic intensity. The painting, which I have intentionally grouped here with the 'Francis I. and Marguerite de Navarre' and the 'Henri III. and the English Ambassador' of Delacroix's young friend and companion in art, the Englishman Bonington, serves chiefly to reveal the interchange of influences that went on between the two artists; the Briton, as a born colourist and a born romanticist, giving to the full as much as he took back. Here he is certainly superior to Delacroix, who must not, however, be judged by so relatively puny an effort. We have in the Wallace Collection no Dévéria, no Chassériau. We have only, to illustrate the Romantic period in France, when the painters—even to some extent the arch-romanticist Delacroix himself—were the exponents, almost the servants of the poets, such men as Ary Scheffer, Léopold Robert, Roqueplan, the piquant vignettiste and aquarelliste Tony Johannot, the industrious and superficial Isabey. The great Orientalist Decamps has a place of his own in the school; so has the brilliant short-lived Marilhat; so has the frigid romanticist of chronicle and history, Paul Delaroche, whose influence in European art was, in relation to his actual value, enormous.

Ary Scheffer, Dutch in origin, and thus importing into the passion and the onrush of the Romantic movement in France an element of Teutonic mysticism, was a mediocre painter, and an appreciator of poetry in others rather than, himself, a seer of poetic visions as the painter sees them. It was not an absolute novelty, this subordination of the artist to the poet. Have we not seen our own painters, with Sir Joshua Reynolds at their head, floundering most miserably when they strove to raise themselves on stilts, and so to express what it was not wholly in themselves or their century to understand? We have but to remember the 'Ugolino' of Sir Joshua, and his 'Macbeth and the Witches;' and Romney's unfortunate excursions into the same domain; and Sir Thomas Lawrence's 'Satan,' which so appals us on the staircase of the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, though hardly as he intended that it should appal. Such men as Blake, Flaxman, and Fuseli, were on a wholly different plane, since they in the first place aimed at clothing the idea in a form which should still preserve something of the abstract, and only in the second place sought for beauty. We find too the frigid, and in his sham Roman austerity not a little ridiculous, Guérin painting after Racine an 'Andromaque et Pyrrhus' and a 'Phèdre et Hippolyte.' But the great impetus to

the illustration of the romantic poets by their worshippers, the romantic painters, was given by Delacroix himself with his 'Dante et Virgile' (1822), a youthful and immature work, and yet in some respects his masterpiece of expression. Here are expressed all the smouldering horror, the frenzy of livid despair, the infinite pity, the infinite hopelessness that we seek for in vain in the 'Ugolino' of a Reynolds. Scheffer was deeply penetrated with the overwhelming power of the great creations in which woe was so expressed by genius that it became beauty.



The Execution of the Doge Marino Faliero. By Delacroix.

In the famous 'Paolo and Francesca' (p. 99) he has given what is really, though it may appear to us just now not a little old-fashioned, a fine and impressive rendering of the most moving episode in all poetic literature. We are in the Fifth Circle of Hell; and as Dante and Virgil sorrowfully gaze, there float past them, white and ghostly against the blackness of the perpetual night and storm, Francesca still infinitely loving in sorrow, and Paolo wailing his unending wail for the woe he has brought on his beloved. The exact moment of the encounter of the lovers with the two poets is not realised; since, in the "Divine Comedy," as Paolo, listening to the tale told by Francesca, bursts forth in his agony of weeping ever renewed, Dante, pierced to the heart with a pity which bereaves him of sense, swoons, and "falls as a dead body falls." The poet tells of those who have sinned the sins of the flesh, and who whirl innumerable in this Circle of Hell, that "nulla speranza gli conforta mai," no hope can ever mitigate their anguish. And to these two flowers of youth and love, whom so much that was sweet and fair drew to their doom, his heart goes out in a yearning so intolerable that for the one moment it quells and annihilates his whole being. And yet *these* souls of all in hell alone had comfort. To them Justice and Wisdom Divine gave as their doom eternal torment. Yet Divine Mercy, infinitely pitiful, gave with that doom, amidst the awful moan of never-ceasing storm-winds, within the pall of darkness and despair no other ray could pierce, consolation unspeakable. With them were whirled through Time and through Eternity lovers bereft of love, torn still by pangs unquenched of hell itself, lovers the torment in whose breast effaced the very hell without. This valiant youth and this fair woman, vanquished and drawn into the web of Fate, they whose love was in the fiercest flame of passion white—by truth and sacrifice purged of the grosser dross of sin—they were in their very doom for ever one: one heart, one soul, one agony of recollection, one fathomless despair; but over all triumphant, one eternity of perfect union and of perfect love!

The 'Paolo and Francesca' of the Wallace Collection bears the date 1835. It belongs thus to the very climax of the Romantic period. An exact replica is in the Academy of Arts at St. Petersburg, with the same frame, designed no doubt by Scheffer himself. Round this, ribbon-like, runs the world-famous passage, beginning with the words "Nessun maggior dolore che ricordarsi del tempo felice nella miseria," which have for ever and ever burnt themselves into the heart of humanity. It is not a little strange that Scheffer's version of the love-tragedy, surviving his time and himself, should so have impressed itself on the world, that it still remains *the* version. That of Mr. Watts, sublime in depth of sorrow and in height of pity, is immeasurably greater; Flaxman's outline drawing has extraordinary intensity; Dante Rossetti has rendered once for all the scene of the reading, when, in Francesca's words, "La bocca mi bacio tutto tremante"—when the fatal kiss, for which the go-between book is responsible, seals the fate of the lovers. Ingres, in the picture in the Musée Condé at Chantilly, has so frigidly presented the episode as to utterly destroy the youth and passion which alone justify it. Cabanel gives the death of the pair, and the savage joy of the wild-boar who has slain them, in the most approved melodramatic fashion. Mr. Frank Dicksee has sought to present the scene of the reading, "Soli eravamo, et senza alcun sospetto," but with a couple so decorous, so timidly observant of the proprieties, that no go-between book could have stirred their pulses beyond control. But all this is straying too far from the Nineteenth Century Gallery, at Hertford House, and we must strive to turn our wavering footsteps back thither.

Delaroche may be studied, by those who still care to



The Villa Doria-Pamfili, at Rome.
By Decamps.

study him, in the Wallace Collection, in two once-famous pieces, 'Cardinal Mazarin's Last Sickness' and 'The State Barge of Cardinal Richelieu on the Rhone,' supplementing which we find a smaller version of the canvas 'Les Enfants d'Édouard,' now in the Louvre, and 'Joan of Arc in Prison.' 'La Vierge au Lézard' does not rise much above the level of the glorified 'image de piété,' so nauseatingly sweet, so trivial and self-conscious is the art here displayed. The best things by Delaroche here are two little oil paintings almost on the scale of the miniature, 'A Mother and Children' and 'A Child learning to read.' Here the charm of spontaneity is enhanced by an exquisite and yet not excessive finish. Delaroche must, however, be studied in the Louvre; at Chantilly; at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, which contains his famous Hémicycle, and in the important canvases 'Charles I. insulted by the Parliamentary Soldiers,' at Bridgwater House, and 'Strafford going to the Scaffold,' at Stafford House.

His example did more than that of any other painter to force the art of modern Europe into devious paths leading to nothingness. The painted drama, the historical anecdote more or less accurately realised, the illustration of the *faits divers*, and not the creation evoked from the first-hand contemplation of Man and Nature—these things for the moment reigned supreme, and reduced art to a level at which all independence was lost. Painting became mere illustration of poetry, history, and sentimentalized actuality; thus accepting a subordinate *rôle* which even now contents too many skilled practitioners. Some men who followed in the footsteps of Delaroche—notably the Fleming Louis Gallait and the Bavarian Carl Piloty—equalled if they did not surpass him on his own chosen ground. Gallait, whose 'Duke of Alva administering an Oath,' in the Wallace Collection, is an excellent example of his manner at its best, displays in his great historical pieces, such as 'The Last Moments of Count Egmont' and 'After the Execution of Egmont and Horn,' an heroic ardour, a fierce, smouldering passion for national glory which give to his works of this class a genuine and, in a sense, a national value.

No gallery—not the Louvre, not even the Musée Condé of Chantilly—can boast such a series of oils and water-colours by Decamps as Hertford House has to show. The French, momentarily unfaithful even to those who have served them best, too intolerant of that which seems to them to lag a little behind the time, or to evoke no longer a responsive flash in contact with an audience or a public, have cast down now Watteau, now David, now the Classicists, now the Raphaelists, now the Romanticists. Some shattered idols are put to pieces and again raised on their pedestals; others remain but so much broken and defaced marble. For the moment Delacroix and Decamps are on the ground, except with the judicious who do not allow waves of fashion to sweep them away; Jean-François Millet himself does not, in France, strike the note that is quite grateful to the ear or eye; there are signs that even the greatest of the Impressionists, who have been on the top of the wave lately, will by degrees sink into the trough. Decamps does not always come up to the modern standard as regards the true coloration, the true complementary tone, the true transparency of shadow, or the true atmospheric envelopment. In these respects, indeed, Watteau and the painters of the 'Fêtes Galantes' approach nearer to the extreme moderns than do the Romanticists, or, indeed, any of the intervening painters. Still, he is and remains at his best a master, a lyric poet

of the brush, an Orientalist with a vision of the East peculiarly his own. We are told sometimes that this is not the true Orient, but the dream of one who, wrapped in the glamour of the poets, was able to see thus, and thus only, what was presented to his eye. What does it matter after all if this be so? What is wanted of the painter is not painfully accurate, literal transcription, truthful only in the lower degree, but his own vision of his subject, which, seen as he only can see it, emerges in a re-creation poetised by his artistic personality.

Of the Oriental scenes at Hertford House, one of the loveliest is 'La Rade de Smyrne,' the anchorage of Smyrna, all lucent grey and pale yellow in the afternoon light shed over calm shining waters, with an effect of singular and most soothing calm to the eye and the spirit. 'The Watering Place' ('L'Abreuvoir') is magnificent, too, in its contrast of deep blue skies flecked with cloud, with the great walls of massive masonry burnt all a golden hue by many centuries of sun, against the steep slopes of which the horses, led by their Arab riders, drink. 'The Villa Doria-Pamfili at Rome' (p. 102) is lovely almost as a Watteau is lovely, with its pools in which sleep the reflections of stately trees, its peacocks lazily dragging their splendours along, and its company of gaily-dressed cavaliers and ladies, who make of the lovely glades a site for a new Decameron. A jewel of execution solid and finished, yet full of accent and vibration, clear and crystalline in atmosphere, this is a Decamps that even the most sceptical cannot deny. 'Mules at Boulac' is massive and vigorous in execution, but heavy and opaque in shadow. In 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes' we have the genuine and quite reverent re-creation of a subject so august in its very simplicity that it may well dismay the bold innovator who attempts it. Over lake and mountain glowing sunset is descending, the shore is filled with an eager crowd of spectators passionately gesticulating in their wonderment, as they direct their gaze to the boat, and become aware of the miracle that under their eyes the Divine Presence brings about. In the foreground two Roman soldiers sit their horses, motionless and indifferent spectators of what they behold—contemptuous masters and guardians of an alien race. To approach such a subject as this with the freedom, the defiance of conventionality, of the modern, and yet with genuine emotion, even with awe, is to show genius. Among the many water-colours by Decamps in the Wallace Collection are two of the most famous: 'Arabs fording a River' ('Le Passage du Gué')—see below—and 'Released from School' ('La Sortie de l'École Turque').

(To be continued.)

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



Arabs fording a River ("Le Passage du Gué").
A Water-Colour. By Decamps.

The Houses of Parliament, Westminster.

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.



From a drawing by James Fitzgerald.

WESTMINSTER was the scene of great excitement on Thursday, the 16th October, 1834. Shortly before seven o'clock in the evening it was discovered that the House of Lords was on fire, and a few hours later "it was currently reported through the town that Westminster Hall and even the Abbey itself were in flames." The tide was unusually low, and the Thames not furnishing the abundant supply of water it might have done at another hour, the fate of the historic buildings seemed certain; but when the *Times* went to press, at half-past two o'clock, the editor was able to add, for the relief of the country, that "Westminster Hall is, we think, quite safe." This opinion was confirmed. The destruction was confined to the Houses of Parliament, and so badly were these buildings adapted to the requirements that it was a subject for rejoicing to many that an opportunity had been afforded to more suitably house the Legislature. It would have been an irreparable loss to the nation had the Abbey and Hall been destroyed. Without these stately links with similar pageants, the forthcoming Coronation ceremony would lack its mediæval suggestiveness; and much of its quaintness, hallowed by precedent, would seem trivial.

The successful architect in the competition to prepare designs for the Houses of Parliament, or the new Palace at Westminster, was Mr. Charles Barry. During the progress of the work many difficulties had to be overcome, but the scheme of ventilation seems to have caused the principal delay. If the complete buildings before the fire were correctly described as "a heterogeneous mass of architectural erections, in which taste, chronology, and convenience were equally set at nought," the adaptation of one of the destroyed chambers —"patched-up ruins"—to serve as a meeting place for Legislators, also formed an unsatisfactory structure; and on the 24th July, 1845, Lord Brougham moved "that an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that by the expenditure of an additional sum of money the new Houses of Parliament may be ready for occupation by the following January. Nothing could equal the sufferings which noble lords endured in the present House, and he could not help suspecting that there was something behind to occasion delay, that there was a taste committee, or some frescoe painting, or some idea of ornamenting the Houses, or some plan in an eminent quarter to make the two Houses subservient to pictorial and sculptural embellishment; which, though perhaps an excellent thing, was not so important as business." This motion was rejected by a majority of 24, and Lord Brougham, with his supporters, probably wished advantage had been taken of the offer made by King William IV., immediately after the fire, that until the completion of the new buildings, Buckingham Palace should be utilised for the debates. The House of Lords was first occupied for a political meeting on the 15th April, 1847.

A notice dated the 25th April, 1842, states that "the Commissioners of Fine Arts having resolved to ascertain whether fresco painting may be applied with advantage to the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, three premiums of £300 each, three of £200, and five of £100, are offered to artists whose cartoons, executed in chalk or charcoal but without colour, are deemed worthy by the judges." The subjects were to be taken from British History or from the works of Spenser, Shakespeare or Milton. The work of 140 competitors was hung in Westminster Hall, and of the successful artists only two are now living, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A.

Models for statues, designs for carved work in wood, and other decorative devices having been meanwhile requested, on the 15th July, 1844, another advertisement was issued which intimated that six arched compartments of the House of Lords would be decorated with fresco paintings. The Commissioners invited for this purpose designs illustrating Religion, Justice, the Spirit of Chivalry and three historical events. Six artists of repute were commissioned, but outside competition was sought. Of the three prize-winners of £200 each, Sir John Tenniel is the only living representative.

Westminster Hall, although it does not appear in this etching by M. Brunet-Debaines, is recognised as a portion of the Houses of Parliament. It is a building in which so many scenes of peace and violence have taken place, that even the shortest allusion to the most historic of them would fill more space than we can spare. It is interesting to recollect that until within the last few years there were other buildings on the Abbey side of it; on the space where the statue to Cromwell now stands stood the Law Courts. It seems but a few years ago—actually it was in 1878—that a case of great interest to artists was tried there, that in which Mr. Whistler obtained a farthing damages from Mr. Ruskin, and recorded the proceedings in his delightful book, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

M. Brunet-Debaines chose Lambeth Bridge—time, late evening—as his point of observation. His etching shows not only the Gothic building in much of its picturesque beauty, but the little piece of shore between the Victoria Gardens and Lambeth Bridge is like a piece of bygone London, and reminds us of the condition of other parts of the river-side before the advent of the Embankments. The Victoria Tower, with its pinnacles and flying flag, stands out well from its surroundings, and the artist with a few skilful touches of his needle has admirably suggested the architectural character of the whole building.

M. Brunet-Debaines was born at Havre on the 5th November, 1845. His father was an architect of repute, and gave to his son a thorough grounding in that profession. But other branches of art were more congenial to the youth, and he gradually devoted his attention to painting and etching. A mastery of the science of perspective has always shown itself in his representations of cathedrals, and much of this certainty of delineation is due to his early training. As an interpreter of Turner's paintings, M. Brunet-Debaines has achieved distinction, and his copper-plate translations of the work of British artists has made his name familiar and respected on this side of the Channel. He is among the few etchers of to-day who have attained the summit of excellence.



"Three little girls were sitting on a rail,
Sitting on a rail,
Sitting on a rail,
Three little girls were sitting on a rail,
On a fine hot day in September."

From "Under the Window."
Written and Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.

Kate Greenaway.—II.*

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.



From "A Day in a Child's Life."
Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.

TO "Mother Goose" followed "A Day in a Child's Life," 1881, and "Little Ann," 1883. The former of these contained various songs set to music by Mr. M. B. Foster, the organist of the Foundling, and accompanied by designs on rather a larger scale than those in "Mother Goose." It also included a larger proportion of the floral decorations which are among the artist's chief gifts. Daisies and daffodils, tulips and roses, are flung about the pages; and there are many pictures, notably one of a little figure perched upon a five-barred gate, which repeat the triumphs of "Mother Goose." In "Little Ann and other Poems," which is dedicated to the four children of the artist's friend, the late Frederick Locker Lampson, she illustrated a selection from the verses for "Infant Minds" of Jane and Ann Taylor, daughters of that Isaac Taylor, of Ongar, who was first a line-engraver and afterwards an Independent Minister. The dedication contains a charming row of tiny portraits of the Locker Lampson family. These illustrations may seem to contradict what has been said as to Miss Greenaway's ability to interpret the work of others. But this particular task left her perfectly free "to go her own gait," and to embroider the text, which, in this case, was little more than a pretext for her pencil.

In "Marigold Garden," 1886, Miss Kate Greenaway was her own poet, and next to "Mother Goose" this is probably her most important effort. The flowers (note especially the jar of roses on p. 26), are as entrancing as ever; and the verse makes one wish that the writer had written more.



From "A Day in a Child's Life."
Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.

**** We are again indebted to Messrs. Warne and Co. for permitting reproductions from their copyright books by Kate Greenaway.

* Continued from page 36.



"For what are you longing, you three little boys?
Oh, what would you like to eat?"
"We should like some apples, or gingerbread—
Or a fine big drum to beat."

From "Under the Window."
Written and Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.

The "Genteel Family" and "Little Phillis" are excellent nursery pieces, and there is almost a Blake-like note about "The Sun Door."

"They saw it rise in the morning,
They saw it set at night,
And they longed to go and see it,
Ah, if they only might!

"The little soft white clouds heard them,
And stepped from out of the blue;
And each laid a little child softly
Upon its bosom of dew.

"And they carried them higher and higher,
And they nothing knew any more,
Until they were standing waiting,
In front of the round gold door.

"And they knocked, and called, and entreated,
Whoever should be within;
But all to no purpose, for no one
Would hearken to let them in."

Here is another, "In an Apple Tree," which reads like a child-variation upon the theme of the admirable "Mimnermus in Church" of the author of *Ionica*:—



From "The Birthday Book for Children."
Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.

"In September, when the apples are red,
To Belinda I said,
'Would you like to go away
To Heaven, or stay
Here in this orchard full of trees
All your life?' And she said, 'If you please,
I'll stay here—where I know,
And the flowers grow.'"

In another vein is the bright little "Child's Song"—

"The King and the Queen were riding
Upon a Summer's day,
And a Blackbird flew above them
To hear what they did say.

"The King said he liked apples,
The Queen said she liked pears;
And what shall we do to the Blackbird
Who listens unawares!"

A few words must be said in regard to Miss Greenaway's career, the more so as the account, presumably supplied by herself to the current *Who's Who*, is rigorously concise in its modesty. She was born on the 17th March, 1846, her father being Mr. John Greenaway of Islington, a draughtsman on wood, who



From "The Language of Flowers."
Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.

contributed much to the earlier issues of the *Illustrated London News* and *Punch*. Very early she exhibited a distinct bias towards colour and design of an original kind. She studied at different places, and at South Kensington. Here she had for master the late Richard Burchett, who, five-and-thirty years ago, was a prominent figure in the art schools, a capable painter, and a teacher exceptionally equipped in all the branches of his craft. Mr. Burchett thought highly of Miss Greenaway's abilities; and she worked under him for several years with exemplary perseverance and industry. She subsequently studied in the Slade School under Prof. Legros.

Her first essays in the way of design took the form of Christmas cards, then beginning their now somewhat exhausted career; and she exhibited pictures at the Dudley Gallery for some years in succession, beginning with 1868. In 1877 she contributed to the Royal Academy a water-colour, entitled 'Missing,' and in 1890 was elected a Member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

By this date, as will be gathered from what has preceded, Miss Greenaway had made her mark as an illustrator of children's books, since, in addition to the volumes already specially mentioned, she had issued "Under the Window," "The Language of Flowers," "Kate

















From a series of drawings
Formerly in the possession of John Ruskin.

Illustrations to Mavor's Spelling Book.
By Kate Greenaway.



"The Wedding Bells were ringing,
And Monday was the day,
And all the little ladies
Were there so fresh and gay.

And up—up—up the steps they went,
The Wedding fine to see,
And the roses were all for the Bride,
So pretty—so pretty was she."

From "Marigold Garden."
Written and Illustrated by
Kate Greenaway.

Greenaway's Painting Book," the "Book of Games," "King Pepito," and other works. Her last almanack, which was published by Messrs. Dent and Co., appeared in 1897. In 1891 the Fine Art Society exhibited some 150 of her original drawings—an exhibition which was deservedly successful, and was followed by others. As Slade Professor at Oxford, Mr. Ruskin, always her fervent admirer, gave her unstinted eulogium; and in France her designs aroused the greatest admiration. The *Débats* had a leading article upon her death, and the clever author of "L'Art du Rire," who had already written appreciatively of her gifts as a "paysagiste," and as a "maîtresse en l'art du sourire, du joli sourire d'enfant ingénu et gaiment candide," consecrated a column in the *Figaro* to her merits.

It has been already said that, of late years, Miss Greenaway's popularity has scarcely been maintained. It would perhaps be more exact to say, that she has somewhat fallen off with the changing crowd who follow the reigning fashion, and who unhappily help to swell the units of a paying public. She gave her best to the last; but it is the misfortune of distinctive and original work, that, while the public resents versatility in its favourites, it wearies readily of what had pleased it at first. Miss Greenaway's old vogue will doubtless be to some extent revived by her too-early death; but, in any case, she is sure of diuturnity with the connoisseur of the future. Those who collect Stothard and Caldecott (and they are many) cannot afford to neglect either "Marigold Garden" or "Mother Goose."

Farewell, kind heart. And if there be,
In that unshored Immensity,
Child-Angels, they will welcome thee.

Clean-souled, clear-eyed, unspoiled, discreet,
Thou gav'st thy gifts to make Life sweet,—
These shall be flowers about thy feet!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since this article was put into type, a further exhibition (being the fourth) of Miss Greenaway's works has been opened at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in New Bond Street. The catalogue contains 210



"Five little sisters walking in a row;
Now isn't that the best way for little girls to go

Each had a round hat, each had a muff,
And each had a new pelisse of soft green stuff.

From "Under the Window."
Written and Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.

items, and has the advantage of an exceptionally graceful and sympathetic introduction from the pen of Mr. M. H. Spielmann. As Mr. Spielmann is understood to be the biographer-elect of Miss Greenaway, whom he knew intimately, I make no scruple to borrow, from so authoritative a source, one or two dispersed facts which may serve to render the above account less incomplete. She was born at 1, Cavendish Street, Hoxton, and the country residence referred to in the foregoing paper was a farm at Rolleston, where she had been sent on account of her mother's delicate health; and annual visits to this farm (writes Mr. Spielmann) up to 1868, "kept her eye clear and her love for nature warm"; but, he adds acutely, "nature not quite as she saw it, rather as she felt it." At South Kensington, he says, stories are told how she and Lady Butler "would bribe the porter to lock them in when the day's work was done, so that they might labour on for some while more." Another of the interesting points in this Introduction is that six of the first of Miss Greenaway's little drawings on the wood were acquired for the "People's Magazine" by the then editor, the Rev. W. J. Loftie; and that stories were "written up" to them, one of which was by the subsequently famous author of "A Short History of the English People," Mr. J. R. Green. Out of her connection with Mr. Loftie grew her connection with Christmas cards, and out of the Christmas card, the Greenaway child, as we know it, was gradually evolved.



From "The Queen of the Pirate Isle." By Bret Harte. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.

But we must stay our levies on Mr. Spielmann, and turn to the exhibition itself. Perhaps its most novel feature is the central case, containing, among other things, some of those missives to Mr. Ruskin of which mention has been made. Happy the sender, happy the recipient! In these epistles, like the famous contributions to the "Guirlande de Julie," picture and poem are often combined — delicate little tablets of symmetric script, decorated by flowers and sprays, or groups of tiny figures, which leave the mind—to use Smetham's admirable words of Blake—"in a pleasant uncertainty as to whether it is a picture that is singing, or a song which has newly budded and blossomed into colour and form." Some, too intimate and particular, no doubt, for the vulgar eye, are shielded by little shutters of paper which close discreetly upon their secrets. Turning to the walls, one is struck at once by the thought that the Greenaway of the brush and pen was far greater than the Greenaway of the picture books. Excellent and painstaking as were the reproductions, they are as moonlight unto sunlight compared with the original drawings. It is also abundantly evident from the drawings exhibited that when Miss Greenaway strayed from her own domain into larger compositions, or rather into compositions more exactly akin to ordinary water-colour, a considerable portion of her personal charm departed. But in designs such as those lent by Mrs. Arthur Severn (notably No. 5, 'Flowering Arch, through which poor children pass to leave their troubles behind'), little masterpieces of refined line and fairy tinting; in the illustrations to Mavor's Spelling-book (Nos. 99, 103, and 111); in the broader and more conventional "Apple Pie Alphabet," and in the illustrations to "Marigold Garden" and "Under the Window" (the artist's first book "all to herself") we get a Greenaway unexcelled and unapproached for sweetness, grace, simplicity and delicacy of treatment. Truly said Ruskin to his pictorial correspondent, "Holbein lives for all time with his grim and ugly 'Dance of Death'; a not dissimilar and more beautiful immortality may be in store for you if you worthily apply yourself to produce a 'Dance of Life.'"

A. D.



"Five little girls sitting on a form,
Five little girls with lessons to learn;
Five little girls who, I'm afraid,
Won't know them a bit when they have to be said

For little eyes are given to look
Anywhere else than on their book;
And little thoughts are given to stray
Anywhere—ever so far away."

From "Marigold Garden."
Written and Illustrated by Kate Greenaway

The Life and Work of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

By MISS HELEN M. M. ROSSETTI.

THE EASTER ART ANNUAL, 1902.

THE Easter and Christmas numbers of THE ART JOURNAL have always been devoted to artists who have severally taken an active interest in the preparation of the monographs. In departing from precedent with our Easter number this year, we have been guided, not only by a desire to include Dante Gabriel Rossetti among those distinguished artists whose achievements have merited such recognition in the series, but also, by devoting a monograph to the most ardent member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, to conclude the history of that artistic revolution which has been described incidentally in our special numbers on Millais, Morris, Burne-Jones and Holman Hunt. By the co-operation of owners of well-known pictures, it has been possible to include reproductions of Rossetti's most characteristic work, and the assistance derivable in past years from the subjects of the monographs has been given by the artist's brother and biographer, to whom and to whose daughter we are deeply indebted for access to authentic records, and for the use of several illustrations not hitherto published. To Mr. Fairfax Murray we are also under great obligations. He permitted his unique collection to be largely drawn upon, and through his generosity many rare illustrations are included. In reproducing pictures, those have been chosen which particularly illustrate notable characteristics or important periods of work. The plates are 'The Christmas Carol,' 'The Beloved,' and 'Paolo and Francesca;' and there are forty-eight other illustrations.

Miss Helen M. M. Rossetti, a niece of the painter, has collected with every care the material for her essay. She has referred no more than is consistent with historical research to the private life of her uncle, whom she cannot recollect, but with whose inner life she has become familiar by family associations.



From the picture in the Collection of Fairfax Murray, Esq.

Bocca Baciata.
By D. G. Rossetti.

Among those artists who have possessed that rare attribute, the birthright of a poetic imagination, few have expressed their thoughts except by their own medium. Rossetti, from his infancy, thought poetry, wrote and published it, sometimes by itself, at other times to accompany a realisation in paint of the same idea. He contributed many suggestive lines to the organ of the P.R.B., "The Germ; or, Art and Poetry, being Thoughts towards Nature," a short-lived magazine, but a wonderful. Whether he excelled as a painter or as a poet has often been the subject of discussion. It is related that Mr. Whistler once gave his approbation to a sonnet and disparaged a picture; though it was probably random humour and not deliberate criticism which prompted the remark. He had seen a picture by Rossetti, beautifully framed, and when the artist read the lines dedicated to it, exclaimed, "Rossetti, take out the picture and put in the sonnet!" There is no doubt that he was gifted with a great artistic passion, which he sometimes expressed in words of much fervour; but the larger share of his attention was turned towards painting. His own life of prodigality, tribulation, and emotional enthusiasm was reflected in his pictures, and his work shows the vehemence of his mental temperament.

He died exactly twenty years ago (Easter Sunday, 1882), at Birchington-on-Sea: it is opportune that our tribute to his genius should be published at the season of the year when the world of art was deprived of a thinker of unexcelled originality and power.



Loch-an-Eilan.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Rothiemurchus (III). Loch-an-Eilan*

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.SCOT.

LOCH-AN-EILAN is one of the loveliest bits of scenery in Scotland, and the special show-place of the district. All roads in Rothiemurchus therefore lead to it. But the high-road goes round from Aviemore by the Doune, which is the residence of the proprietor. Doune House is a square modern building, substantially constructed, in the midst of spacious parks and richly-wooded policies, on the banks of the Spey, whose soft cultivated beauty contrasts strikingly with the bare rocks and brown heath-clad mountains around. A high mound crowned with trees lies to the east, from which the mansion received its name. It was originally a fort, and tradition says that it was inhabited by a brownie which faithfully served the household for many years, probably a survival of the use to which the mound was originally put. This family seat was occupied for many years by the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. The Duchess was the daughter of the famous Jane, Duchess of Gordon, who lived on the neighbouring property of Kinrara, and seems to have inherited the vivacity of disposition and the active benevolence of her mother. A large number of the leading men of the day were entertained in the Doune during her occupancy, among others Lord Brougham. A dispute arose one night among the visitors, as to whether the Lord Chancellor of England carried the Great Seal about with him when he travelled. The Duchess put the matter to the test at once, and marching at the head of her friends to the bedroom of Lord Brougham, who was lying ill at the time, she persuaded him to imprint a cake which she had just baked, with an impression of the Seal, which, of course, settled the question.

Rothiemurchus originally belonged to the powerful family of the Comyns, who owned all the lands of Badenoch. With the displacing of the Comyns is associated a tradition of the Calart, a wooded hill to the west of the little loch of Pityoulish. In the pass close to this loch one of the Shaws, called Buck Tooth, waylaid and murdered the last of the Comyns of Badenoch. The approach of the Comyns was signalled by an old woman seated on the top of the Calart, engaged in rocking the tow; and Shaw, with a considerable force of his clansmen, sprang from his ambush and put them all to the sword. The graves of the Comyns are still pointed out in a hollow on the north side of the Calart, called Lag-nan-Cumineach. Unswerving tradition asserts that this Shaw was no other than Farquhar, who led thirty of the clan Chattan in the memorable conflict with the thirty Davidsons of Invernahaven, on the North Inch of Perth, in 1396. His remains were interred in the churchyard of Rothiemurchus, and a modern flat monument with an inscription, and with the five cylinder-shaped stones, the granite supporters of the original slab, resting upon it, indicates the spot. Tradition says that these curious stones appear and disappear with the rise and fall of the fortunes of the House of Rothiemurchus. A footman of the Duke of Bedford, during his tenancy of the Doune, removed one of them to test

* Continued from page 80.

the truth of this tradition. But he was obliged speedily to restore it, owing to the indignation of the people. A few days after putting back the stone upon the grave he was drowned in fording the Spey; and his death was considered in the district the just punishment of his sacrilege.

The Shaws held possession of Rothiemurchus till they were finally expelled by the Grants of Muckerach in 1570. On account of their frequent acts of insubordination to the Government, the lands of the Shaws were confiscated, and bestowed upon the Grants "gin they could win them." Many conflicts took place between the two rivals, one of them in the hollow now occupied by the large well-stocked garden of the House. Though defeated and slain, the chief of the Shaws would not surrender his rights, but even after death continued to appear and torment the victor, until the new laird of Rothiemurchus buried his body deep down within the parish church, beneath his own seat; and every Sunday when he joined in the prayers of the congregation he had the satisfaction of stamping his feet upon the body of his enemy. The last of the Shaws of Rothiemurchus was outlawed on account of the murder of his stepfather, Sir John Dallas, whom he hated because of his mother's marriage to him. One day, walking along the road, near a smithy, his dog, entering, was kicked out by Dallas, who happened to be within, when the furious young man drew his sword and cut off Dallas's head, with which he went to the Doune, and threw it down at his mother's feet. The room she was in at the time is still pointed out; and the smithy where the murder occurred is now part of the garden, and it is said that on the anniversary of the tragedy every August, the scent of blood is still felt in the place, overpowering the fragrance of the flowers.



Loch-an-Eilan.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Muckerach Castle, near Granton, now in ruins, was the earliest possession of the Rothiemurchus family. The lintel-stone of the doorway was removed and built into the wall of Doune House. It has carved upon it the date of the erection of the castle in 1598, and the proprietor's arms, three ancient crowns and three wolves' heads, along with the motto—"In God is all my trust." Several members of the Rothiemurchus family greatly distinguished themselves in the world of diplomacy and politics. Sir John Peter Grant, a very clever barrister, was first M.P. for Great Grimsby and Tavistock, and in 1828 was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Bombay. His son was Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and ultimately Governor of Jamaica, and for his valuable services was knighted. His sister, who married General Smith, of Baltiboys, in Ireland, wrote the charming "Memoirs of a Highland Lady," giving a social account of Rothiemurchus in the early years of last century.

Not far from the garden of the Doune, on a knoll which commands an extensive view, is the mansion-house of the Polchar, where the late Dr. Martineau resided for many years. The house has long sloping roofs and low walls, and is well sheltered by trees from the blasts which in winter must blow with great violence here.

From June to November the venerable divine was accustomed to come to this place from London, and the change no doubt helped to prolong his valuable life. When he came first to Rothiemurchus, he found



Loch-an-Eilan.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

that everything was sacrificed for the sake of the deer forest. Old roads were shut up, and the public were excluded from some of the grandest glens. Dr. Martineau set himself to counteract this spirit of exclusiveness; and in a short time he succeeded in securing free access to the loneliest haunts of nature. Of an extremely active habit of body, he climbed the heights, and explored all the recesses of the Cairngorms. In his later years, however, he seldom moved beyond the scenes around his own door. His refined face and earnest manner always impressed one. Calling upon him on his ninety-second birthday to offer my congratulations and good wishes, I shall not soon forget his look, as if he were already a denizen of another world, and had brought its far-reaching wisdom and experience to bear upon the fleeting things of time. The family of Dr. Martineau have done an immense amount of good in the locality, having founded a capital library for the use of the inhabitants and visitors, and a school for wood-carving, with an annual exhibition and sale of the articles made by the pupils, which has stimulated the artistic taste of the young people in a wonderful degree.

Passing the low-browed manse, whose situation in the shadow of Ord Bane is exceedingly picturesque, a beautiful path at the foot of the hill conducts the visitor to Loch-an-Eilan. A stream flows all the way from the loch beside the path, which is overarched by graceful birch-trees, such as MacWhirter loved, and which he actually painted on the spot several years ago while residing at the manse. The studies of the Lady of the Woods by his facile pencil in this place are exceedingly beautiful. They hang their long waving tresses overhead, and cast down over the white path the most delicious shadows; while the murmur of the stream soothes the senses, and makes one see visions and dream dreams. In a little while the northern shore of Loch-an-Eilan comes in sight, embosomed among dark-green fir forests. It occupies an extensive hollow, overshadowed on the east by the bare round mountain mass of Cadha Mor, one of the outer spurs of the Cairngorm range, while on the other side rise up the grey precipitous rocks of the Ord Bane, clothed with birches and pines to the top. The Ord Bane is composed mostly of primitive limestone, and bands of mica schist very much bent and twisted by the geologic forces to which it owed its origin. It is easily ascended, and the view from the summit, owing to its central position, is both extensive and magnificent, including the two horizons to the north-east and south-west, with their clothing of dark fir forests in one direction, and of birch woods in the other. Loch Morlich shows itself distinctly in its wide basin glancing in the sun, while far over the wild mountains that surge up tumultuously in the south-west, Ben Nevis storms the sky with its broad summit.

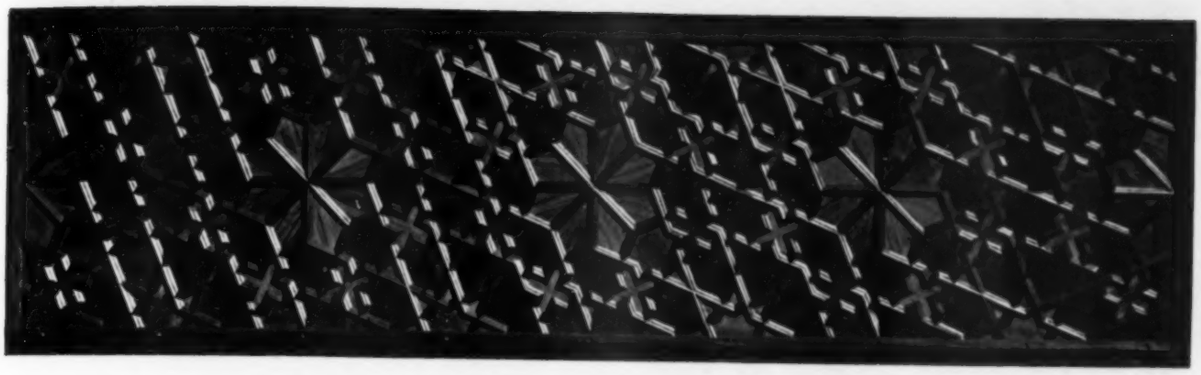
Charles V. said of Florence, "It is too beautiful to be looked upon except on a holy day." The same might be said in a truer sense of Loch-an-Eilan, for it is a sanctuary of nature. Its beauty touches some of the deepest chords of the heart. It is not a mere landscape, it is an altar picture. It is a poem that gives not merely a physical or intellectual sense of pleasure, but awakens the religious faculty within us, creating awe and reverence like a holy hymn. One of its great charms is its unexpectedness. It comes upon you with a sense of surprise in the heart of the forest. Its water is the spiritual element in the dark fir-forest. It is to the landscape what the face is to the human body—that which gives expression and imagination to it, and therefore it lends itself easily to spiritual suggestiveness. It is the face of nature looking up at you, revealing the deep things that are at the heart of it. All around the loch are fir-woods, miles in extent, in whose depths one may lose oneself. But here at the loch-side one comes out into a wide open space, and finds a mirror in which the whole sky is reflected. There is a sense of freedom and enlargement. One sees more of the shadow than the sunshine among the fir-trees, and only bits of the blue sky appear high up between the green tops of the trees; but here the whole heavens are seen not only above but below, with the double beauty of reflection. The water makes the blue sky bluer, and the golden sunshine brighter. The sight awakens the thought that it is good to have clear open spaces in our life, in which heaven may be brightly imaged. It is good to have in our souls parts devoted to a different element from that of which our life is usually composed, in which we may have large glimpses of the world that is above us, the spiritual and eternal world. Life must broaden if it is to brighten. Over the narrow stream the trees arch, shutting out the sky. To the shores of the wide lake they retreat, leaving it open to the whole firmament.

(*To be continued.*)

HUGH MACMILLAN.



Refreshment Cottage at Loch-an-Eilan.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



Entrelac Panel. By John Chandler Bancroft.

An Artist in Woodwork.

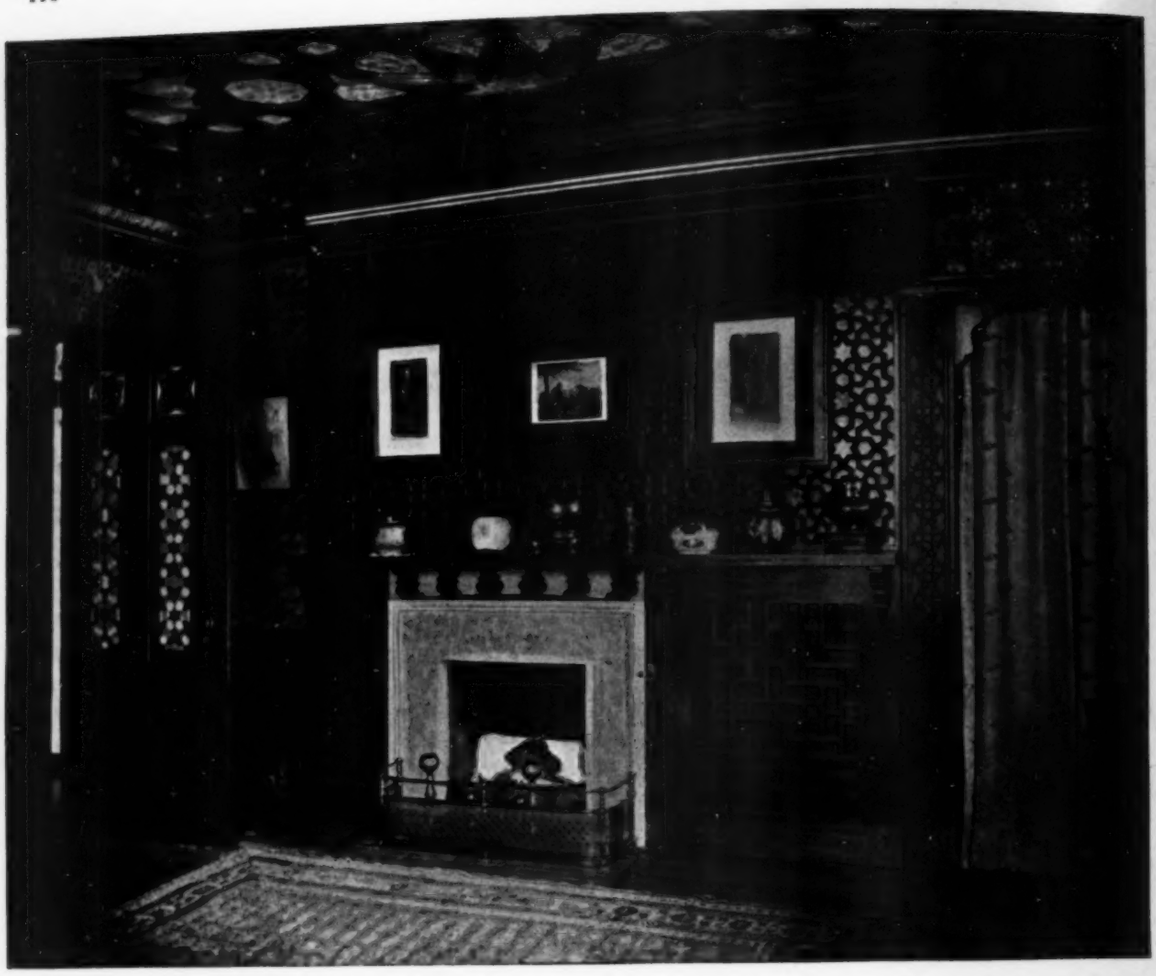
THE inlaid woodwork here illustrated was designed and executed in his own workshop by John Chandler Bancroft (eldest son of George Bancroft, the historian) who was born in 1835, and died last winter at his house in Boston.

Mr. Bancroft was trained as a painter in the later fifties, and studied under Bendemann at Düsseldorf. Paris at that time had been scarcely thought of in America as an artistic centre. At Düsseldorf, however, he found himself in congenial surroundings, and he went from there to Paris for further study. At Barbizon he made the acquaintance of Jean François Millet, Bodmer, Jacques, Corot, Duprès and the other artists who lived there and made the village famous. His keen enjoyment of these French landscape painters never palled, and later in life he acquired some of their pictures. His own practice as a painter had, unfortunately, no visible results beyond the cultivation of his taste and the enlargement of his knowledge of methods; for, owing to lack of confidence in a power he undoubtedly possessed, he was never known as a practising artist even in his own country. His performances always failed to satisfy his critical eye, and he seldom finished any picture. It might have been otherwise if he had been obliged to earn his living by painting; for he had the eye of a true painter. He studied assiduously in the galleries of Paris and Madrid, and he had a most retentive memory for all works of art which interested him. Bancroft was a member of the well-known Century Club in New York and of the Society of Arts and Crafts in Boston, and in both, although never active, he was held in the highest esteem by his fellow members. He collected, besides French pictures, a great number of Chinese and Japanese specimens of Art-workmanship, some of the last being bought by him in Japan; the most important of these, an almost unique collection of Japanese prints, has found a permanent home in the public museum of Worcester in New England, a town with which the Bancroft family was closely connected.



End view of a Cabinet.
By John Chandler Bancroft.

About 1867, owing to financial difficulties, Bancroft abandoned all idea of painting as a profession and took a position in a banking house. It was at this time that, in his leisure moments, he commenced wood carving, which he soon began to vary with inlaid work and with work done in *entrelacs* of mouldings in the Moorish manner. These last two forms of woodwork permitted a far wider and more varied scope of colour than unrelieved carving had done; and, giving up his clerkship as soon as his pecuniary stress was past, Bancroft pushed them, one would be tempted to say, to the limits



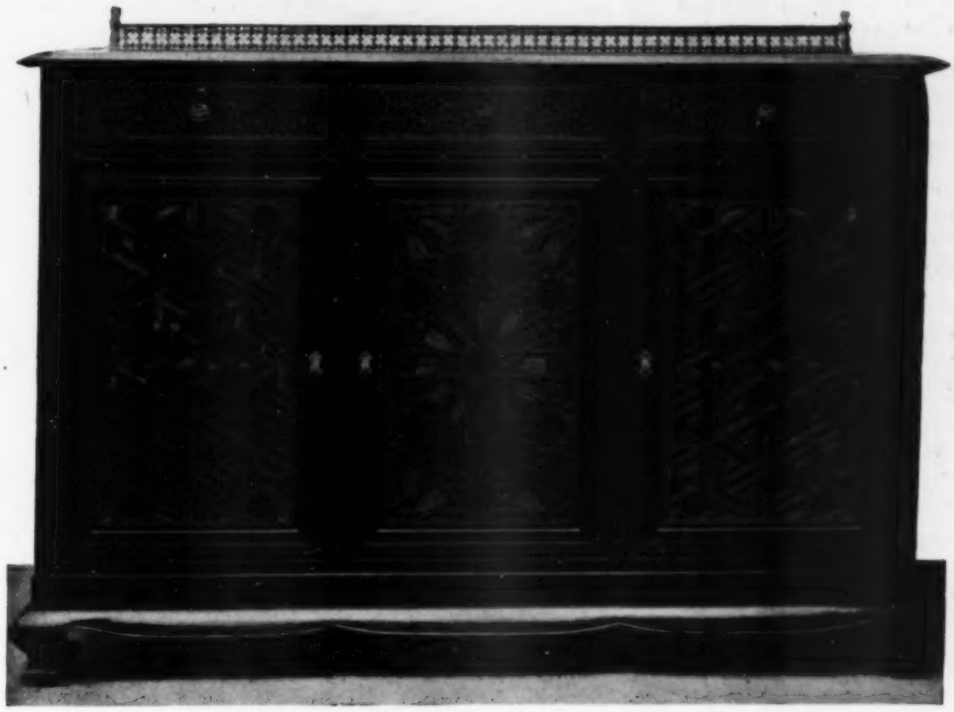
Interior. By John Chandler Bancroft.

of perfection. The small panels forming the ground behind his entrelacs were often elaborately inlaid, and the mouldings themselves occasionally relieved with fine lines of brass let into the wood. This letting in of brass, forming a species of cloison, was a favourite method of his, giving a certain distinction and brilliancy to the finished work. He used largely tropical woods, whose great variety of tint must seem incredible to any one not knowing them, blue-green, lemon yellow, orange, brick red, wine red, grey and even violet, besides an infinite number of tawny and streaked browns, all used together to a wonderfully harmonious end. The designs were always geometrical, taken from the old Saracenic, and having the same simple motives, however intricate the results. In the last years of his life, however, Bancroft, although never entirely leaving the Moorish, inclined more to designs of a Japanese character, of which his own dining-room in Boston is a most successful instance.

The methods he employed in the construction of panels for ceilings, wall-spaces, door-frames, etc., were not without interest. An exceedingly careful drawing was made to scale, from the first small sketch, by means of compasses and carpenters' squares and rules. Then the entrelac-moulding was sawn in lengths, mitred to fit the pattern. Bancroft prided himself greatly on the absolute geometrical accuracy with which he could accomplish this on such a rough implement as a circular saw. The pieces were then laid in place upon the drawing and glued end to end, held always firmly on the table by means of boards and handscrews. The resulting joints were almost invisible, and when firmly set, the whole open work was turned over, a manipulation requiring no small dexterity when the panel was of any size. The joints were then backed with corresponding lengths of wood. At this stage Bancroft would begin trying effects of colour in the filling of the open spaces. Although he had always a definite scheme in his mind, he invariably experimented before deciding irrevocably, finding it, in the case of woods, nearly impossible to foretell just what value a given colour would take on. The most surprising effects would thus come to light, browns often becoming unexpectedly quite red when placed next certain greens, which had also the result of rendering some pale woods, such as butternut or pear, a subtle pink. It was by availing himself of such remarkable results of contrast that Bancroft produced many of his most delicate effects. Accidents of grain, landscape-like streaks and stains in the wood, in fact any of the many freaks of knots, weather, and even worm-holes, were turned to account by him with most individual results. Bancroft always deplored the tendency of all woods, even when polished, to grow brown under exposure to the light, and occasionally he has used bits of Japanese silks and papers as backing to entrelacs, and in these experiments produced charming results.

In Bancroft's inlaid work the fret-saw played an important part. Several layers of different coloured woods would be glued together, and the pattern drawn on the upper one, which was then sawn out, and the layers again separated, leaving the pieces ready for as many different renderings of the pattern as there were kinds of wood employed. These pieces were then glued to a backing in their due order, and the fine empty lines left by the saw filled in with a mixture of lamp black and glue, with bichromate of potash added to render it impervious to moisture; or with a plaster of Paris paste, or with a thin line of brass, often with an alternation of all three. In the case where a fine line of brass was used, the panel, after its insertion, would be tooth-planed, leaving a brass burr sufficient to hold the metal in place. The work would then be backed on this side, reversed, the temporary backing removed, and the surface planed down and polished with repeated coats of thin shellac rubbed down till the texture was like that of finished agate. These brass lines were the chief way in which Bancroft has used metal in his work. Occasionally zinc ones took their place, but not often. At one time he tried cutting holes in the wood of the desired shape, and casting type-metal in them. In one large mirror-frame of inlaid work he cut pieces of zinc to fit, and used them in the inlay with admirable effect. The putting of the finished panels in place had to be done singly, except in instances where the subdivisions were remarkably small. This part of the work was left to an Italian workman named Torno, who for many years helped Mr. Bancroft in his workshop. Such things as door-frames were always put up whole.

Bancroft's strong feeling for composition and for whatever had to do with colour-relations, combined to give his work its unusual and very individual beauty. Unfortunately, there is no great quantity of it existing. It consists practically of the following—four complete rooms in his own house in Boston; work done for Mr. Alexander Agassiz at Cambridge and at Newport; for the late Edward Chase, Esq., in New York (this last of exceptional completeness, being a dining-room which contained the two sideboards of the illustrations, which were made expressly for the places they occupied); for James Higginson and Henry Marquand, Esqs., also in New York; for Charles Fairchild, Esq., in Boston; and four rooms at his own house in Newport, together with various pieces of furniture such as tables, sideboards, mirror frames and screens.



Cabinet. By John Chandler Bancroft.

The commercial instinct was not in Bancroft, and, although he would at one time have welcomed commissions, he was never able to get himself before the public. But among those who knew his work there is but one mind about it; and perhaps it is not too much to hope that, now that it has passed over to the other beautiful things of the past, it may with them be famous.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG.

The Master.

I FAIN would tell the simple tale
Of little Tommy Barradaile,
Who oft, with fingers deft, would limn
Some thing ('twas all the same to him

What thing it was)—some thing I say,
The kind you meet with every day—
A House, a Tree, a Saw with Teeth;
Nor did he write their names beneath,

For Tommy's friends had ne'er a doubt
They'd recognise the things without,
And very seldom did they taste
The pangs of confidence misplaced.

Both Tommy's friends and Tommy's dad
Heaped toys upon the little lad;
A kite, a boat, a box of bricks,
A cup and ball, some conjuring tricks.

They gave him skipping ropes and tops,
(Sometimes they gave him lollipops,)
They gave him marbles red and blue,
A Noah's Ark they gave him too.

And out of all that he possessed
His Noah's Ark he loved the best;
He took the very greatest pride
In all the animals inside.

He'd gently raise the roof and peep
At fauna jumbled in a heap,
The Cat reclining on the Cow,
The Lamb and Lion anyhow.

That little Lamb! Ah, it was sweet;
To draw it was his greatest treat;
Its little image filled his mind,
Its little tail hung down behind.

Now Tommy took "The Boys' Own Bits,"
A print arranged for youthful wits,
With jingling jokes and stories terse,
In rousing prose or rattling verse.

With "Pastime Pages"—happy boy!
With Puzzles—oh, delirious joy!
With Prizes to be struggled for
By every young Competitor.

And at the time of which I write
Young Tom has tried with all his might
In unaccustomed ways to shine—
And win their "Prize for a Design"!

Upon a sheet of paper fair
His Baa-Lamb he has drawn with care;
He's left a little space, and then
Its outline he has drawn again—

Until the sheet is covered quite
With Baa-Lambs, looking left and right,
Baa-Lambs with equal space between,
Midmost of which a Button's seen.

The button's very big, 'tis true,
I do not think I mind, do you?
Such simple shapes, I should surmise,
Might be allowed some extra size.

* * * *

Not many weeks had Tom to wait
Ere he had learnt his happy fate,
He'd learnt—could he believe his eyes?
That Thomas B. had won the Prize!

He'd won the Prize! Yes, it was true,
For there was printed, full in view,
His very drawing, line for line,
And underneath, "The Prize Design."

The eager print-shops welcomed it,
On stalls of Smith it was a hit;
It caught the eyes of passers-by
Who paused and glared in ecstasy.

Its chaste simplicity of form
Took the Metropolis by storm;
A jaded Public felt a sense
Of fine artistic reticence

The "Decorative Purists," who
Most surely knew a thing or two,
Sate wondering if its Author'd care
To fill their Presidential Chair.

Their Secretary sent a wire
Addressed to Thomas B., Esquire,
Requesting that he would consent
To be their honoured President.

(I've not, I think, explained to you
That Tommy's dad was Thomas too,
A Builder and Contractor keen
Of somewhat supercilious mien.)

And when *he* got the telegram,
"I'm just the man," said he, "I am;
I've been neglected by the Fates,
But all shall come to him as waits."

Meanwhile young Tommy's kudos grew,
Wide o'er the land his praises flew;
The tide of eulogy ran high,
While Tommy stood, indifferent, by.

The Press (that seldom stints its praise
Of those whom fame has crowned with bays)
Recorded oft the flattering tale,
And boomed the name of Barradaile.

In lowly cots, in marble halls,
Baa-Lambs and Buttons grace the walls;
In Palace fair, in Mansion gay,
Buttons and Baa-Lambs hold their sway.

There may be here and there a one
Who thinks the thing is overdone;
But still that Presidential Chair
Supports the form of Thomas *père*.

EDWD. F. BREWTNALL.



No. 1.—Poster by Cecil Aldin.

Poster and Advertisement Design.

TILL now, the attempts to produce artistic posters have been few, and not very successful, and this is partly because it seemed hardly worth while to produce good pictures for so ephemeral an object.

But still the poster is with us and insists on being seen, and with all its defects goes some way to cover ugly walls and hoardings with a patchwork of colour. Gradually we have begun to accept it as a necessity, and even as an opportunity for some sort of entertainment and decorative effect.

If, however, any real improvement is to be made, there must be a clear understanding of the style of work suitable for posters, and they must not be confounded with pictures. The use of some well-known examples of pictures for advertising, such as Millais' 'Bubbles,' has taught us what to avoid, first because the reproduction in colour of an oil painting is too costly, if properly done, and second, because the technical method is inappropriate.

The few examples here illustrated do not by any means cover the variety of work done; they are selected only as showing a clear recognition of what appear to be the true principles of poster design.

In all of them the subject is treated in a very simple and direct manner, with no attempt at pictorial realism, or light and shade; very few colours are used, and these are laid almost quite flat with only an outline to surround them. The reason of this is sound: large simple masses of colour tell best at a distance, and are cheapest, being easy to print, while the outline helps to give precision and to enforce detail; it is made thicker according to the distance at which the poster is to be seen.

If we compare with such work the shaded lithographs widely used, their inferiority must be evident, the effort to give relief by shading and modelling is thrown away—it does not tell at a distance—and the use of too many colours does not tend to a broad effect.

The subject of Mr. Tom Browne's design (No. 2), exhibited at the Poster Academy held at the Crystal Palace, is simple and obvious enough; but a quaint humour is shown in the cow's interest and the cat's share in the spilt milk; Brittany costume lends picturesqueness—unless it be allusive to milk from a foreign source; a flat green ground sufficiently indicates meadow, and the outline clears and accentuates the details.

Mr. John Hassall is one of the most successful designers; his freshness of style, fertility of invention, and refined sense of humour make his work something to be looked for with pleasure. The particular specimen here given (No. 3) is entirely in black, white, and red, of course an arbitrary scheme of colour, intended to catch the eye, but the effect is very pleasing and brilliant; the story is well told, and the drawing of the figures firm and good, with a humorous feeling for types of character; the reproduction gives but a poor idea of the red carpet, coach, trappings, and sky, but shows the general composition well.

Mr. Cecil Aldin is, like Mr. John Hassall, well known in the allied branch of decorative book illustration, and he has a similarly large intelligent method and mastery of colour, together with a love of nature and human nature quite his own.

As to the subjects of posters, they must, of course, vary according to the needs of the advertiser as well as the invention of the designer; but as a general rule

the most successful seem to be the simplest in motive, and often those of a humorous turn are calculated best to catch the eye of the passer-by. It might be suggested to designers of them, as a counsel of perfection, that when called upon to advertise things common or ugly in themselves, such as boots, blacking or soap, they should make them attractive by their connection with a pretty or amusing picture, and not merely present us with a picture of the thing itself.

Magazine and music covers, in as far as they may be advertising media, are of a similar nature, and should obey similar rules of art—and it must be said, in this connection, that as a matter of taste the modern magazine cover would be better and more dignified if it were a good deal simpler. The reiteration on the cover of a magazine of an illustration contained within it, often in more glaring colours to attract attention, tends to vulgarise the illustration and to detract from the effect of it in its place. It is better on the outside to have purely decorative design in bright but harmonious colour or black and white.



No. 2.—Poster by Tom Browne.

A great field for variety of decorative design is afforded by the covers of all kinds of ephemeral literature, and it is quite possible to make them attractive within the limits of good taste; but pictures on the outside are certainly not the right thing. Surely no one who would read sixpenny editions of good authors is likely to be drawn to them by the hideous portraits frequently put on the outside. A cheerful design or pattern would be a more effective bait, one would think, for those whom the title is insufficient to attract.

It is largely a matter of reasonableness, but the particular danger of advertising is that it is always apt to be blatant and exaggerated, instead of attracting by what is pleasing or interesting. Still there are signs of improvement; and in time we may no longer think of an advertisement as a necessary evil.

AUDLEY MACKWORTH.



No. 3.—Poster by John Hassall.



La Tempête.
By Rodin.



La Tempête.
By Rodin.

New Work by Auguste Rodin.

"LE MUSÉE DE RODIN," which was one of the most interesting features of the Paris Exhibition, has been transported to Rodin's country place at Meudon, and now stands in his garden. In the gallery of this Musée Rodin has arranged on glass shelves, in well-proportioned glass cases, his original models in clay; many of these are not yet worked out in the size intended, and many are the first conceptions of works we all know.

The arrangement of the Musée is not complete, many statues are not yet in their places. The morning we went down one glass shelf, too heavily weighted, had broken, and all the clay originals thereon had been smashed. It was a real disaster, but Rodin bore it well, and seemed more concerned about the possibility of his assistant being injured than distressed at the ruin of his models, though from time to time his orders to the young man to seek for certain pieces in the *débris*, showed that some, at least, were precious models.



L'Âme et le Corps.
By Rodin.

Besides the Musée which Rodin has placed at Meudon, he has had a new atelier constructed there. There is a series of large pigeon-holes from floor to ceiling in the gallery of this atelier, and, looking up, we can see all these recesses filled with work. Rodin still keeps his large ateliers at the Rue de l'Université, he works at Meudon in the mornings, and in Paris in the afternoons. We are simply amazed at the infinity of his invention, and his inexhaustible power of work. Here at Meudon, as also at the Rue de l'Université, there were many groups we had never seen previously, most of them conceived twenty years ago, and now being carried out in the plenitude of the master's power.

In the Musée we remarked a small group in plaster, 'L'Âme et le Corps.' It is the figure of a horse complete to the neck, from whence issues forth the upper part of a woman's form: with hands joined above her head she seems to be drawing herself forth from the body of the animal, expressing the effort, the eternal effort, to free the soul from the body.

The body of the horse and the figure of the woman are strongly and beautifully modelled; this seems needless to add, since such is the perfection of Rodin's modelling, that he has often been compared to the old Greeks; certainly, nothing like his work exists in modern Sculpture. Always Rodin insists that modelling is everything. Poets naturally insist on the perfection of their means of expression. Our lips, our

hands, our voices we can control by study, we can perfect their power and obedience so as to be fit instruments for the creative force. Nature recognises in the man who can take infinite pains, a good interpreter. She certainly speaks through true genius: through one of the gifted she tells one secret, through another of the chosen, another of her secrets, but always she speaks most clearly and exquisitely through the greatest, the truest, the simplest. Through Rodin, Nature expresses her eternal laws of creation, her union of the strong and tender, her ceaseless production of life. In Greek allegory, in legend, in cloud, in wave, in animal and human form, Nature speaks through Rodin her mystery of love and life, unending, undying. We find groups of touching sympathy, of tenderness, of love, of relentlessness, of tragic suffering from the inevitable; attitudes of appeal against fate, the eternal cry of humanity—all are here; forms agitated by emotion, or reposing, drawing breath for the ceaseless march of life.



Les Nuages.
By Rodin.

As we sat at lunch, Rodin talked delightfully in his sure but simple way. It was a beautiful morning; his house at Meudon is on a height, and we looked out of the windows across the hilly ground flooded with sunshine. He talked of the art of the past, and regretted that this was not a great epoch of art. Machinery, he thought, had for a time killed art. In old days, workmen made even a chair or a table with care and understanding; thought and intelligence were needed to make every joint fit with neatness and strength, and such a workman could better appreciate a picture or statue which was well made than men whose lives were passed in accumulating money and spending it. "We do not look for appreciation from the latter," Rodin added; "men who do nothing cannot know what is well done." Rodin does not despair of the future, he thinks man must come back to art, and that after a century or two there will be a resurrection in art.

Thinking of Rodin and Legros, we said it seemed



Polyphème.
By Rodin.



Polyphème.
By Rodin.

strange that an artist who entirely belonged to the glorious past of art should exist nowadays.

"There is always a survival from the past," he said, "something that cannot perish, but the present age is sad and painful for the true artist."

As we talked Rodin handed us a little group in plaster to look at, it was the 'Creation of Woman.' A hand issuing from a cloud, creating the beautiful woman's form which came forth from the man's side; the man faint and exhausted from the wound; the woman with uplifted hand and adoring expression thanking the God for her birth.

In the Musée is a beautiful group, in relief, of two lovers in purgatory, resting a moment, in shelter, from the ceaseless whirlwind which blows them round their circle of pain; the woman's head drops for that moment, all too brief, on the man's shoulder, and she sleeps.

At the Rue de l'Université there are many new works, and some of them most remarkable. 'La Tempête,' which is for a part of the Dante story, is marvellous in its fine modelling and intensity of expression. It is the head of a woman, the head and shoulders are straining forward as if carried on in the rush of the wind, the wild hair swept upwards, the mouth open, the eyes full of a strange light, the very gleam of cruelty horrified at its own relentlessness, such eyes! The whole conception is strange, powerful, and unforgetable, while the modelling is strong and true, faithful to nature in every detail. 'Les Nuages' are represented by two female figures side by side, one kneeling, the other half-seated, half-lying, with the feet drawn up; the outstretched arm and hand of the one draws up the long hair of the other, while the hair of the recumbent figure sweeps the shoulder of her companion. The effect of the whole outline is wonderful, giving as it does the idea of changing, drifting clouds. The beauty of form is enchanting. In the group, 'Illusion,' Rodin shows himself artist, poet, philosopher! There are two figures, the man's sinking down to earth, one wing shattered, draggled; the attitude of the falling figure splendid, the long, backward sweep of the falling body magnificently modelled, full of grace. The woman, with bent head and figure weighted with grief, expressing the clinging love which will not have its faith, its happy dream, destroyed. Rodin has been called an impressionist by unthinking people, perhaps because he is daring, and is not enslaved by tradition. To call him an impressionist is to show that his work has been most superficially studied. His faithful modelling, his truth to nature, his unceasing work, separate him entirely from a school which tries to hide its ignorance and incompetency under vague indications which it calls originality, and tries to obtain effect by cheap effort.

One more group must be noticed, a small bronze of Polyphème discovering Acis and Galatea. Polyphème stands above the lovers, one foot rests on the rocks just over the hidden pair, the other on the rocks lower down, he looks on the happiness of the two graceful figures, locked in an embrace, in a niche below him, and his hands have seized the rocks in his fury, to hurl them on the unsuspecting pair.

A long time is required to gain even a slight idea of all Rodin's work. Group after group can be studied with real delight, and each time we visit his studios there is fresh work. We realise how much can be done even in one lifetime, and a wholesome sense of insignificance creeps over us as we stand in the presence of such masterpieces, and feel the power of such an artist, who is himself always learning, always coming with a fresh childlike mind to the worship of Nature.

CHARLES QUENTIN.



Les Nuages.
By Rodin.

Additions to the British Museum.

IF as a whole less noteworthy than those during the previous twelve months—in 1900 the Henry Vaughan bequest was in itself considerable—the 1901 additions to the Print Room at the British Museum call for brief notice. The department for whose conduct Mr. Sidney Colvin is responsible is precluded from buying examples by living artists. Were a draughtsman like Rembrandt or Leonardo or Michael Angelo to appear, Parliament would have to sanction, we suppose, a contemplated purchase before the death of the artist. Some years ago Professor Legros set an excellent example when he presented to the Museum a number of his works; and among many others who have so done are etchers as eminent as Messrs. D. Y. Cameron and William Strang. Recently Mr. Theodore Roussel has sent to the Print Room two portfolios, one containing the series of those colour etchings to which he has devoted so much time and talent, the other about twenty of his delightful river-side pieces, including the rarely beautiful 'Laburnums and Battersea.' Nor is this wise generosity limited to Mr. Roussel. His twenty supplementary mezzotints for the Liber Studiorum come from Mr. Frank Short; a study of a kneeling girl, in three chalks, from Mr. Charles H. Shannon; twenty etchings, in their several states, mainly illustrative of Wagner's "Parsifal," from Mr. R. Egusquiza; a set of proof woodcuts, as yet unknown to the public, from Mr. Sturge Moore, poet as well as designer; and a particularly interesting collection of proof woodcuts, many printed in colours, from M. Lucien Pissarro, son of the French impressionist painter. The Museum Print Room is used so often and to such good purpose by genuine students of art, that it is to be hoped other living artists of repute will from time to time present examples of their work.

The purchases of the year include an interesting relic of the now little-remembered Jeremiah Meyer, one of the original members of the Royal Academy. From a descendant there has been procured his memorandum-book, containing sketches for some of the miniature portraits which he executed with no little skill. Alike amusing and rare is an early English engraving by William Rogers. Entitled 'Eliza Triumphans,' it is a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, 1589. A number of pencil sketches of woodland scenes by Patrick Nasmyth; a fine example in water-colour of the portrait art of A. E. Chalon, R.A.; about 272 coloured prints by George Baxter, an early Victorian engraver—these presented by a descendant; an assemblage of something like sixty old-time Japanese drawings; 19 mezzotints by S. W. Reynolds, not before in the possession of the Museum; a rendering by D. Lucas, after Lawrence, of a large head of the Duke of Wellington; an engraving by Wagstaff of the Coronation of Queen Victoria, this after E. T. Parris, who painted the picture in 1839; Cosway's portrait of Mrs. Plowden; two of Burne-Jones' essays, in gold on especially prepared purple surface; many modern etchings, some after Mr. Dendy Sadler, others after Rosa Bonheur, Lawrence, Greuze; a pencil sketch by Gainsborough for a lady's portrait; a sketch of 'Lady Rancliffe's Swedish Dog,' in two chalks, by Landseer—these are other of the additions. Particular attention may be directed to two purchases. Millais' 'The Deluge' is one of the most strenuous and imaginative drawings of his pre-Raphaelite period; Jean François Millet's 'Les Bêcheurs' is a study in black chalk for the celebrated etching, a study more intense, perhaps better balanced, than the finished work. Not the least beautiful of recent acquisitions is that which we illustrate: a study by Watteau of five heads, bequeathed by the late Mr. Henry Vaughan. Much of the charm, some of the force, of the original—in red, black, and white chalks—is of necessity lost. But how nervously searching, how animated, how technically fine is this drawing, all who see it even in reproduction must be aware. It is comparable with several superb sketches by Watteau in the Louvre collection.



In the British Museum.

Studies of Heads.
By Watteau.



By permission of Mr. S. T. Gooden, Pall Mall.

Evening, Fordwich Meadows, near Canterbury.
By T. Sidney Cooper, R.A. (1843)

T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.

DURING the last few months of Mr. Sidney Cooper's life the gradual decline of his strength warned the world that the end of a remarkable career was not far distant. He had exceeded by so many years his allotted term of life, and had returned so many times to his artistic concerns after fighting serious illness, that the power to trifle with the decrees of destiny had seemed his to enjoy. His death on the 7th February, 1902, ended the work to which, from the days of his childhood, he had devoted himself with exemplary persistence. He was the longest lived of artists with authentic records, but the matter of accumulated years is less important than his achievements. Cooper battled for fame and even food from the time when he sketched Canterbury Cathedral on a slate to the time when his perseverance and talent secured him a place of honour among painters. The present generation is well acquainted with the details of his life and we refer posterity to his "Autobiography," published in 1890, an extended form of a contribution by the artist to our own columns in 1849.

To those young artists who with advantages of education and companionship find continual striving irksome and failure discouraging, a few references to the hardships encountered by Cooper with ultimate reward, may lead to emulation of the deceased painter's endeavours. Born on September 26th, 1803, at Canterbury, during the term of office of the second President of the Royal Academy, at the age of five Cooper's prospects in life were not improved by his father's desertion of his family. In 1815 he began to learn coach-painting, and in after years he was instructed in the art of scene painting. Most of his spare time was spent in sketching, and in due time he travelled to London and studied at the Angerstein Gallery, the pictures comprising which commenced the National Gallery, and at the British Museum. He procured admission to the R. A. Schools, but poverty compelled him to return to his native place to resume coach-painting. Diligence soon procured him the means of crossing the Channel, but when there he had to earn a precarious living by sketching portraits and painting sign-boards. War on the Continent drove him to England in 1831, and he took obscure rooms in London, from whence he made excursions to Smithfield and Regent's Park to sketch cattle. Shortly afterwards Mr. Robert Vernon purchased a picture of his, and became his constant patron.

Cooper's work soon began to be widely appreciated. The reality that Landseer gave to dogs, J. S. Ward, Abraham Cooper, and J. F. Herring to horses, and Morland to pigs and donkeys, Cooper gave to cows and sheep, and from those subjects he never departed, with perhaps the sole exception of his work for one of the Westminster Competitions, for which he chose 'The Battle of Waterloo' as subject. He often put cattle into the landscapes of F. R. Lee, R.A., and sometimes into those of J. B. Pyne: and in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, there is a composition by three well-known artists; the landscape is by T. Creswick, R.A., the figures are by W. P. Frith, R.A., and the cattle are by T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.

Passing Events.

SIR E. J. POYNTER on the 19th February unveiled the monument in St. Paul's Cathedral to his illustrious predecessor, Lord Leighton, P.R.A. The memorial was executed by Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., who received warm commendation for his work during the ceremony. The recumbent figure in bronze, which depicts the deceased artist, rests upon a sarcophagus on which are inscriptions on bronze tablets. At the head and feet are placed respectively bronze figures symbolical of painting and sculpture. The whole composition was nobly conceived, and there is a dignity about the finished work which properly accords with Lord Leighton's characteristics. "A Friend of Both," writing to *The Times*, asks why Millais was not similarly honoured. It is no disparagement to the gifts of Millais to point out that his term of office as President of the Royal Academy was short: he was loved and lamented, but his achievements did not equal Leighton's socially, if artistically, and the memorial in St. Paul's is partly a tribute to a long tenure of office and an unflagging energy in the execution of onerous duties. But, although the limited space available in the Cathedral forbids the erection of a memorial to Millais there, it must not be forgotten that a commission has been given to Mr. Brock to proceed with a commemorative work, which will eventually be placed on a site already selected in the Tate Gallery.

THE six lectures on Sculpture delivered by Professor Alfred Gilbert, R.A., to the students of the Royal Academy, could be epitomised by the words Observation, Endeavour, Experience of others, and Revision, the four essentials to Creation. Mr. Gilbert emphasised the difference between accidental and willed design by some black-board sketches, which humorously supplemented his spoken thoughts. As a creator in a sister art, he mentioned Beethoven, whose compositions were not the records of harmonious chords struck by chance on an instrument, for he was nearly stone deaf; his were creations which were the fruit of deep thought and a passionate love for his art. In like manner the work of painters, sculptors and architects should not be liable to the suspicion of being mere fluke productions.

IN one of his lectures Mr. Gilbert touched upon the absolute necessity for reading of the achievements of those who have recorded their experiences, or whose biographies furnish the right sort of inspiration for a student of art to seek. The library of the Royal Academy does not seem to be so well patronised by frequenters of the schools as it should be. The establishment of local free libraries, where often complete and well-chosen text-books and histories can be obtained easily, is possibly the reason for the apparent negligence by young artists of literature on special subjects. A glance at the work of any prominent artist will prove the help to be derived in the choice of subjects from a knowledge of history and especially legendary history. But there is history of another kind which artists with classical subjects in contemplation must study. The invaluable collection of books in the Architectural Library in Conduit Street has recently been enriched by five volumes of original drawings by Mr. J. K. Colling, a valuable addition to the books on architecture which are accessible to those who are interested in the subject. Mr. Gilbert would recognise a kindred spirit in his love of architecture and patient work in the original drawings of Gothic details from which the standard works of reference by Colling have been produced. Everyone who studies architecture is indebted to those who have purchased and presented these volumes for permanent reference.

THE necessity of taking some measures to suppress the smoke nuisance was exemplified by a statement by Sir William B. Richmond, R.A., at a recent meeting of The Royal Institute of British Architects. After a period of fog the deposit on the glass in the Gardens at Kew was found to weigh six tons, and the Keeper is naturally alarmed at the danger to cultivation which has arisen. An attempt is to be made to force the authorities at Brentford to compel manufacturers to regulate the outpouring of smoke from factory chimneys. The conservatories at Kew contain so much that is of value to the artistic community that any action will be supported that is taken to preserve the plants from deterioration. Sir William, and his colleagues on the Coal Smoke Abatement Society, spoke of the ruinous effect on historic buildings and all works of art caused by the use of ordinary coal, and urged that measures should be taken to make compulsory the use of smokeless coal, or other means of obtaining heat.

IT has been decided that the Memorial to Kate Greenaway shall consist of an endowed cot in the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children, and that any surplus funds shall be devoted to the perpetuation of the name of the children's artist by cots in other hospitals. No more suitable scheme could be imagined, and the Committee's efforts should be well supported. It would be appropriate if the Foundling Hospital derived benefit from any available funds, for Kate Greenaway illustrated "A Day in a Child's Life" for that deserving institution. Children especially are asked to collect for this object, and for one whose work was devoted to children's pleasure it will be a reciprocal task to help towards the success of the project. Cards decorated with reproductions of some of the artist's characteristic drawings will be sent on application to Mr. A. Liberty, the Hon. Treasurer of the Fund, The Lee Manor, near Great Missenden, Berks.

VALENTINE GREEN, represented by the painting by L. F. Abbott in the National Portrait Gallery, should feel gratified at the attention paid to the fifty examples of his work which hang in the gallery of Messrs. Colnaghi. Thus brought together, a negative answer must be given to the question whether it is a passing fashion which causes such high prices to be realised for his mezzotint engravings. The thousand guineas which stands as the highest price paid for an impression from one of his plates seems extravagantly high, but no one can see the collection of prints without wondering why this form of engraving does not entice artists of the first rank to master its difficulties and carry on the traditions of the Valentine Green School. In sympathetic hands it is one of the most expressive means of representing beauty, and the possibilities of its use in portraiture are inexhaustible.

THE National Portrait Gallery has been enriched by the purchase of a portrait of John Bunyan, painted

in 1685 by Thomas Sadler. The authenticity of this picture is established by an unimpeachable record, and its acquisition by the Trustees is very welcome. It is interesting to remember that a copy of the first edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress" realised £1,475 in May last at Sotheby's. A portrait of Dr. Johnson, supposed to be from the brush of Opie, has been presented by Lord Ronald Gower.

THE lecture on "Robert Louis Stevenson from a painter's point of view," addressed by Mr. T. C. Gotch to the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, on the 19th February, was a subject happily inspired and admirably treated. Stevenson was a great painter of word-pictures, and, in common with all artists of imagination, he possessed qualities and imparted qualities to his work which showed his knowledge of the human heart, an insight which Mr. Gotch defined as one of the attributes of genius. Sir William B. Richmond has so sympathetically translated the personality of the great man of letters, that those who know him only by his written work may easily find in the portrait a corroboration of the lecturer's comparison of the life of Stevenson with "a work of art of singular originality and charm." This novel description, in its earthly interpretation, suggests Christie's; but it is none the less applicable to a fragile, inspiring existence. "With Stevenson," said Mr. Gotch, "a landscape is not an ornament added to the work, it is the theatre of some drama, the fit background for some emotion vital to the story. So with the painter, he seeks no mere transcript of nature, however true; he is touched with an emotion or he sees in the lines of nature something which suits the problems of his art." Mr. Gotch quoted many passages from the books of the gifted author, his selection being made less to prove Stevenson's acquaintance with the art of painting than to show his intuitive mastery of those natural elements which constitute the essentials of a true artist.

ULYSSES' palace at Ithaca, and the other scenes reproduced in Mr. Stephen Phillips' play at Her Majesty's Theatre, are examples of spectacular display which deserve to be recorded. Mr. W. R. Lethaby, of the Royal School of Art, South Kensington, made sketches so that the scenery should give a correct idea of the architecture and decoration of ancient Greece, as determined from excavated material. Mr. Joseph Harker constructed the stage buildings from these sketches, and the scenes were as much in harmony with the period of the play as research and ingenuity could make them. The other scenes were tastefully contrived, for which visitors were indebted to Mr. Hawes Craven and Mr. W. Telbin. Calypso's Island, "This odorous, amorous isle of violets," was especially picturesque, and the final scene in Hades was faultlessly terrible. We do not agree with Mr. Justice Darling that the work of a scene painter is the most important part of the modern drama, but, aided by artists and scholars of note, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in the plays he produces, spares neither trouble nor expense to house and mount them in a sumptuous way which gives them an importance apart from their dramatic merit. For this he has won the respect and support of artistic patrons of the Theatre, and that he should have sought the assistance of Mr. Sidney Colvin, Dr. Murray, and other experts at the British Museum testifies to the high ideal he cherishes that in no way shall a historic production be marred by incompetent advisers. The costumes were devised by Mr. Percy Anderson with such accuracy as could be reasonably expected.

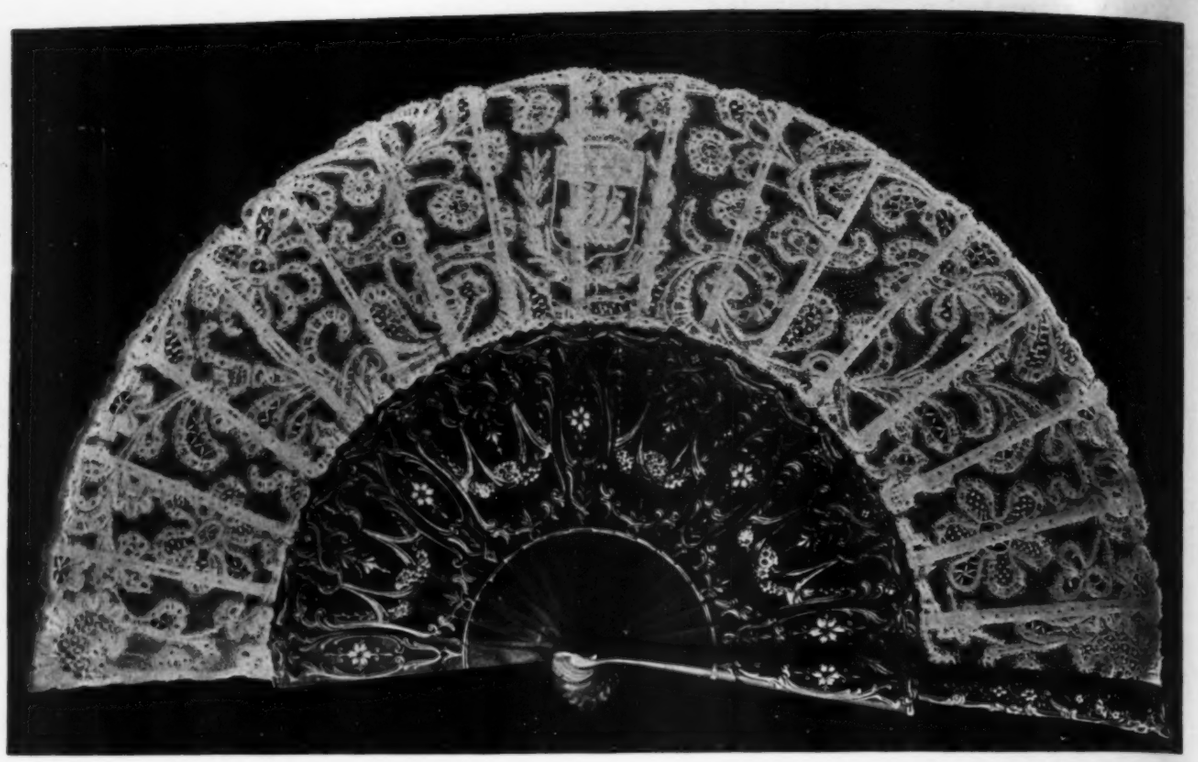
"PAOLO AND FRANCESCA" is another play which has afforded scope for artistic embellishment. The costumes were especially attractive, and a tribute must be paid not only to Mr. Percy Macquoid who designed them, but to those also who carried out his instructions. The artist acknowledges his indebtedness to the illuminated manuscripts of the period, and with the same authority the furniture was constructed. Scene 3, Act 3, "An Arbour in the Castle Gardens," was perhaps the most admirable as regards scenic effect, but in every case the backgrounds to the play did credit to Mr. Telbin. The lattice window in Rossetti's 'Paolo and Francesca,' which forms a plate in our Easter Number, might almost have been the source of inspiration for the quaint recess shown in the last act.

AS an instance of a change of fashion which recalls the early Victorian Era we may be pardoned, perhaps, if we resurrect a paragraph from THE ART JOURNAL for 1846. A Mr. Thomas Cooper was brought before a magistrate on some minor charge, and was described in the police report as "fashionably dressed, with large moustaches." On being questioned, he said he was an artist belonging to the Royal Academy, which provoked the following comment: "Mr. Thomas Cooper may be a *Student* of the Academy, but is in no other way connected with it. The error is the more to be regretted inasmuch as there are two gentlemen named Cooper among its members, Mr. Abraham Cooper and Mr. Sidney Cooper. We may add that no member of the Royal Academy perpetrates the atrocity of moustaches, a most un-English affectation." What a shock that writer would have if he could rise up now on some Exhibition day when artists congregate at Burlington House!

MR. ALFRED W. RICH, a member of the New English Art Club, recently held an exhibition of water-colour drawings at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. His subjects were mainly pastoral, but some river scenes were depicted with considerable skill, notably 'The Thames at Greenwich' and 'Greenwich Hospital.' If 'Moonlight on the Wandle' was correctly drawn, the painter's licence might have been exercised to render the bends of the river less angular; otherwise it was an agreeable composition.

A COMPETITION is announced for a Memorial Statue in marble or bronze to be erected in Melbourne to the memory of Queen Victoria. About £8,000 will be available for the completion of the work of the successful artist, and five premiums of £50 each will be awarded to the authors of the five designs placed next in order of merit. Designs must be sent in to the Town Clerk of Melbourne not later than the 1st December, 1902, and particulars of the scheme can be obtained from the Agent-General for Victoria, Westminster.

COLONIAL artists will exhibit work at the Royal Institute Galleries in June and July under the management of the Royal Colonial Institute. It should prove an attractive Exhibition, and welcome will be given to the original work of artists, knowledge of whom has been gleaned mainly from reproductions.



Honiton Lace Fan, adapted from an Italian Design.
"History of Lace" (Sampson Low).

Recent Books on Art.

MRS. PALLISER has become an authority on Lace of the first degree, and as it is nearly thirty years since the previous edition of her famous work appeared, M. Jourdain and Miss Alice Dryden have done well to prepare a new edition of the "HISTORY OF LACE" (Sampson Low). With nearly one hundred new illustrations and several chapters re-written the volume is practically a new publication. It deals with the history of lace from the earliest times, in Italy, Greece, Spain, Flanders, and France, and in great detail in England also. The illustration above represents an adaptation, by Miss A. Trevelyan, of an Italian design for Honiton lace work which was made in Devonshire for the Paris Exhibition of 1900.

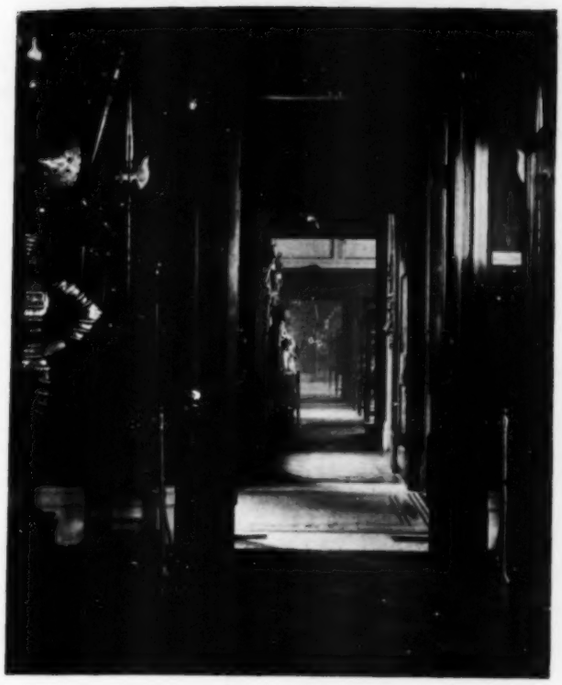
James Northcote was an incisive critic of his contemporaries, and his remarks on Reynolds and Gainsborough give much local colour to the proceedings of the artists during the early days of the Royal Academy. His friend and admirer, James Ward, took elaborate notes of his discussions with the painter, and under the title "CONVERSATIONS OF JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A., WITH JAMES WARD, ON ART AND ARTISTS" (Methuen), Mr. Ernest Fletcher has produced a most entertaining book. Mr. Fletcher undertook the work of putting Ward's notes of his conversations into literary form, at first simply because the manuscript came into his hands through a marriage connection, but he has evidently felt the spell of the old conversationalist, as he has carried out his part of the work with signal success.

Mr. R. E. Fry's illustrations to Mr. R. C. Trevelyan's "POLYPHEMUS AND OTHER POEMS" (Brimley Johnson), are full of suggestions, and exhibit an artistic quality worthy of serious cultivation. At present Mr. Fry's instincts are somewhat beyond his technical powers.

We recommend very strongly the series of lectures which Sir Martin Conway brings together under the title "THE DOMAIN OF ART" (Murray). They are lectures given to students at Cambridge, as Slade Professor of Fine Art, and no more sane advice was ever given to students by a professor. Sir Martin's experience in other fields keeps him from that narrow view of things which the ordinary art critic of to-day cannot overpass. His advice in collecting and in the patronage of art, of the relation of men of to-day towards art, is singularly forcible, and deserves to be read by everyone.

Dr. Bushell has written a touching little note to the late Cosmo Monkhouse's "HISTORY OF CHINESE PORCELAIN" (Cassell and Co.), of which a new edition was being prepared at the time of the writer's death. As an authority on porcelain, quite as much as a writer on art and a poet, Cosmo Monkhouse will be remembered; and in this volume, illustrated with twenty-four beautifully coloured plates, he has given us of his best. As a guide to collectors and connoisseurs the book stands alone.

BRITISH MUSEUM 16 OC 1902



View from the European Armoury Gallery 6, looking towards Gallery 7 (European Armoury) and Gallery 8 (Oriental Armoury).

The European Armour and Arms of the Wallace Collection, Hertford House.

By GUY FRANCIS LAKING, M.V.O.,

Keeper of the King's Armoury.

WITH the opening of the Wallace Collection last year the want, so long felt by the student-lover of armour and arms, has to a certain extent been removed.

We have no national armoury, save the very incomplete collection at the Tower of London, which, under the present conditions, has but a remote chance of being added to or advanced in any way by public desire.

In the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century it was attempted to augment the collections by purchases made from time to time, but this system ended in disastrous results, for many of the additions so acquired were worthless and puerile forgeries, with wonderful histories attached to them, possessing absolutely no genuine antiquity; or else they were fragments of true and genuine armour so restored that the modern and bad adaptations engulphed any desirable features of the purchase.

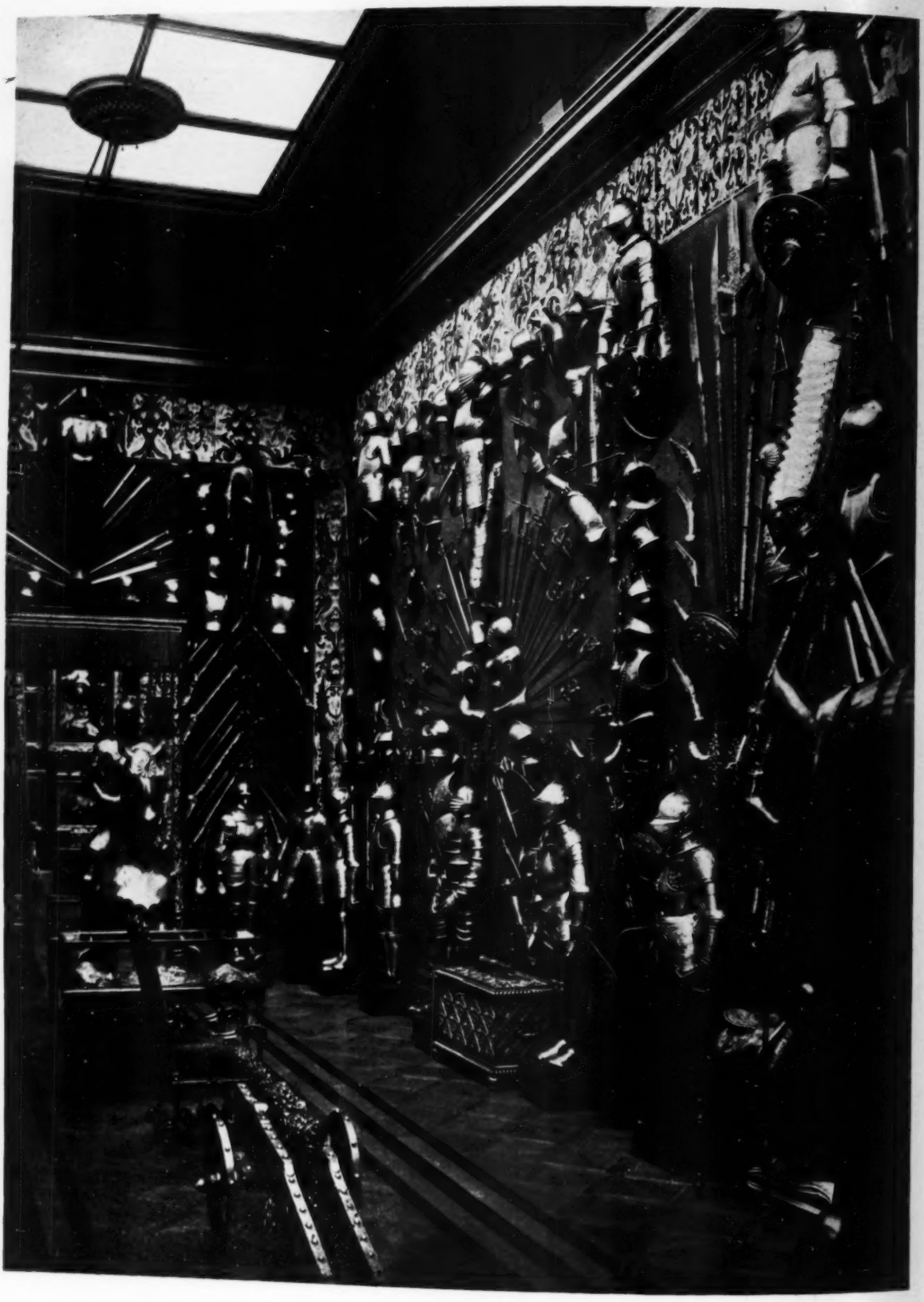
These notes take us back to our grand-parents, and to a time almost too long past to be of much interest in this notice, save to show that the nation did at one time make an attempt, though an unfortunate one, to improve our national armoury. Since that period the Tower Collection has practically lain dormant, to be only recently awakened by the skilful handling of Viscount Dillon, the present curator of the armouries.

It should, however, be clearly understood that these disparaging remarks apply only to the purchases made in the thirties and forties, for in the collection are examples of defensive armour which could not be matched; nor could their equals be found were the arsenals of Europe ransacked, either as regards the quality of design and manufacture, or for the sentimental interest attaching to them.

It must be also remembered that the Tower of London, as now known to us, has for its principal foundation the small series of suits that have been handed down from the remnants of the actual properties of Henry VIII., which included possessions from the Tower, from Westminster, from Hampton Court, from Windsor, and from St. James's House, nigh Westminster, the inventories of which places, besides other royal residences, were taken in 1547, the first year of the reign of Edward VI. The armour and arms were afterwards collected together to form an arsenal, first located at Greenwich, and then removed to the Tower of London. The date of the removal of these collections seems to have been about the year 1645. Viscount Dillon, in "Archæologia," vol. li., admirably describes a contemporary MS. inventory of 469 folios, that was presented to the Society of Antiquaries by Gustavus Brander, F.S.A., in 1775, in which manuscript a few of these suits figure, also large stores of commoner armour and arms. Much of this is even now to be seen at the Tower, but not in the large quantities spoken of, as this source has from time to time been drawn upon in order to supply trophies of arms to decorate St. James's Palace, Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Edinburgh Castle, and other royal palaces and public buildings.

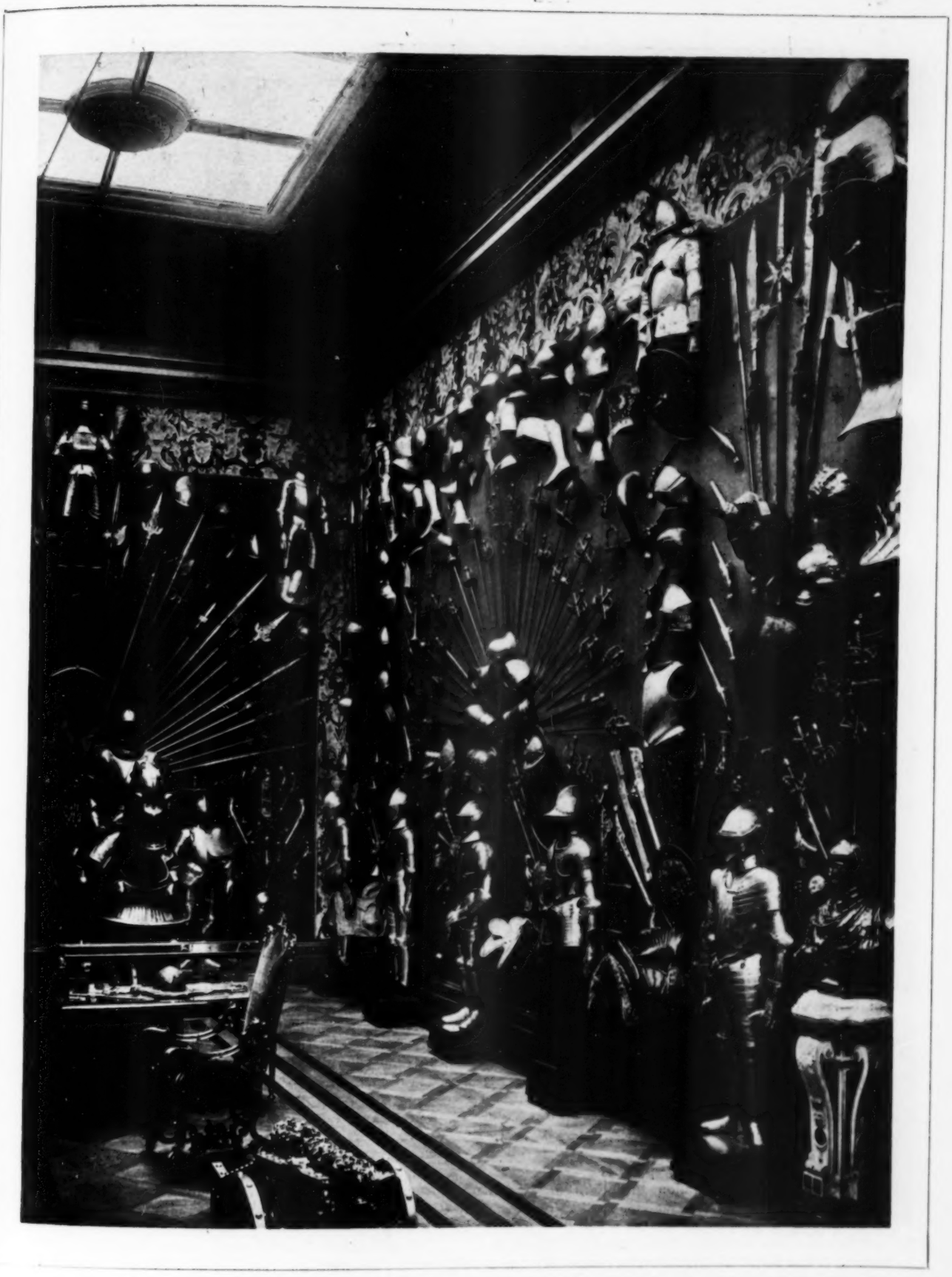
A museum of arms—some of the highest quality, and little known to the collector and lover of armour—is that in the Rotunda at Woolwich. Among its most important exhibits is the magnificent tilting-heaume from the now almost forgotten Brocas collection. The Baron de Cosson, in describing this same heaume, at the time it was shown in the Loan Collection in the Archæological Institute in 1880, adds very justly to his description of the piece, that it is perhaps "the grandest jousting helm in existence."

The United Service Institute collection, now exhibited in the large gallery at Whitehall, Westminster, can boast of three fine exhibits: a finely embossed cabasset helmet, a late sixteenth-century rapier—superb in quality—and a most interesting sword of the end of the fourteenth

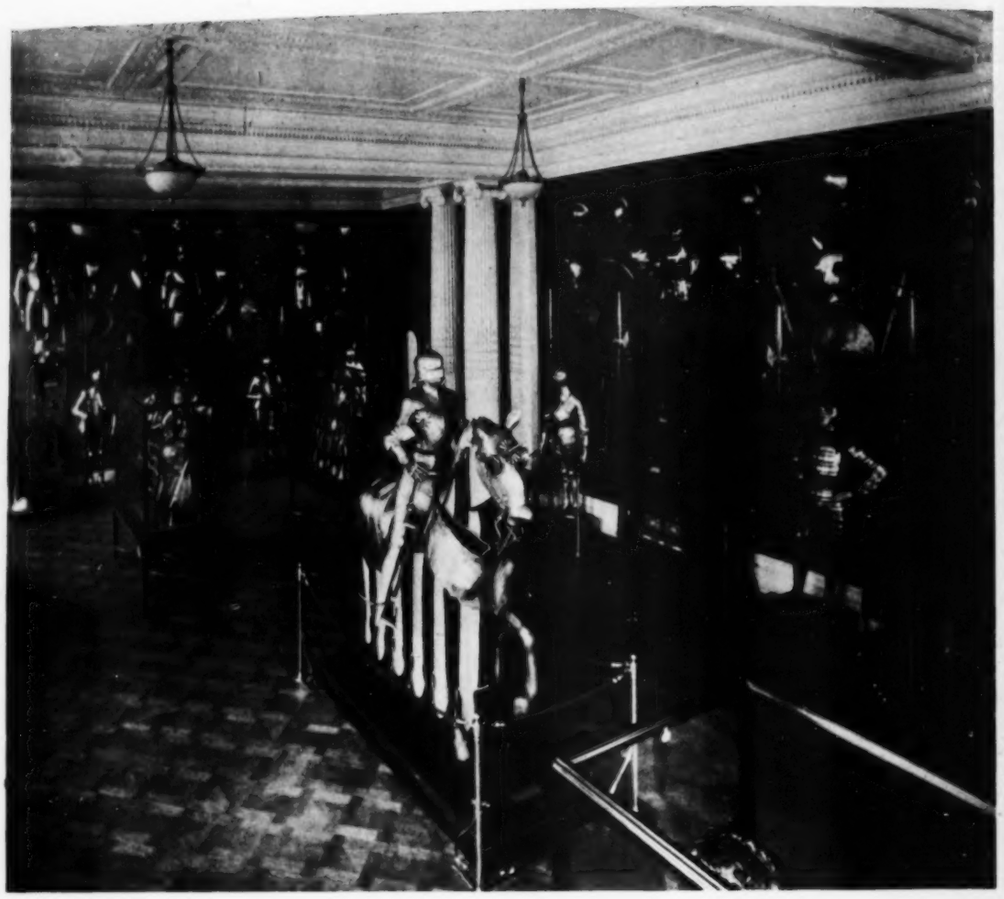


The European Armoury at Hertford House as arranged during the lifetime of Sir Richard Wallace.
Now Gallery No. 17, looking towards the Long Gallery No. 16.

BRITISH MUSEUM



The European Armoury at Hertford House as arranged during the lifetime of Sir Richard Wallace.
Now Gallery No. 17, viewed from the entrance from the Long Gallery No. 16.



General View of Gallery No. 6 as now arranged.

century, which was exhumed from that ever-resourceful store, the river Thames. The British Museum can show us the Burgess bequest, a collection of some fifty good and early pieces, but unfortunately, as is often the case, sadly overcleaned. At the British Museum also is the late Baron Ferdinand Rothschild's bequest, including two fine swords, a few projectile weapons, a truly fine morion, and lastly, and certainly the most important of the exhibits, the well-known Georgio Ghisi shield. In the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, are a few minor loan exhibits, also a selection of decorative arms that have been purchased from time to time; while at the Hall of the Armourers' and Braziers' Company, in Coleman Street, may be seen some good arms and armour, the chief item being a cap-à-pie suit, fashioned in the Jacobi school. But all this is by the way, and I must return to the Wallace Collection of Armour, which I am about to try and speak of in this series of articles; but I cannot help feeling somewhat discouraged in my task when I see the masterly way in which the pictures in that collection are being dealt with by Mr. Claude Phillips, their scholarly curator.

I have already said that we possess no representative collection of armour in London, and even the magnificent gift to the nation of the Wallace Collection does not wholly compensate for this. Although richer by far than we could ever have hoped to be in the work of the armourer-artist, it has failed to give us the commoner types of weapons, as for instance the guisarme, the ranseur, and many of the specimens which point out the vagaries of fashion through which the hafted weapon passed, and which are so fully represented in the splendid Ambras collections of Vienna or the Musée d'Artillerie of Paris.

The Wallace collection of European armour and arms was entirely formed by the late Sir Richard Wallace, and, as it is stated in the introduction to the catalogue, was chosen chiefly with a view to illustrate the beauty of the armourer's art in all periods; but with no idea of showing the forms and fashions employed in armaments offensive and defensive. To compensate for this it had the advantage of being chosen, and for the most part collected, by a gentleman of unerringly fine taste, judgment, and the all-important factor, almost unlimited means, without which it would be impossible to gather together a collection of such universally high quality. Sir Richard Wallace was no doubt aided in his selections by the comprehensive knowledge of the late Mr. Spitzer, whose first collection of arms and armour he managed to secure for the sum of £73,000. This collection was a fine nucleus for an armoury, as it included some of the most desirable acquisitions from the collection of the Count de Nieuwerkerke, who, in his turn, had obtained from that well-known antiquarian, M. Pickert, of Nuremburg, a fine series of suits, including the universally admired equestrian harness now placed in the centre of Gallery VI. at Hertford House, and also several suits which had passed from the now almost historical collection of Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, of Goodrich Court.



General View of Gallery No. 7 as now arranged.

Among other numerous examples from this same collection is a fine and complete series of salades, armets, and early closed helmets; also an interesting group of swords of mediæval date, that the Count de Nieuwerkerke had, after many years of collecting, with the assistance of Monsieur E. Juste, M. Louis Carrand, M. Baur, M. Beurdeley, and M. Henry Courant, managed to bring together. With this to work upon, Sir Richard, with care and discretion, added piece by piece to his newly formed collection, any fine specimen that he considered as a desirable acquisition. It must be said to Sir Richard's great credit that he never, with I think four exceptions, bought a false piece. This was astonishing, as he could have had no technical experience of the subject, except for that great and universal knowledge that comes from constant and close acquaintance with the beautiful in art.

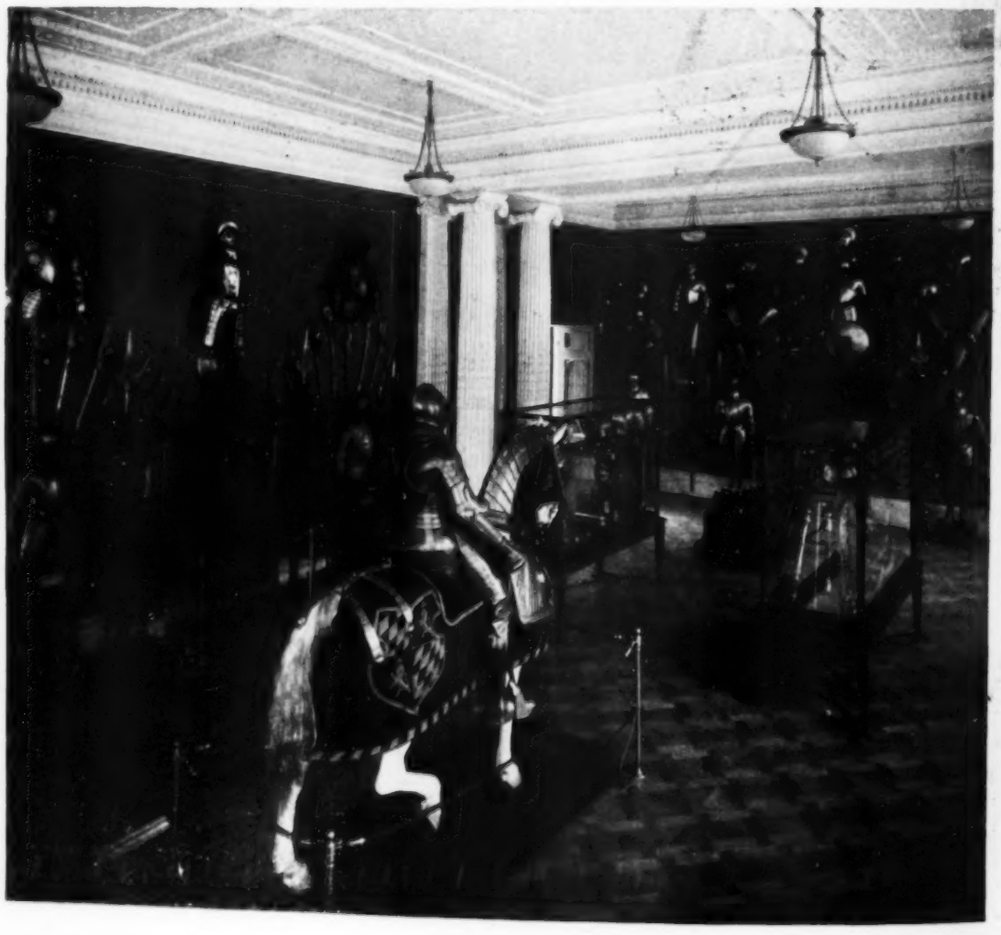
The extensive oriental armoury was not the work of Sir Richard Wallace, but was brought together by the Marquis of Hertford, from whom Sir Richard inherited it almost *en bloc* and in its present entirety, save for a few examples of Indian and Persian jade-handled daggers that are to be seen in the vitrines of Gallery VIII. The catalogue of this section is not yet complete, but undoubtedly this particular branch is somewhat wanting in the high quality that is so noticeable throughout the remainder of this collection. Notwithstanding that the oriental section includes over one thousand exhibits it is not comprehensive, and the types of weapons and armour are too often duplicated to render the collection of any great interest.

It is safe to say that no weapon can date as anterior to the end of the sixteenth century, and in the generality of cases they must be included within the category of the eighteenth and nineteenth century arms and armour. Naturally in such a large collection many of the exhibits are fine examples of their respective arts, but one has always that slight prejudice against the weapons and armaments of the Orient, that fertility of design and workmanship is so often overshadowed by the richness of the material employed.

It is for the European section of the armoury the Wallace Collection is so justly famous, but to attempt to mention in a few short articles even a tenth of the 1350 exhibits, would be on the face of it impossible, so in order to do justice to the collection I shall be forced to generalise.

GUY FRANCIS LAKING.

(*To be continued.*)



General View of Gallery No. 5 as now arranged.



The Duel.
By T. Couture.

The Wallace Collection.*

THE FRENCH PICTURES.—V.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE much-regretted Marilhat, one of the many painters who died at thirty-six—the age so often fatal to genius—was, as an Orientalist, the rival, during his all too short career, and in some respects even the superior of Decamps. There are no signs of that genius peculiar to the painter-poet, which lifted the latter so high when he was genuinely inspired. But the light brilliantly scintillates in this study, 'Palm Trees,' as it does hardly anywhere in the work of the more famous master. And such pieces as 'On the Nile' and 'A Scene on the Nile' have perhaps more of the true Oriental bustle and colour, more of literal truth than Decamps could give, or cared to give; but less of dream and enchantment, which is perhaps but the higher and more essential phase of truth. Eugène-Gabriel Isabey, a man who during his long life maintained a reputation for the whole of which it is not now easy to account, combined in his genre pieces the *frou-frou* and amusing frivolity of the eighteenth century with a romanticism of the more superficial and unemotional order. A painting of this order is 'The Court Reception at a Château,' much superior to which, however, in charm and delicacy of colour, as in truth of sentiment, is 'The Young Mother.' His reputation as a marine painter was in his later years at least as great as that which he had earlier achieved in Romantic genre. Even here, though his refinement and his command over certain atmospheric effects are undeniable, we are struck with the smallness, and indeed the futility, of his conceptions. 'A Promenade by the Sea' is rather a sea-coast genre scene than a *marine* proper. More frivolous, more superficial, more *chiqueur* still is Eugène Lami, whose life filled nearly the whole of the nineteenth century, since he was born in 1800 and died in 1894. He possesses extreme skill in filling up his canvas—or rather his sheet, since he is chiefly an aquarelliste—with a multitude of small figures in brilliant costumes, falling naturally into their places, and seemingly full of life and vivacity. But, consider these more nearly, and you will find them to be mere animated dolls, cunningly devised to furnish some sumptuous architectural *décor*, some ornate landscape or vivid street scene. Capital examples of his manner are the water-colours 'The Great Staircase at Versailles,' 'Before the Great Revolution,' and 'The Court of Louis XIV. in Flanders.'

It is impossible to discuss here the works of such

* Continued from page 103.

faded Romanticists as Léopold Robert and Roqueplan, or, indeed, those of a number of less than second-rate French painters, who somehow in the Wallace Collection have found their way into company for which they are not qualified. Even the thirty oil-paintings and water-colours with which prosaic, painstaking, thorough, hard, uninspired, and pre-eminently bourgeois Horace Vernet is so over-richly represented, call but for scant mention in such a rapid survey as this. Not, indeed, that the first comer, the *rapin* of the studios, can afford to look down, as he does with unutterable scorn, at this indefatigable and wondrously prolific painter of battles and Oriental scenes. What a sum of knowledge, what a power of superficial if not of penetrating observation, what a sustained intensity of effort, go even to the building up of these flat, stale, and unprofitable performances, by which no eye is any longer gladdened, by which no pulse is any longer stirred! Accurate draughtsmanship, enhanced by no true quality of style, cold colour, a finish thorough without being effective, an Orientalism correct yet not convincing—such qualities as these mark 'The Arab Tale-teller,' 'Judah and Tamar,' 'Joseph's Coat,' and other similar pieces. A certain rough, Napoleonic humour gives charm and something like pathos to 'The Veteran at Home.' For sustained vigour and resolute finish—also for a kind of *furia* not common in his work—'The Lion Hunt' stands out pre-eminent among the Vernets at Hertford House.

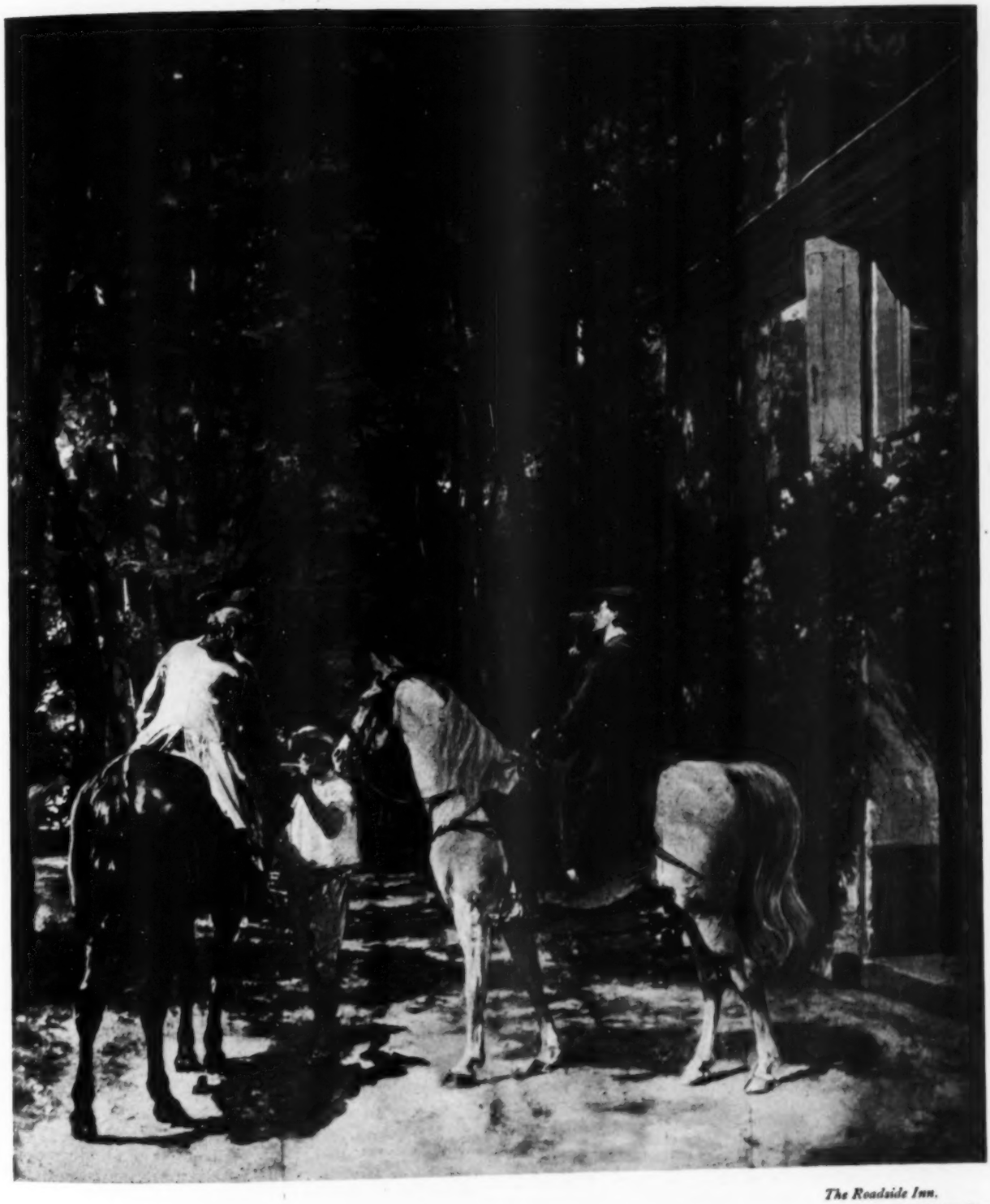
It is well, however, to possess these six examples of a master scarce even in France, Thomas Couture, the one-picture man, whose 'Décadence des Romains,' now in the Louvre, constituted a standard of excellence set up by the painter himself, but never again reached. Couture became in time what Heine with scorching sarcasm declared Musset to be: "un jeune homme d'un bien beau passé." 'The Roman Feast,' a scene of classic revel, which even its audacity does not prevent from appearing frigid and wanting in the pulsation of life, closely recalls in motive and treatment the 'Décadence des Romains.' In the 'Timon of Athens,' notwithstanding the dryness of the painting, there is learning, humour, and a note of emotion; while with these qualities a more intimate charm attracts and holds the onlooker in the 'Harlequin et Pierrot.'

'The Duel' (p. 135), showing, with a quietude under which smoulders the poignant drama, the preliminaries of a duel between Harlequin and Pierrot, following upon a masked ball, is a composition easy, truthful, and seemingly spontaneous, the figures being admirably framed in the chill winter landscape. It would be interesting to know what is the link connecting this 'Duel' of Couture with the famous 'Duel in the Snow' of Gérôme, now in the Musée Condé at Chantilly. The *dramatis personæ* are the same; but here we have the scene before the climax, there the terrible consummation of the tragedy. 'Tis stage-tragedy, no doubt; but where the personages are, if not of the stage, at any rate shrouded in its disguises, this matters less. No forgetfulness is possible for those who have looked upon the dead Pierrot, bloody and ghastly in his shroud-like garment, and seen the agony of remorse on the faces of bystanders, sobered by the chill of dawn and the presence of death—none for those who have felt this awful sense of the irreparable that Gérôme in the Chantilly picture drives home with such an intensity of strength and pathos. It is as if the onlooker had lived through an unforgetable moment of life, at the recollection of which a nameless horror will ever numb his heart. Dramatic anecdote—the *fait divers* even at this its highest point—is not the worthiest art; and yet here it holds us, and we bow our heads, disarmed and willingly led captive.

There is considerable risk that, amidst the splendours which at Hertford House surround and swallow them up, the small drawings which pleasingly yet imperfectly represent one of the greatest of modern Frenchmen, Raffet, the inventor of modern military art, may be overlooked. And yet the very soul of heroic France informs the creations in which, as lithographer and draughtsman, he has given, without departure from realistic truth, the Napoleonic epoch, the Napoleonic legend—with a vibration of passion, with a sublime enthusiasm, such as no other artist of France, no Meissonier, no De Neuville, no Detaille has ever equalled, or approached. He must not be judged solely by the little marvels of delicate execution here—such as 'The Trial of Marie-Antoinette,' the spirited 'French Infantry in Square,' so cunning in its truth of composition, or 'Napoleon after Austerlitz,' which so closely recalls one of Meissonier's most popular pieces. On the other hand, 'Soldiers of the Republic'—a group of those heroes, ablaze with patriotic ardour, tough as well-tried steel, who defended the frontiers of France, and then, an irresistible phalanx, overran all Europe—gives to perfection, with his easy certainty of draughtsmanship, and seeming spontaneity of arrangement, this inestimable quality of enthusiasm for the military glories of the mother-land, which fewer painters than poets have possessed. His ardent patriotism seems to ring out from all he does like a trumpet; and from the breast of those who look on in breathless passion of sympathy it tears a responsive cry.

We come down to sober earth again, to absolute composure, to art consummate of its kind, but not so consummate as to conceal art, when we reach Meissonier, the sixteen examples from whose brush, all of them belonging to the earlier half of his well-filled career, are reckoned among the chief glories of Hertford House. Meissonier's place in French art, and in the art of modern Europe, is peculiar, and in some respects unique.

Meissonier belongs to no modern school or direction but his own, being a child, though not wholly a legitimate one, of the great Dutchmen of the seventeenth century. His works—and this is said in no disrespect, but with every willingness to recognise skill which is in its way of extraordinary perfection—are so many exquisite and astonishingly ingenious toys, fashioned for the lovers of rare and precious things, and competed for by those who alone are able to possess them—the millionaires of the two hemispheres. Take them from the century, wipe out this wonderfully ingenious talent, and all that it has so patiently wrought out, and would the art of the world—and that is surely the world!—irreparably suffer? Would such a wound be inflicted that it would be impossible to fill the void; such a scar be left that there would be permanent loss and disfigurement? The answer is No. Meissonier has never had man or Nature so closely in his embrace as to be able to give back a new truth, a virgin beauty in respect of the one or the other. It is the costume of former days, the picturesque attitude, the piquancy of modern man in antique garb, the pomp and circumstance of war, its everyday life, its melodrama and tragedy, its historic aspects, that have chiefly interested him. Meissonier was never a true colourist; that is, not



The Roadside Inn.
By Meissonier.

only was he rarely, if ever, a harmonist of the first water, being as a rule hot and harsh even when he strove his hardest for richness and splendour; but he did not appreciate colour as the born colourists have done and do—that is, as the great instrument of expression, of pathos, of mystery, the true inner voice of nature and of art.

Turn from Meissonier to the famous Netherlanders whom he emulated—to Metsu, Terborch, De Hooch, Jan Steen, De Keyser; to Gerard Dou and Frans van Mieris; to Adriaen Brouwer, to Teniers; and the radical difference will at once make itself manifest. The Dutchmen had saturated themselves with the truth that was before them; and though they served up that truth with a pungent sauce of humour, and a realism wilfully exaggerated to and beyond the point of grossness, they were for the most part penetrated with that pathos which lies at the root of all life when contact is reached with its essence. Indefinably, too, their great gifts as colourists help them here to express the very heart of their conception. Meissonier's is, on the other hand, the most brilliant art of the stage, the finest essence of the Comédie Française at its best. As a rule he does not, like the out-and-out Romanticists, base himself on any definite event, any definite poem or drama; but for all that his *dramatis personæ* are always conscious of a public, always living their life under the stimulus of contemplation from the outside; hardly ever appearing so inevitably a part of the framework—whether of man's handiwork or Nature's—that we cannot in thought dissociate the one from the other. Meissonier's wonderful life-work, though it is very far from being admirable only on account of the strenuous labour expended upon it, is an extra, an *objet de luxe*, a delightful amusement, a wonderment in the history of painting; not one of its chief arteries, not in any way a true or adequate expression of his time, its fashions, or its deeper convictions, whether in art or in life. That he stood firm to his own technique, that he did not adopt the fashions or even, in any material degree, the wonderful developments of his later time—for this let him not be severely blamed. So long as a man has anything vital in beauty or in significance to express with his brush, so long let him have his own way, and use his own technical modes, his own instruments of expression.



The Print Collector ("*L'Amateur d'Estampes*").
By Meissonier.

We, the majority, who belong to no clique, to no isolated "chapel," as the French call it, may equally accept Watteau and Fragonard on the one hand, David and Prud'hon on the other: Ingres, and his hated and co-rival Delacroix; Corot, Millet and Rousseau, and yet also Manet, Claude Monet, and the best of their followers; Puvis de Chavannes, and yet his antithesis in feeling and expression, Bastien-Lepage. It is—this has been said already in another way—the lack of the deeper human note, the failure to reach the heights or the depths, that detracts from the finest that Meissonier has given—even from such great examples of dramatic intensity and poetical realisation as 'La Rixe,' the '1814' in its two versions, and the smaller 'Napoleon and his Staff' (1863) in this Collection. Only once—and that in the ride past, under the eyes of the victorious Napoleon, of the cavalry regiments in the '1806' ('After the Battle of Eylau')—has Meissonier risen to the topmost heights of his argument, and given forth a magnificent cry of enthusiasm, which sends the vitalising spark thrilling through his wonderfully accurate work, and raises it immeasurably in value.

The Meissoniers in the Wallace Collection belong almost exclusively to the earlier half of his practice. Yet he may be perfectly well judged by them, seeing that his aims and methods showed nowhere any radical divergence, any absolutely new departure; but only gradual development of power and virtuosity. The earliest specimen of the brilliant "small master" is 'Dutch Burghers,' which in its quietude has some of the deep-seated gravity of Dutch portraiture of the seventeenth century. 'Les Bravi'—two ragged



Macbeth and the Witches.
By Corot.

ruffians armed to the teeth, lying in wait for some luckless victim—is, for all its resolute finish, not yet art of the Comédie Française; it is rather melodrama of the Porte Saint-Martin. Seemingly some years later than this is the gaily-coloured but less than harmonious 'Decameron.' That the costumes of these pretty, alert, but prosaic actors are two hundred years later than Boccaccio's time matters but little. What matters much is that the whole beauty, the whole glamour of this story-telling, this love-making on the very edge of the precipice, this masking the mouth of the plague-pit with flowers, has evaporated. Perhaps, however, the picture has in the course of time usurped a too ambitious name. It may be that Meissonier has only meant here a 'Conversation Galante' of the sixteenth century. But even then! What dry and uninspiring prose it is that we have here! The less said about the dry, laboured, and not in the least humorous 'Polichinelle' (1860) the better.



A Cavalier: Time of Louis XIII. By Meissonier.

The four single figures of 'Cavaliers' are, on the other hand, thoroughly characteristic of Meissonier; and, taking them for what they are, we may unreservedly admire accuracy and perfection of turn-out, martial resolution, the concentration in each case of the motive, the refinement and sympathy which give charm to these famous presentments of over-bold youth and manhood. Least elaborate but, perhaps, in its nonchalance most charming of all, is the 'Cavalier: Time of Louis XIV.' Together may be bracketed the two panels, both of them labelled 'Musketeer: Time of Louis XIII.,' in which smartness of accoutrement and manly vigour, bordering very appropriately upon the aggressive, are the key-note.

By far the most famous panel of the four, and, indeed, one of the most popular of Meissonier's works, is the 'Cavalier: Time of Louis XIII.' (1861), p. 140. The figure of this eminently handsome and a little supercilious gentleman, who may have belonged to the following of the Maréchal d'Ancres or the Duc de Luynes, is so firmly and finely designed that it will without sensible loss bear indefinite enlargement. It is presented, and in every particular realised, with singular authority, and with a certain high-comedy flavour, too, which here comes not at all amiss.

Another Meissonier of the very first order, as regards composition and finish, is the celebrated genre piece 'L'Amateur d'Estampes' (p. 138). It is here, where Meissonier is in many respects at his best, that he may most profitably be compared with the great Dutchmen, who at Hertford House are to be found next door to him. Nothing could well be finer up to a certain point than the figures of the two print-collectors, who, in a delightful *nid de collectionneur* of the eighteenth century, are seen intent on the portfolios, the precious contents of which they are turning over together; nothing better than the subordination of significant and perfectly rendered detail to the ensemble. Yet we lack, on the one hand, the richness and depth, the atmosphere, the transparency of half-light and shadow, in which a Metsu or a Terborch would have revelled under similar circumstances; on the other, the sprightly and ingenuous charm which, among French draughtsmen of the eighteenth century, the Saint Aubins, or Portail, or Ollivier, would have imparted to such a subject—giving, with the note of truthful observation and mundane elegance, the note of something human and touching in its very *intimité*. 'Halting at an Inn' is in its very perfection of workmanship toy-like and a little futile.

Far ahead of it is a later and infinitely more beautiful rendering of the same subject, 'The Roadside Inn' (p. 137). Here Meissonier, without otherwise modifying his style, makes some important conces-



A Glade in the Forest of Fontainebleau.
By Théodore Rousseau.

sions to the *plein-air* theory and practice, which more and more in the period of his maturity was obtaining a hold on modern French art, and through it on art generally. Two cavaliers, in the elegant riding costume of the last century, have halted at a roadside inn, in the bright sunshine chequered with shadows clear and luminous in their silver greyness; and from the ostler—a wonderful little figure, with his face three-parts modelled in half-shadow—they obtain welcome refreshment which they discuss while he stands motionless and expectant at their horses' heads. The most astonishing perfection of finish is here allied to a reticence that will have none but the most absolute and the most unemotional simplicity. And yet, sturdy manhood at its heyday, the world at its best and brightest, the flame and flicker of the sun making beautiful all that it touches—these are things that go some way towards making poetry out of this exquisitely inscribed leaf of prose.

It is a subject for infinite regret that the group of great landscapists which for the purposes of convenience, if not of accurate description, we may still call the Barbizon School, should not be more amply and significantly represented than it is in the Wallace Collection. And yet we should perhaps congratulate ourselves rather that it is here at all. Glasgow has a magnificent Corot, and the Victoria and Albert Museum will have, when the Ionides Collection is shown, most of the great men of the school. But still the National Gallery hangs back, and, while the Louvre has Constable, Crome, and Bonington, and will soon have Turner, hesitates to admit—or at any rate to acquire out of its own resources—Corot, Millet, Rousseau, Diaz, Troyon, and Daubigny. It is thus that the restricted but interesting group of works of this class, of which Gallery XV. of the Wallace Collection can boast, acquires a unique interest and value.

We who worship, and have ever worshipped, Claude Lorrain, cannot refuse our admiration to Corot; we to whom Ruysdael, Hobbema, Constable, and Crome are household gods, cannot refuse to admit Théodore Rousseau, Diaz, and Daubigny. As in the case of Meissonier and the Dutch genre painters of the seventeenth century, some instructive comparisons can be made at Hertford House by those who pass from the galleries where the masterpieces of the Netherlanders hang, claiming, as of right, the admiration of all, to this one, where Corot and Rousseau are seen, appealing, and rarely appealing in vain, to those to whom Nature, and art, its quintessence, are dear.

The great 'Macbeth' of Corot (p. 139), though not one of those poems of silvery light and harmony of his, so subtle, so indefinable as to be compared only to music, is one of his noblest and most moving performances—and one, for this master of the modern and the classic idyll, of unusual dramatic import. It is a dark Corot, but one in which the most sombre spaces are luminous with a tremulous half-light making darkness visible. In the last softened splendour of sunset Macbeth and Banquo have passed over the crest of the hill crowned with magnificent beeches, whose branches, extending like arms, vast and mysterious, across the picture, seem to be outstretched in warning. As they descend they are arrested by the group of the three witches, erect, dark, and menacing against the dying sun. A classic harmony of design, simplifying and concentrating the landscape motive so as to secure the truest and most poignant expression of the subject, a lovely and tender though not a showy scheme of illumination—these qualities make of the 'Macbeth' one of Corot's finest things. Hypercriticism might allege that here the mood of the *dramatis personæ* and the mood of Nature are not in absolute consonance the one with the other; that in the evening, still fair with the faint loveliness of the vanished yet lingering day, there is, for all the darkness, a predominating suggestion of calm and hope; while in the meeting of the victorious chieftains with the weird Three there is already premonition of defeat, despair, and death.

Théodore Rousseau's superb landscape, 'A Glade in the Forest of Fontainebleau' (p. 141), which hangs as a pendant to the 'Macbeth,' is one of his most complete and satisfying achievements. If we attempt description, we can but point to the great curtain of oaks in the foreground, beyond which stretches, ruddy and golden still in the beautifying illumination of waning sunset, a prospect of meadow and woodland, the shallow pools intersecting which send back from their surfaces the tempered glow of the sky. The whole picture breathes forth an atmosphere of serene contemplativeness at the decline of happy day; of a melancholy which is yet tinged with hope rather than with sadness; of acceptance, and of that rarest thing in modern art—rest.

Now pass back from these masterpieces of modern landscape art to the Ruysdaels, the Hobbemas, the Cuyps, the Adriaen van de Veldes. Putting all prejudice aside—and preserving, too, intact, our ardent admiration for the great Dutchmen — have not the moderns got nearer to the heart of Nature, have they not nestled themselves where the greatest landscapists of the preceding ages never penetrated? Have they not, by love and not by violence or a merely profane curiosity, drawn from her bosom secrets which she never before confided to mortal? To leave to Nature her own moods, her own endless gamut of passionate, pensive, and joyful expression, and yet to show Man in mysterious consonance with her; to express Man above all, in the infinitely varying moods which the contemplation of Nature and her appeal to his heart of hearts spontaneously evoke—this is to achieve what the greatest of the preceding ages had not accomplished. Narcisse-Virgile Diaz is represented by an Oriental scene, 'A Fountain at Constantinople;' and by two delicious little sketches in oils, 'Venus disarming Cupid' and 'The Education of Cupid,' in which Correggio has been emulated, yet not precisely imitated. The large landscape by Troyon, 'Watering Cattle,' is a singularly commonplace and unattractive specimen of his art. First-rate, on the other hand—both in the bold and masterly draughtsmanship of the cattle and the happy way in which they fill the sea-coast landscape—is the same master's 'Cattle in Stormy Weather.' Here, again, an instructive comparison may be made, since in an adjacent gallery is to be found the 'Cattle in Stormy Weather' of Paul Potter. The cattle of the young Dutchman, who, as is well known, chiefly inspired Troyon, are much more highly individualised, more highly dramatic; they are not less happily set in the landscape. But the modern Frenchman conveys a certain sense of space, of breadth and unity, which the little marvel of Potter does not suggest in the same degree.

The comparatively early example of Jules Dupré, 'Crossing the Bridge' (1838), is marred by the want of fusion in the tints and the violence of illumination in the great overhanging masses of cloud. It is not a little curious to note that Jean-François Millet and Daubigny have been excluded from the

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Painted by Ernest Crofts R.A.

The Evening of the Battle of Waterloo.

From the picture in The Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

BRITISH
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great galleries of Hertford House. Nothing in French Art that may have seemed to those who brought together this wonderful collection too bourgeois, or too openly and passionately in sympathy with humanity in its simplest and most primitive aspects, has, indeed, found a place here. Thus there is no Le Nain group to take its isolated place in the seventeenth century; and what is more wonderful, no Chardin to gladden and soothe the eye, to warm the heart with his truthful, tender pictures of the lower French bourgeoisie. The note struck by Jean-François Millet may have seemed too tragic, his picture of humanity and nature too tremendous in weight, solemnity and conviction. Daubigny, with his heart-searching pathos in the treatment of every-day landscape, with his exquisitely tender transcripts of calm-flowing river, whispering wood, blooming orchard, and undulating field, has no more than his great contemporary found favour. To borrow the phrase of Maeterlinck, the life-work of these two great masters might well be called "Le Trésor des Humbles." Though, indeed, whether we judge it from the artistic or the emotional standpoint, or—as we more properly should, and, indeed, must—from both combined, it is surely the treasure of all mankind.

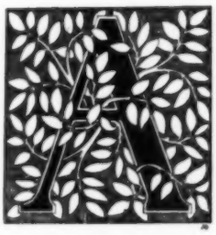
CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

(To be continued.)

'The Evening of the Battle of Waterloo.'

BY ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.



From a drawing by Miss J. B. Bowness.

A DEPICTOR of battle-pieces, Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A., Keeper of the Royal Academy, is one of the few living artists to devote himself almost exclusively to what was once a more popular field of endeavour. In particular he has studied the hundred dramatic incidents connected with Waterloo, and, while keeping in mind pictorial requirements, has aimed to make his canvases historically faithful. In this kind we have, for instance, 'The Morning of Waterloo,' 1891; 'Napoleon's Last Attack,' 1895; 'Capture of a French Battery,' 1896; and the 'Storming of the Château of Hougomont,' of 1897. The work which we reproduce antedates any of these, having been purchased by the Walker Art Gallery from the autumn exhibition of 1879.

"What a pity that so great a man was so ill brought up!" Thus is the inscrutable Talleyrand said to have remarked of Napoleon, meaning thereby that the adventurer element, as distinct from the adventurous spirit essential to military genius, was one of the main causes of his undoing. The despot of eighteenth-century despots would have set up a more enduring kingdom, probably, had he to largeness of vision added more of true sympathy for those whose cause he professed to champion. He tried to reconstruct the map of Europe; but, a British prisoner, he died of a painful disease on the island of St. Helena in 1821. With catch phrases of the eighteenth century on his tongue, he, as emperor, was supposed to have the interests of the proletariat at heart; but, so long as his own ambition was satisfied, he would have witnessed almost with indifference each unit of the army, over which he exercised so extraordinary a control, mowed down. Yet, with all his shortcomings, Napoleon Buonaparte stands high among the amazing men of the world.

On June 12, 1815, Napoleon left Paris for Belgium; on June 21 he returned to the French capital. During the interval there had occurred the most momentous land battle of modern history, momentous alike for the desperate intensity of onslaught and defence and for its after-effect on the peoples of Europe. Napoleon's army amounted to 122,401 men, and, containing many veterans, and numbers who had served in the campaigns of 1813-14, it was, perhaps, the finest he had ever commanded. Wellington was at the head of a mixed force of Englishmen, Hanoverians, Brunswickers, Nassauers, Germans, and Netherlanders, who totalled about 105,950. He pronounced it "the worst army ever brought together." Under Blucher were 116,897 men, finely disciplined, animated by an intensely warlike spirit. The story of Napoleon's initial triumph over the Prussians at Ligny, where fell 12,000 of our allies; of how, on the other hand, Ney was forced to retreat before Wellington at Quatrebras; of how, in order to effect a junction with the Prussians, Wellington had to retreat on Brussels; and of the decisive action on June 18—this story has been told a hundred times.

The incident represented in our picture occurred about the time when there arose from the field that fateful cry, "Sauve qui peut!" At 7.30 P.M. Napoleon made his last attempt to crush his foes. This proving unsuccessful, there was a general advance of the whole British line, and the Prussians drove the French in confusion from Papelotte. In the retreat, Napoleon at first took refuge in a square; but at Genappe, the first important defile through which the defeated army passed, he quitted his carriage, and, determining to make straight for Paris, reached Charleroi about daybreak, with an escort of some twenty horsemen. His travelling carriage, with hat left in it, fell as booty to the pursuing conquerors. Mr. Orchardson's picture in the Tate Gallery, 'Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon,' shows us the sequel to the inglorious moment in his career depicted by Mr. Ernest Crofts.

Charles Robert Leslie, R.A.*

By G. D. LESLIE, R.A., and FRED. A. EATON.

CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, as his name suggests, was of Scotch descent, his grandfather having emigrated in 1750 from Scotland to Cecil County, in the State of Maryland. The painter's father and mother, Robert Leslie and Lydia Baker, were both natives of Maryland.

Robert Leslie was a man of great ingenuity in mechanics, who pursued the business of clock and watchmaker in Philadelphia. He was a member of the Philosophical Society, and was known and respected by some of the most eminent scientific men in America, including Benjamin Franklin and La Trobe, the architect of the Capitol at Washington. In 1793 he came over on business to England, and it was during his stay in London that his eldest son Charles was born, on the 19th of October, 1794, at Islington. On the death of his partner, in Philadelphia, Robert Leslie with his young children returned to America, sailing from Gravesend on the 18th September, 1799, and after a voyage of seven months and twenty-six days reached Philadelphia on May the 11th, 1800. The protraction of this voyage was due to the ship, *The Washington*, having been engaged in action with a French privateer on the 24th of October, and though the privateer was beaten off, with the loss of 37 men killed and 58 wounded, *The Washington* was so disabled in her rigging that the captain had to put into Lisbon to refit. They did not leave Lisbon until the 31st of March, and even after that were much delayed by gales.

The painter's father died shortly after his return to Philadelphia, in 1804. His widow was left by no means well off, but she contrived, by keeping a boarding-house, to bring up her young family in a respectable manner. Charles Robert and his brother Thomas were educated at the School of the University of Pennsylvania, the master, Dr. Rogers, out of kindness abating considerably in his charge for the tuition of his friend's children. The boys spent their summers and autumns in visits to the farms of their maternal uncles, Ward and Hall, in Chester County. C. R. Leslie had from his boyhood been fond of drawing, and when old enough to think of a profession desired to be a painter. There were, however, no means available for carrying out this desire, and in the year 1808 he was bound apprentice to Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, Booksellers and Publishers in Philadelphia. Through the kindness of an assistant scene-painter, Tom Reinagle by name, Leslie obtained a place on the stage of the theatre at Philadelphia upon several occasions when the celebrated George Frederick Cooke was performing. The impression made on the young artist's mind was so strong that he drew from recollection a



The Mother and Child.
By C. R. Leslie, R.A.

* Born, 1794; Student, 1811; A.R.A., 1821; R.A., 1826; died, 1859. This article is a contribution towards the history of the Royal Academy, which will be continued from time to time.

striking portrait of the great actor, which attracted the attention of several gentlemen of Philadelphia. A subscription was raised by their help and Mr. Bradford's to enable Leslie to study painting two years in Europe, and after some few lessons from Sully, he sailed from New York in 1811 armed with letters of introduction to West, Beechey, Allston, and other artists of distinction.



Portrait of C. R. Leslie, R.A.
By John Partridge.

Though a little homesick during the first few months in England, the widening circle of his new acquaintances and the artistic influence of his new surroundings soon took effect in the rapid development of his powers; after some preliminary instruction he was admitted a Student at the Academy in 1813, and exhibited in the same year his first picture, 'Murder,' with a quotation from Macbeth; and in the following year the 'Witch of Endor.' From the venerable President West the young artist received much kind help and encouragement, and through his friend, Allston, he made the acquaintance of Coleridge and Charles Lamb; whilst at the theatres, of which he was always fond, he saw Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, Bannister, and Edmund Kean. In order to support himself he painted at this time numerous small portraits. These were highly finished, and generally exceedingly good likenesses. Among them may be specially mentioned those of himself, of Washington Irving, and of Sir Walter Scott.

In his picture of 'Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church,' exhibited in 1819, Leslie may be said to have found the line of



"Who can this be?"
By C. R. Leslie, R.A.

art which he afterwards made so peculiarly his own, and on which his reputation rests,—viz.: humorous genre. The subjects taken from his favourite authors, Addison, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Sterne, Smollett, and Fielding were always happily selected, and rendered with an appreciative intelligence in which he has never been equalled. Among the best known may be mentioned 'Sancho Panza in the Apartment of the Duchess'; 'The Dinner at Page's House' from "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; 'Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman'; all these in the National Collection: 'Don Quixote and Dorothea'; scene from "The Taming of the Shrew"; the Bourgeois Gentilhomme; scene from "Comus," designed for a fresco painting in the Pavilion of Buckingham Palace Garden; 'Reading the Will,' from "Roderick Random."

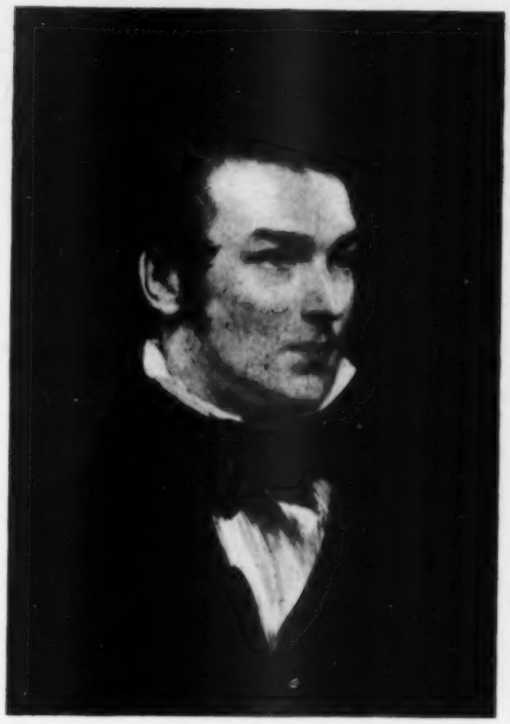
Besides the fresco from "Comus," Leslie painted two other large pictures for the Queen, viz., 'Queen Victoria receiving the Sacrament on her Coronation in Westminster Abbey' and 'The Christening of the Princess Royal.' His success soon met with recognition from the Academy, and in 1821 he was elected an Associate by a majority of one over George Clint, his promotion to Academicianship following in 1826. He had married in the previous year, and it is probable that the cares of an increasing family and the prospect of a certain income with much leisure induced him, in 1833, to accept the appointment of drawing master at the West Point Military Academy, which had been procured for him by his brother; but the work proved to be far more arduous than he had been led to expect, the climate damp and unhealthy, and the cost of living very high, while, added to these drawbacks, he pined daily for the society of the comrades and the art world that he had parted from, and it is not surprising that in the following year he resigned his appointment and returned to England, in which country he made his home for the rest of his life.

In the early years of his membership Leslie does not appear to have taken any active part in the business of the Academy, but he subsequently displayed great interest in its affairs, and was the author of many proposals, beginning in 1844 with one that the number of works allowed to be sent by each exhibitor should be limited to six. A resolution to this effect was passed by the Council and sanctioned by the General Assembly, but was subsequently, on the motion of J. M. W. Turner, seconded by H. W. Pickersgill, rescinded by eleven votes to seven, and no change made; nor have many endeavours made since in the same direction ever been successful. Other efforts of his met with a better fate, especially the proposal to admit engravers to the Academicianship, which, brought forward by him first in the Council in May, 1852, was finally carried to a successful issue before the end of 1853, and saw its first accomplishment in the election of Samuel Cousins in



Sancho and the Duchess.
By C. R. Leslie, R.A.

1855. Some of the proposals made by him, though negatived at the time, have since been carried into effect, such as the opening of the exhibition in the evening, and the abolition of the laws requiring that candidates for the Associateship should be "at least twenty-four years of age," and that they should "not be members of any other society of artists established in London." On the election of Sir Charles Eastlake to the Presidency, it was on his proposal that an annual allowance of £300 was voted to the President until the bequest of Sir Francis Chantrey should come into operation.



Portrait of C. R. Leslie, R.A., by himself.

In 1847 Leslie was unanimously elected Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy, an office which he retained till 1852, when his state of health obliged him to resign. The substance of his lectures was published in 1855 as a "Handbook to Young Painters." His literary skill was considerable, and is pleasantly displayed in the memoirs of his friend, John Constable. He also wrote a "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," and some "Autobiographical Recollections," both of which were published after his death under the editorship of Tom Taylor. In the Recollections we obtain a charming picture of the coterie of distinguished people, among whom the artist's modesty and amiability rendered him ever a welcome favourite. Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, Lord and Lady Holland, Sidney Smith, Lord Egremont, and in later years Dickens, Thackeray and The Doyles were, amongst others, his intimate friends; of these his pen affords us many delightful and graphic reminiscences.

The death of this amiable and accomplished artist took place on May 5th, 1859, the day following the opening of the Academy Exhibition which contained his last two works,



Scene from "The Taming of the Shrew."
By C. R. Leslie, R.A.

'Jeannie Deans appealing to the Queen' and 'Hotspur and Lady Percy.'

The reproduction below from the last work of the artist, left unfinished at his death, may interest our readers, as it was of this sketch that Thackeray wrote the following, in the last of his "Roundabout Papers":—"Not many days since I went to visit a house where, in former years, I had received many a friendly welcome. We went into the owner's—an artist's—studio. Prints, pictures, and sketches hung on the walls as I had last seen and remembered them. The implements of the painter's art were there. The light which had shone upon so many, many hours of patient and cheerful toil, poured through the northern window upon print and bust, lay figure and sketch, and upon the easel before which the good, the gentle, the beloved Leslie laboured. In this room the busy brain had devised, and the skilful hand executed, I know not how many of the noble works which have delighted the world with their beauty and charming humour. Here the poet called up into pictorial presence, and informed with life, grace, beauty, infinite friendly mirth, and wondrous naturalness of expression, the people of whom his dear books told him the stories—his Shakespeare, his Cervantes, his Molière, his Le Sage.

"There was his last work on the easel—a beautiful fresh smiling shape of Titania, such as his sweet guileless fancy imagined the *Midsummer Night's* queen to be. Gracious, and pure, and bright, the sweet smiling image glimmers on the canvas. Fairy elves, no doubt, were to have been grouped around their mistress in laughing clusters. Honest Bottom's grotesque head and form are indicated as reposing by the side of the consummate beauty. The darkling forest would have grown around them, with the stars glittering from the midsummer sky; the flowers at the queen's feet, and the boughs and foliage about her, would have been peopled with gambolling sprites and fays. They were dwelling in the artist's mind no doubt, and would have been developed by that patient, faithful, admirable genius: but the busy brain stopped working, the skilful hand fell lifeless, the loving, honest heart ceased to beat. . . . ."

Charles Robert Leslie left three sons, all of whom became distinguished in their respective professions: Charles Robert, a marine painter, and author of several works on nautical subjects; Bradford, made a K.C.I.E. for his services as a Civil Engineer in India; and George Dunlop, who, following directly in his father's footsteps, was elected a Royal Academician in 1876.



Unfinished Sketch for "Titania."
By C. R. Leslie, R.A.



The Wagered Kiss.
By Fragonard.

Mr. Reginald Vaile's Collection of Eighteenth-Century French Pictures.—II.*

FRANÇOIS BOUCHER, from whose hand is the picture reproduced as the principal illustration in this article, has been called the Anacreon of painting. This, surely, is not so much because his work possesses the lyric quality, as because, like the Greek poet, he celebrated the praises of love and wine. Boucher was born in Paris, in 1703, the son of a designer for embroideries, from whom, doubtless, he received his earliest instruction in art. For some months he was under Le Moine, and later became the assistant of Jean-François Cars. One of the most famous of his youthful achievements, executed as a lad of eighteen or nineteen, was his series of engravings after Watteau, undertaken at the request of M. de Julienne for the now highly-prized volumes issued after the death of the master. In 1723 his picture of 'Evilmerodach setting free Jehoiakim' won a prize at the Academy, but, failing to secure the Prix de Rome, in 1727 he fared to Italy at his own expense, with Carle van Loo, his junior by about a year, as companion. Three years after his return to the French capital, in 1731, Boucher was admitted to the Academy by virtue of his 'Rinaldo and Armida,' now in the Louvre. On the death of Oudry, in 1755, he ruled the destinies of the Gobelins tapestry works, and, thanks to the patronage of Madame de Pompadour, to whom he owed much, in 1765 he succeeded Carle van Loo as Premier Peintre du Roi. So great was his facility, his energy, that during a life of 66 years he is said to have executed something like ten thousand pictures and drawings, to take no account of engravings. Nowhere can Boucher so well be studied as at Hertford House, where are twenty-two works by him, including a portrait of the Marquise de Pompadour, and, decorating the walls of the great staircase, the famous 'Lever du Soleil' and 'Coucher du Soleil,' originally designed for the Gobelins

* Continued from page 60.



Miniature.
By Fragonard.

works, but bought from the Salon of 1753 by La Pompadour.

In the esteem of Diderot, at any rate at certain moments, no terms of censure were too severe for the art of Boucher, no invective sufficiently penetrative. But Diderot's Salon criticisms—the earliest of their kind in modern literature—were penned by one eager for a return to nature; they were not the issue of a balanced æsthetic judgment. Boucher developed during a time when artificiality was the god of cultured circles, when nature even was obscured by the artificial veil through which she was observed. Ruskin has well said of Fra Angelico that he lived in perpetual peace. Excitement—not those thrills of joy which accompany creation, but excitement of the factitious kind—was the mood whence sprang the spiritually unnurtured art of Boucher. He had amazing facility, a fund of invention, above all a feeling for what is decorative. To judge his works aright, as Mr. Claude Phillips has pointed out, they must be seen on the walls of a Louis Quinze Salon, with furniture and *objets d'art* of the period. In the words of Mr. Austin Dobson, he evoked

> "A Versailles Eden of cosmetic youth,
> Wherein most things went naked, save the Truth."

The Diana of Mr. Vaile's picture (p. 151), represented as a huntress, her attributes of bow, quiver, and arrows beside her, is a Parisian coquette rather than the lithe goddess of the Greeks who, sure and fleet of foot, moved through the woods above the world. But the figures are beautifully placed in the landscape, and there is in the picture that note of voluptuous ease always to be associated with Boucher. Perhaps he came nearer than any of his fellows to creating out of nothing pictures of enduring charm. Mr. Vaile's smaller picture by Boucher shows the triumph of Amphitrite, mother of Triton—the oval space is felicitously filled, and the colouring of blues and pinks less harsh than in many examples.

The importance of historical perspective in criticism cannot better be exemplified than in dealing with the art of Jean-Baptiste Greuze. Strange as it may appear to us, he was hailed by Diderot and others as a painter who, in a golden age of artificiality, discovered new inspiration by returning to nature. Greuze was born at Tournus in 1725, and gained immediate recognition in Paris with his first exhibited picture, 'Le Lecteur de la Bible.' But to choose themes from humble life, however confusing to contemporary connoisseurs, does not involve a return to the simplicity, the large-heartedness of nature. It is difficult if not impossible to believe that Greuze himself was sincere *au fond* in painting as he did. Compare him with our own Hogarth, for instance, and then, taking full account of dissimilar conditions, seek for the *vraie vérité*. I concur in Mr. Brownell's view that Greuze is as sentimental as a bullfinch, with hardly a natural note in his gamut. He exploited for pictorial purposes scenes, gay or tragic, in the life of the bourgeoisie. Yet while he used the material, he did not so much as attempt to draw inspiration from the sources of that life.



Portrait of a Lady.
By Carle Van Loo.

But if we cannot accept Greuze as one who got behind the artificiality of his day, if his conventions are more wearisome than those of many of his contemporaries and predecessors, if his pictures evoke memories rather of Adelphi melodrama than of the actualities they purport to represent, he was an accomplished painter, with fine feeling for tone, and undoubted ability for composition, for the use of line. 'The Unhappy Family,' which we reproduce on p. 153, may well be a sequel to the famous 'L'Accordée du Village' of the Louvre—drink has but slightly altered the face of the handsome youth who, as a father, is now being solicited for bread—which when exhibited in the 1761 Salon, was acclaimed as the best thing ever painted by the then popular artist. As translated into black-and-white, we lose one of the best qualities of the original—a certain persuasive beauty in the colour-passages, in the relationship of tone. In 'The Beggar Boy,' again, which we illustrate on p. 152, the melodramatic expression, the too obvious posing, may almost be forgiven by reason of the finely reserved treatment of grey in the scheme.

Mr. Vaile possesses two other examples by Greuze: 'La Jeune Fille au Mouchoir,' a blue-eyed girl, handkerchief tied round head, seated in a high-back chair; and



Diana resting.
By Boucher.



The Beggar Boy.
By Greuze.

'The Two Sisters,' a domestic drama where an aged father is upbraiding the elder of his daughters, richly dressed, apparently for having taken to the stage. In this last we have one of those piquant contrasts which Greuze used again and again as an expedient for arousing interest.

The examples by Jean Simeon Chardin, born in Paris in 1699, at once suggest that in him we have a painter markedly more intellectual, less artificial, than Greuze. 'The Young Princess,' as the title implies, is not concerned with an incident of humble life; yet, without going beyond conventional limits as to theme, Chardin here proclaims his independence, his æsthetic isolation, and commands our respect. The picture shows a sumptuously decorated apartment, on whose floor two children in great hooped dresses—one of green with gold embroidery—make a zigzag wall of cards, while beyond the figure of an attendant in deep orange we have a glimpse of another chamber, hung with a beautiful chandelier. 'The House of Cards' (p. 154) is simpler, but no less purposeful.

If, among the thirty-one examples by eighteenth-century French artists in the collection under notice, we would discover that which in truth indicates a genuine return to nature, there can be no question that ultimately we shall pause before the miniature by Jean-Honoré Fragonard, born at Grasse in 1732, who for a brief time was a pupil of Boucher. Twice in Messrs. Agnew's galleries, as again at the Guildhall, the public has had opportunity to see the series of brilliant decorative canvases painted for Madame du Barry's pavilion at Louviennes, and at Hertford House are gems like 'Le Chiffre d'Amour,' the faded 'Gardens of a Roman Villa,' the audacious 'Swing,' and, certainly not least, the portrait of a fair-haired child, a remembrance of which Mr. Vaile's picture serves to evoke. The De Goncourts were right when they dissociated Watteau and Fragonard from their fellows and called them poet-painters. In the miniature, which we reproduce on p. 149, there is a freshness, a vitality—observe the life in the line of the straying blue ribbon to the right—a sense of spontaneity, welcome as fresh air and sunlight after the heavy-scented atmosphere of some dim chamber, however resplendently decorated. The wide-open eyes are those of a child from whose hair flowers laughingly peep, round whose hat the blue rim runs with mirth, and at whose breast notes of blue and rose complete a portrait winsome in colour, winsome in line. The Grasse master again and again depicted figures in side face silhouetted against a background, one of his triumphs in this kind being the exquisite 'Chiffre d'Amour' of the Wallace Collection. In 'The Wagered Kiss,' see page 149, we have a less fortunate example, for, upward from the waist, the attitude of the open-mouthed girl lacks plasticity. Evidently the young man is claiming from the only half-unwilling girl on the other side of the table the kiss lost at cards. The artist was chiefly interested, we may suppose, in the play of light on the cloth, on the rich draperies and heads of the trio, who, their ornamental shepherds' crooks laid aside, are for the moment only in humble surroundings.

Each of the two brothers Van Loo is represented by a portrait. The elder, Jean-Baptiste, was born at Aix in 1694, and sixty-one years later died in that Provençal town. But his art was untouched by the spirit of troubadour land, of the Provence whose romance and love songs are still audible to those imaginatively conscious of the lyric past. In the Louvre are two



Portrait of Madame Favart.
By Jean-Baptiste Van Loo.



Portrait of a Lady.
By Antoine Vestier.

works by Jean-Baptiste; Mr. Claude Phillips has identified 'The Grand Turk' of the Wallace Collection as that from the hand of his brother Carle, exhibited at the 1737 Salon, hence Hertford House possesses no example. In the National Portrait Gallery is a portrait of Walpole, painted during the artist's visit to England in 1740. Of Madame Favart—wearing, in the picture we illustrate, a dress of white satin with stripes of faintest rose, an ermine-lined mantle, and a turban in which a large pearl is set—it is unnecessary to say more than that she was beautiful, accomplished; that she was a bold reformer of stage costumes, and for long courageously withstood the insulting advances of Marshal Saxe. As she did not marry the French dramatist till 1745, the year Jean-Baptiste died, it is probable we have here a portrait of her as Mlle. Duronceray. Charles André van Loo, commonly known as Carle, twenty-one years younger than his brother, under whom he first studied, was born at Nice, and died in Paris in 1765. On his second visit to Italy in 1727, in company, it will be remembered, with Boucher, he was knighted by the Pope, and for three years prior to his death was Court Painter to Louis Quinze. In the reproduced picture we see him as a portraitist skilled to meet the demands of the moment. The fair face, framed with powdered hair, is set on fair shoulders, and neck and bosom are untouched by the marks of time. In such a scheme the rich, red dress and the gold-coloured lacings of the bodice over ivory white, the considered gesture, are in place. Like his brother, Carle van Loo spent a brief time in England before his death.

Save for Madame Vigée Le Brun—whose pastel portrait of her daughter in red shawl, drawn for her own pleasure, is more spontaneous than the celebrated picture in the Louvre—Antoine Vestier is of all artists represented in the collection the one who lived longest into the nineteenth century. Born at Avallon, Yonne, in 1740, he died in Paris in 1824. Even were other evidence not forthcoming, the oval portrait of a lady, which we reproduce, serves to suggest that he had seen and admired the works of contemporary British painters—as a fact Vestier travelled for some years in England and Holland, returning to Paris in 1764, to practise as an oil painter and a miniaturist. If the portrait be compared with that by Carle van Loo, we are conscious at once of the difference in approach, the dissimilarity of treatment. As to details, it may be noted that the simple bodice of deep, pearl-coloured satin has no ornament, and there is an informality about the muslin sleeves, caught up with heliotrope ribbons, which denotes a change in modes of thought; moreover, the lady's hair, dressed high, is unpowdered. The manner of treating the face, above all, reveals that society had been or was about to be awakened from its apathy to the needs of the people. Antoine Vestier reflected the temper of his time. In the lady of the picture he has given us a gracious and a suggestive work. In addition to those already named, this little gallery of French artists of the eighteenth century includes a portrait of the Marquise de Vandernesse, richly robed, gathering carnations on the terrace of a garden, by Nicolas Largillière (1656-1746), one of the most popular painters of his day, who, during two visits to England, portrayed respectively Charles II. and James II.; a small cottage interior by Jean Letellier (1614-76), nine examples by whom are in the Museum of his native town of Rouen;



The Unhappy Family.
By Greuze.



Portrait of the late Mrs. Vaile.
By Théodore Roussel.

and a pastoral scene by Jean-Baptiste Huet (1745-1811), a pupil among others of Boucher, wherein goats, sheep, and a dog—he was famed for his animal studies—are introduced.

As has been said, Mr. Vaile's collection of French pictures includes one or two examples not belonging to the eighteenth century. As arranged in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, three works only hung on the end wall. Each is by Mr. Théodore Roussel, the talented French artist, who, by long residence in England, has become, save for delightful lapses into his native tongue, one of us. Two are landscapes, the third a portrait. In passing from Nattier or Carle van Loo, from Greuze or Antoine Pesne to Mr. Roussel, we are conscious of an æsthetic revolution no less profound than those social revolutions which intermittently have stirred France since 1789. In one of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," Malesherbes, the statesman, says to Rousseau, "Nature has given you a speaking-trumpet which neither storm can drown nor enemy can silence." Actuality, individually observed, fearlessly and individually interpreted, has been one of the clarion calls of modern art. After diligent training, render faithfully the impression even of a transient aspect of men or things, no matter how strange the outcome may appear: this vital doctrine has been preached from the studio and the market-place. In Mr. Roussel's two landscapes, 'The Clump of Oaks' and 'Green Brocade,' beauty of detail is sacrificed to the enchantment, now of a mass of trees observed across a stretch of grass, a single green-gold bough swaying overhead, now of an avenue of chestnuts, where sunlight penetrates the almost invisible haze.

In the centre, surrounded by drapery of fawn and purple, was Mr. Roussel's portrait of the late Mrs. Reginald Vaile. However highly we may account the pictorial achievements of French eighteenth-century artists, to which of them—if we except Watteau without hesitation, and maybe Fragonard—would we go, were it possible, rather than to Mr. Roussel, as his art is here exemplified, for the portrait of one known and honoured? The subject of this oval picture is beautiful, and the beauty is of a kind which breathes joy in its passage through the world, that descends as dew or lights as a ray of sunshine on burdened souls. On occasions, Mr. Roussel has been somewhat ruthless as a portraitist; here he has reverenced the truth and interwoven it with strands of sympathy. The gleaming emerald on the forefinger, the dark eyes, and dark hair surmounted by a hat with graciously inclined feathers, the notes of passion-red on the sunlit lawn in the background—Mr. Vaile's riverside garden forms the setting—are sensitively wrought into "her picture as she was"—indeed, "a thing to wonder on." In the Sheffield catalogue two stanzas from Rossetti's "The Portrait" appear. The last stanza of that poem begins with the line "Here with her face doth memory sit"—singularly apposite to this picture of a lady known for her graciousness and vivacity.

FRANK RINDER.



The House of Cards.
By Chardin.



Riva degli Schiavoni, Venice.
By Hans Trier.

Some London Exhibitions.

DARWIN tells us that "fact-grinding" destroyed his imagination, and caused him to "nauseate Shakespeare." Fact-grinding on the one hand, on the other a non-observance of, or rather an indifference to, the similitude of things, are among the banes of modern art. A majority of the 517 water-colour drawings, which comprise the eighty-seventh Exhibition of the Royal Institute, falls into one or other of these categories. Recently, at the Guildhall, the Prince of Wales called on England to "wake up." If, in the general concerns of life this be necessary, it is certainly not less necessary in the domain of pictorial endeavour. It is impossible to associate tens, nay, hundreds, of the exhibits in the Piccadilly galleries—the central and eastern of which, by the way, have been thrown into one—with earnest and sustained endeavour to accomplish the best of which the several painters are capable. Here an artist seems well content to transcribe a fragment of crude actuality, undeflected, but not seldom weakened, there another suffers from studio blindness, and, having ceased to question the virility and worth of his particular manner, gives us a drawing remote alike from nature and from the no less potent beauties of the imagination. We would welcome what is tentative, if only the attitude revealed something of that passionate eagerness with which, for instance, Ruskin observed the aspen tree against a blue sky.

An exhibit unmarred by the restlessness which leads nowhither is to be found in Mr. Leslie Thomson's 'Tidal Creek, Isle of Wight.' The quiet theme is rendered with sympathetic reserve, is, too, pictorialised. If Mr. D. Y. Cameron had not before exhibited a drawing of the fine doorway which, in brown shadow, is seen in the centre of the palace fronting the Canale Antonio, Venice, his large study in crayon and wash would have been fresh to us as well as interesting. As it is, it stands out by reason of absolute sincerity, even though it lack some of the suggestiveness, uncontrolled, maybe, for which we look in first-hand notes by a man so able. The Canadian artist, Mr. Horatio Walker, is one of the new members; but none of his four exhibits —executed some time ago if we mistake not—is comparable in forcefulness or charm with the 'Potato-Gatherers' of a year ago. By Mr. John R. Reid are subject-marines of daringly positive colour; by Mr. R. B. Nisbet several genuine attempts to express transient aspects of nature; by Mr. Lee Hankey a depicture of youth and age, 'Mutual Support,' wherein he essays, and not unsuccessfully, to interpret an incident in the great human epic; by Mr. Byam Shaw a Shakespearean group, 'Before Dead Henry's Corse,' where the pall of rich scarlet tells felicitously; by Mr. Tom Browne, R.I.-elect, a spirited trifle, 'Bathing Time, Biarritz.' At one end of the western gallery are 314 miniatures, exhibited under the auspices of the Society of Miniaturists.

Hardly, if at all, less æsthetically depressing is the 117th Exhibition of The Royal Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street. Here, again, contributors drift towards a triviality whose outcome is insincerity, towards the sentimental, the anecdotal, the insipid. We regret the absence of Mr. Cayley Robinson, who, however, will probably be represented at the Academy. Constable-like as it undeniably is, the 'Stapleton Vale, near Bristol,' of Mr. F. A. W. T. Armstrong, has been so strenuously felt, is painted with so strong a purpose, that it makes most of the other landscapes appear superficial, weak. Mr. W. Graham Robertson works with his accustomed facility and distinction, whether in 'La Dame au Pavot,' the portrait of Miss Olga Brandon, purple poppy in hand, in loose grey robe, standing before a mirror, or in

the rendering of a little girl, standing amid tall sunlit poppies, which, somewhat unfortunately for the younger artist, has been hung near Mr. C. M. Q. Orchardson's garden scene, 'One Summer's Day.' It is impossible to tax Mr. W. Blundell Thompson with lack of daring. As an experiment, his portrait of Mr. Herbert J. Bateman, wearing homespun suit, a smoking cigarette in one hand, palette in other, seen against a blueish background, from the uncertainty of which a bronze of the Dancing Faun emerges on the right, has value. Mr. F. F. Foottet's 'The Abbey, Westminster,' again, is anything but commonplace. Save for two green trees set amid the statues in the foreground square, the scheme is of carefully gradated purples. The towers of the noble pile, of purple, are wrapped in atmosphere as we see them silhouetted against a violet sky. Colour here is imaginatively used. Mention may be made of the dog studies of Mr. Carton Moore-Park, of Mr. Arthur Stewart's clever interior, introducing the portrait of a gentleman, of Mr. J. D. Fergusson's Eastern pieces, of Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove's Dutch pastoral, of Mr. Walter Fowler's little landscape on a wet day, of Mr. Lewis G. Fry's in certain respects able, in others merely clumsy, study for a portrait, and of Sir Wyke Bayliss' cathedral interiors. Of several members recently elected, one is Mr. Hans Trier. We illustrate his 'Riva degli Schiavoni,' whose appeal depends in the main on its excellent tone qualities. Mr. Trier has observed Venice for himself, and has shaped his observations to beauty.

Of infinitely more import to art-lovers than either of these exhibitions was the opportunity afforded at the Obach Galleries to study the Right Hon. Sir John Day's collection of pictures by "French Masters of the School of 1830."

From Georges Michel, one of several "fathers" of the Barbizon painters—who from the then unbuilt-on heights of Montmartre, where afterwards Puvis de Chavannes had his studio, romantically observed the surrounding country—to Rousseau, Diaz, Jacque, Dupré, and onward to Henri Harpignies, each master is represented in the little collection of forty-five works. The cattle of Diaz at drink, or lowing beneath a dramatic evening sky; 'The Goose Maiden' of Millet; Dupré's study of a peasant woman, in red and black, faring along a country road; the oblong depicture of seaweed-gatherers by Daubigny; Troyon's 'Collecting the Flock, Sunset': these are among the pleasure-giving canvases. Two works haunt the memory. In 'The Harvest Moon' Daubigny proclaims himself a poet, a seer. The mystery, the silence, the solemn majesty of night are unerringly interpreted. In the deep yet luminous shadow of the foreground pool, in the clump of trees, beyond which the moon mounts in the sky towards a single gleaming star, in each part of this masterpiece reigns that spirit which, from twilight to dawn in early autumn, broods potent and impressive over the woodland places of the earth. In Corot's 'Le Printemps' the nature-pulse beats less fitfully than in many of his silver-grey idylls—than, for instance, in the lovely 'L'Etang de Mortefontaine,' exhibited at the Goupil Gallery. At the farther end of the grassy avenue, overhung with leafage, is a church spire; through the interstices of the trees sunrays penetrate, and by their May-fresh quality give to the picture a sentiment of vibrant youth.

These pictures exemplify Stevenson's dictum, that in the veins of the Barbizon masters there raced the exaltation of great art.

F. R.

A "New" Palma Vecchio.

IT is now some time since the picture-loving world first heard about the Holy Family discovered last year by Professor Cantalamessa, and placed in one of the principal rooms of the Venetian Academy.

The painting is a remarkable one, exceedingly beautiful in its colour and its composition, and challenges comparison with some of the finest easel pictures which had been produced in Venice during the later Renaissance.

It was "discovered" by the Director of the Gallery in the possession of a certain Signor Alessandro Bedendo of Mestre, in a very dirty and dilapidated condition. Together with Bassano's St. Jerome, which has also been acquired by the Gallery, it had been the round of the picture-dealers in Venice, but none of them had discerned that under its coating of dirt lay a masterpiece of a great colourist. Professor Cantalamessa struck an easy bargain, had the picture removed to the Gallery and carefully cleaned, and then the glowing colours of a very beautiful "Sacra Conversazione" began to reveal themselves. It has been assigned to Palma on the strength of internal evidence: of the large square drawing, the highly personal manner of depicting light and shade, and the peculiar fusion of colour in which he was such an adept. It is clearly in his last manner, the manner of his Dresden Venus and the Madonna of Vicenza.

Professor Cantalamessa would place it among the very latest of his pictures, among those forty paintings which were found in an unfinished condition after his death.

The elder Palma may not have been one of the greatest masters, but he belonged to a great school and was one of those whose influence helped to forward the mighty movement of the Renaissance.

He had been born at Serinalta, near Bergamo, about 1480, and had come to Venice early enough in life to have begun his artistic career within her schools. Bellini had been his earliest model; as his technical powers matured it became Giorgione who inspired him, and with his later years grew up a relationship with Titian so close that it has never been decided as to whether it was Palma who suggested *motivo* to Titian or Titian who influenced the work of Palma. The most superficial glance at this Virgin and Child shows it to have been inspired, if not directly borrowed, from Titian's Madonna di Casa Pesaro. That picture was finished and put up in the Frari in 1526 and Palma Vecchio died in 1528, so that we have every reason to believe it to have been painted between those two dates, and the various unfinished portions but serve to corroborate this theory. For instance, the head of St. Joseph has several undecided outlines, and the hand lacks the shadow on the upper phalange of the fingers which would give the right modelling. St. Catharine's hands and hair are also incomplete, and her wheel is barely indicated. Equally unfinished is the left hand of the Madonna, which has been rubbed over with a rosy wash, evidently to throw into further relief the fair skin of the Child, and the most obvious correction of all lies in the towers of the distant castle, which he apparently found too high and blotted out with a blurr of dirty paint, through which nevertheless the original outlines are visible.

In a picture in which the principal parts have been so elaborately finished these "pentimenti" lead one to conclude that he was in some way prevented from

bringing it to full completion, and the most probable obstacle to so doing was his death.

Morelli would have it that Palma was an invalid during the later years of his life, and incapable of producing work of the highest quality. But had he been in very bad health he would not have been able to take part in a competition for San Pietro Martire in 1528. There is also an unpublished document dated April 21, 1528, signed by Jacopo Palma in the presence of the notary Zaccaria Priuli, in which he says* "Io Jac. Palma pictor fazo fede del nome et persona," so that he was apparently still going about three months before his death. He died on the 30th of July in the same year, and from certain papers still preserved in the Venetian Archives we learn that his doctor "Ser Francesco Caron" attended him in his malady for seventeen days and nights.† So that we may hesitate in accepting Morelli's theory as to the ill-health and consequent unproductiveness of Palma's later years. The picture which, as we have said, belonged to Sig. Alessandro Bedendo had been bought by his father from the Pizzamano family, who had acquired it, earlier in the century, from another noble house. There are several reasons for believing that this family was that of the Widman. It was in the beginning of the nineteenth century that the sale of their pictures took place, and two seventeenth century writers refer to a "Sacra Conversazione" by Palma as being in their collection. Ridolfi's description would exclude it from being the one now at Naples. He quotes (1650) a "seated Madonna who gazes amiably at the kneeling St. John Baptist, with other Saints around." Although the Naples "Sacra Conversazione" is the only one in which the Madonna gazes directly at St. John Baptist, the figure of the former occupies such a prominent place that it would certainly have been mentioned by Ridolfi.

Martinioni, who, a little later (1664), made the notes to Sansovino's "Venetia Città Nobilissima," speaks of the beautiful Palma Vecchio in the Palazzo Widman, containing a Madonna, Our Lord, St. Joseph and other saints. The mention of St. Joseph equally proves it not to be the "Sacra Conversazione" now at Vienna, so that we have some very plausible grounds for assuming the picture described as being so long in the Widman collection to be that recently bought from Sig. Bedendo. Who were its original possessors? The Widman family only came to Venice long after Palma's death, and were enrolled among the Venetian aristocracy at the end of the sixteenth century. Professor Cantalamessa thinks it may have been the noble house of the Priuli of San Severo, who owned the beautiful Early-Gothic palace on the Rio San Lorenzo, for Sansovino mentions them as great patrons of Palma and the purchasers of many of his works.

The colour scheme of this picture is exceptionally happy. The Madonna's crimson robe and blue mantle are complemented by St. Joseph's orange cloak, and St. Catharine wears a dress of dark green and a vivid red. St. John Baptist has no brilliant colour in his clothes, but the figure itself is one of dark bronzed tints and warm brown shadows particularly effective against the silvery distance of hill and lake. The high light is concentrated upon the Virgin and flaxen-haired Child, and upon the tanned limbs of St. John. St. Catharine and St. Joseph, lower in tone, sink into secondary significance. The two points of interest are obviously the Madonna and St. John, and there is a certain tenderness in the manner in which these figures have been painted, a concentration of energy, a closeness, which is not present in all contemporary Venetian work. I believe that we may not only accept this as a genuine Palma, but as one of the most serious and most successful of his works.

LILIAN PRIULI-BON.

* Arch. di Stato Sezione Notariali. Busta 778. Priuli Zaccaria Prot.
† Arch. di Stato-Testamenti-Att. Alvise Nadal. No. 159.



Photo. Alinari.

The Holy Family.
By Palma Vecchio.



The Hon. Diana Macdonald, Lady Sinclair of Ulbster, only daughter of Alexander, Lord Macdonald (of the Isles). Cosway's original stippled Engraving.



The tinted Engraving of the Hon. Diana Macdonald, with Prince of Wales's Feather and Coronet added, to represent Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline.

Cosway's Engraving of Diana, Lady Sinclair, utilised to represent Caroline of Brunswick and Caroline of Anspach.

By THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON.

A SINGULAR fate has befallen Cosway's stippled engraving of the beautiful Miss Diana Macdonald, daughter of Lord Macdonald, who in 1788 married the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, of Ulbster. When Princess Caroline of Brunswick became engaged to George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., no engraving of her was at hand. An enterprising print-seller took Cosway's engraving of Miss Macdonald (then Lady Sinclair), introduced a coronet with Prince of Wales's feathers on the top of the hair, and sold it as a portrait of Princess Caroline. A few years ago, Miss Sarah Tytler published a book called "Royal Ladies of the House of Hanover," and presented this pirated edition of the Brunswick Princess (in reality the portrait of Lady Sinclair), as Caroline of Anspach (wife of George II.), who died fifty years before Cosway's picture was painted. The adventures, however, of Lady Sinclair's charming portrait were not ended. Last year, Mr. Wilkins, publishing his two volumes on Caroline the Illustrious (the wife of George II.), reproduced the portrait of Lady Sinclair as that of Caroline of Anspach at the time of her marriage to George II. In the interval since the publication of Miss Tytler's book, it had found its way to a German town, where Mr. Wilkins bought it.

The original painting and engraving of the Hon. Diana Macdonald, Lady Sinclair of Ulbster, by Cosway, are in the possession of her grandson, Sir Tollemache Sinclair, and one of the original copies of the engraving pirated for Caroline of Brunswick is owned by the writer, at the Chapter House, St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Hon. Diana Macdonald was the only daughter of Alexander, Lord Macdonald (of the Isles), by his wife Elizabeth Diana, daughter of Godfrey Bosvile of Gunthwaite, Yorks, and was born about 1765. Her

father and mother were visited in the Isle of Skye by Dr. Samuel Johnson in the "Tour to the Hebrides." Lord Macdonald welcomed the Sage with a long poem of Latin Lyrics, and he was the Chief whom Johnson tried to stir up to the martial training of his Clan. He afterwards raised "The Regiment of the Isles," and his son raised "Macdonald's Highlanders," fencible regiments in the struggle with Napoleon. Lady Macdonald's sister Julia, Vicountess Dudley and Ward, was a well-known beauty of her day, and was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds as 'Fortitude,' with a lion beside her, for the great west window at New College, Oxford.

As a young child, Miss Macdonald's picture was painted in crayons by Angelica Kauffman, which is in the possession of Sir J. G. Tollemache Sinclair. A little later she was painted as a gipsy girl by Hoppner, but this was apparently not liked by the family, has passed through several hands, and was sold the other day at Christie's to Leggatt. When she came out, there was a debate in the family whether she should be painted by Gainsborough or Cosway, and the choice fell on the latter.

Cosway's picture is very beautiful, but for some reason was never finished: the head is complete, the rest is in tints of amber. Two small engravings of it were brought out: one in colours, the other plain. It was the coloured engraving that was pirated to represent Princess Caroline of Brunswick, and many years subsequently, by a double mistake, Princess Caroline of Anspach. Within the last few years, a large edition of the engraving has been brought out by Messrs. Sabin, of Shaftesbury Avenue. By darkening the eyes they have a little altered the original, but there is the same charming expression.

Two of Miss Macdonald's brothers, Alexander and Godfrey, succeeded to the Macdonald estates and peerage; a third, James, was killed at the battle of Bergen-op-Zoom; a fourth, Dudley, lived till 1840, and was known as an enthusiastic musician; he and his brothers played violin trios, and possessed more than one "Strad."

Miss Macdonald married in 1788 the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart., of Thurso Castle, Caithness, the author of the "Statistical Account of Scotland" and Founder of the old "Board of Agriculture," etc.

She had thirteen children, seven sons and six daughters, who were all six feet high or more, the tallest being six feet seven. The six young ladies were presented to King George III. at Holyrood as "thirty-six feet of daughters." The pavement outside their house in George Street, Edinburgh, was called "The Giants' Causeway." The eldest son, Sir George, was a long time in Parliament, and a friend of William IV.; Alexander was well known as a genealogist and antiquarian; John was many years Archdeacon of Middlesex and Vicar of Kensington, and built the new parish church of St. Mary Abbots; William was Rector of Pulborough and Prebendary of Chichester, and father of the present Archdeacon of London. Of the daughters, Julia married George, 4th Earl of Glasgow, Helen married Stair Stewart of Glasserton, and Catherine, who was once a very popular novelist, is remembered as the authoress of "Holiday House," a breezy book about the adventures of herself and her brothers and sisters as children.

Lady Sinclair, who was a charming hostess, and whose receptions in Edinburgh are often alluded to in books about those days, died in 1845.

WILLIAM M. SINCLAIR.

Dismissed.

THE Judges appointed by the Council of the Royal Academy have now welcomed or repulsed the efforts of those who sought to be represented in the Exhibition soon to be opened in Burlington House. With the increase in the number of aspirants to recognition the proportion of works accepted for the 134th Exhibition must be smaller than for the first few exhibitions when the test was not so severe as it is in these days of intense competition. A glance at the early Academy catalogues makes one suppose, indeed, that the promoters of the institution had to contribute largely in order that the walls should not be left bare. To the first Exhibition Reynolds contributed four out of a total of 136 pictures; to the second, eight out of 245; the fifth, sixth, eighth and ninth each received thirteen canvases from him: and Gainsborough and West were among those who sent many pictures to the exhibitions of the young society.

These facts suggest that the number of rejected pictures were comparatively few. With the increase of contributors, however, some more rigid discriminating power had to be observed; and with the consequent limiting of space open to outside talent disappointments naturally followed. It is possible in years to come that some reforms may be made by which less space will be reserved for the sometimes perfunctory art of privileged exhibitors; but even should that time arrive, the room available for the work of outsiders will be still insufficient, and many who have sought admission will be sent empty away.

It is to those who have failed to satisfy the judges, or whose works have been crowded out, that we wish to dedicate a few words of encouragement. There is no maxim more true than that which attributes ultimate success to early failures. The quality is not given to all to accept defeat with idle complacency; were it so, there would be few real triumphs. Men who have achieved greatness in their several professions have mostly risen from obscurity by persistent hopefulness and sustained effort: fresh determination has been derived from the rebuffs of fickle fortune.

To be denied a place on the walls of the Royal Academy on the present occasion will be dispiriting to those who have used their best endeavour to secure that qualification. It may be that for the moment the hopes of the young artists will be dulled by the rejection of the pictures or pieces of sculpture, the completion of which has cost so much labour and thought; ambition may be numbed by such dismissal. Let them take courage and resolve to try again next year. Study will convince them more and more of their shortcomings, and unconsciously they will be benefitted by control. Above all, let them cherish no thoughts of resentment against the jury whose duties of selection are so severe.

The rejection of some work is a disagreeable necessity, and its performance must give the judges cause for regret that they cannot extend more freely a welcoming hand to the ambitious student. But though they cannot do this, they feel kindly disposed towards those who have desired to contribute to the success of the Exhibition. All are working with a common object in view, and,

"Brothers in Art, a friendship so complete,"

the judges will eventually be able to give to the unsuccessful artists the encouragement which, this year, has been absorbed by other members of the fraternity.

Passing Events.

IN connection with the Turin Exhibition, and on behalf of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, Mr. Walter Crane, the President of the Society, has arranged for the loan, from the authorities of the Victoria and Albert Museum, of the fine arras tapestry representing 'The Four Seasons,' by William Morris, and another Morris design will appear in a coverlet embroidered by Miss May Morris. One of the exhibits will be a case of the Kelmscott Press books and some cartoons for glass by Burne-Jones and Madox Brown. Mr. Crane has sent the friezes and panels he has painted to decorate the galleries, besides many examples of his work for carpets, tiles and pottery, executed by the best manufacturers. Among other artists who have contributed work may be mentioned Mr. George Frampton, R.A., Mr. Lewis F. Day, Mr. Anning Bell (who has accompanied Mr. Crane to Turin), Mr. Pomeroy, and Mr. Voysey. These preparations ensure the representative character of the Decorative Art Section of the Turin Exhibition.

MR. HEYWOOD SUMNER and Mr. W. Aumonier spoke on the subject of "Inlay and Marquetry" at the Royal Institute of British Architects on the 7th April. Some old examples of work were sent from the Victoria and Albert Museum. Mr. Sumner referred to the process of inserting coloured wax into incisions, a primitive method of ornamentation which he described in his contribution to our pages entitled "A Forgotten Craft" (July, 1901). Prior to the discussion of the papers, the President announced that the Royal Gold Medal this year would be given to Mr. T. E. Collcutt. The medal had been awarded to Mr. J. F. Bentley, but his death immediately before the announcement of the King's acquiescence in the choice of the Council, required another recipient to be nominated.

MR. GEORGE FRAMPTON, the latest elected Royal Academician, has recently been much before the public by reason of various memorials executed by him to honour the remembrance of notable people. His statue of Queen Victoria was unveiled in Calcutta on the 19th March. Mr. Frampton has reaped academical honours in rapid succession, and as an Art teacher he enjoys a sound reputation.

CHRISTENED with the name of "The Wallpaper Gallery," Messrs Jeffrey and Co. have opened a showroom at 31, Mortimer Street, W. The gallery contains the most recent designs by the leading decorative artists, and deserves to be well patronised.—The exhibition of artistically-cased pianos by Messrs. Brinsmead will repay a visit to 20, Wigmore Street.

THE June number of THE ART JOURNAL will be devoted to the most topical subject of the year. The Coronation of King Edward VII. affords an opportunity to describe the most remarkable of the Royal possessions. Mr. Lionel Cust, His Majesty's Surveyor of Pictures, Mr. R. R. Holmes, the King's Librarian at Windsor, Mr. Guy Francis Laking, the King's Armourer, will contribute articles. Every care has been taken to ensure the inclusion of the most choice examples of the art of all periods in His Majesty's Collection. This special number will be an authentic compilation of considerable value. There will be several large reproductions, one of which will be an original etching by Mr. Axel H. Haig showing the interior of Westminster Abbey.

Recent Fine-Art Books.

IT was a happy inspiration for Messrs. Bell to arrange with Mr. Lionel Cust to write a description of "THE SKETCH-BOOK OF SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK," which has now found its proper resting-place in Chatsworth Library. Mr. Cust renders the story of these drawings succinctly yet with complete knowledge of the circumstances, and the few pages of introduction are models of what such forewords should be. The sketch-book was filled by Van Dyck during his journeys in Italy at the beginning of the seventeenth century. They are mostly executed with pen and brown ink, occasionally aided by the brush. There are forty-seven plates, the majority containing several designs on the same page; and they are mostly memoranda of pictures seen by the young artist and drawn by him for practice and reference. The reproduction of these sketches is carried out by a kind of photo-lithography, which is unusually satisfactory.

Since the retirement of Sir John Tenniel our old friend *Punch* has not seemed quite the same. The artist who followed him had a task which at first seemed almost beyond his power to carry through successfully, but as time has gone on Mr. Sambourne has gradually risen to a proper artistic level, and now he has attained a position which makes him an acceptable successor to the more famous veteran. All this is well exemplified in "CARTOONS OF 1901" which *Punch* has just published. In these it is possible to trace this rise in artistic merit in the "first" cartoonist. As to the new "second" cartoon artist, Mr. Bernard Partridge, he leaped into the new position with a bound, and some of his designs are equal to the very best traditions of *Punch*.

Mr. Fothergill, about whom we recently published a special article (p. 11), has brought together many of his recent drawings in "A NORTH COUNTRY ALBUM" (Dresser, Darlington), and these give an excellent impression of his abilities and humour.

A very remarkable book of small dimensions but filled with new ideas is Mr. George Auriol's "PREMIER LIVRE DES CACHETS, MARQUES, ET MONOGRAMMES" (Paris, Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts). This contains fully 400 original and artistic monograms, many of them entirely new in conception, and nearly every one successful in being easily understood, as well as amusing to examine.

"THE BEST HUNDRED PICTURES" (Letts), which were successfully scattered broadcast over the country, have now been brought together in a presentable volume. The subjects in the very old and also in the most modern examples are not particularly well-chosen, or selected with proper knowledge, but those of the early and middle periods of the nineteenth century leave nothing to be desired.

"FIVE GREAT PAINTERS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA," by Sir Wyke Bayliss (Sampson Low), being lectures on Leigthon, Millais, Burne-Jones, Watts and Holman Hunt, is only a partially successful book. The author is too much filled with a sense of his own importance, yet if this somewhat amiable trait is excused the lectures make excellent reading.

Messrs. Bell continue to issue their series of shilling "LIVES OF PAINTERS," Holbein, Reynolds, Leighton, Watteau, and Holman Hunt, which in little compass give the prominent facts of these artists' careers.

BRITISH MUSEUM 16 OC 1902



Photo. Hanfstaengl.

Fête Champêtre.
By Pater.
(Buckingham Palace.)

The King's Collections of Works of Art.

BY LIONEL CUST, M.V.O., F.S.A.,

SURVEYOR OF THE KING'S PICTURES AND WORKS OF ART.

INASMUCH as the King's collections of works of art are dispersed among several palaces, which are not all accessible to the ordinary visitor, the actual extent and wealth of the royal collections can hardly be apprehended or estimated by the public.

Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, Hampton Court, St. James's Palace, Kensington Palace, Holyrood, Sandringham, and other royal houses, all contain treasures, some of a nature special to the locality in which they are preserved. A complete catalogue of the pictures, furniture, china, and other objects comprised in these collections would electrify and dazzle the modern connoisseur, and their value in these days of preposterous and inflated prices could only be reckoned by millions of pounds.

To give any idea of the actual contents of the collections would be beyond the scope of this article. It must be sufficient to try and record how these collections came into being. It should be noted, however, at the start, that from the earliest times the royal amateurs have made their collections from personal rather than national motives, and that it is due to successive bequests on the part of individual sovereigns to the crown as a hereditary as well as a national institution, that the royal collections can in any way be said to rank among the assets of the national wealth.

Henry VIII. is the first sovereign whose patronage of the Arts is attested by existing records. In the Record Office there is preserved a manuscript entitled, "An account of the King's money, jewels, plate, utensils, apparel, wardrobe stuffs, goods and chattels, consigned to the care of Sir Anthony Denny at Westminster," while in the British Museum there is preserved a somewhat similar inventory, taken after the King's death. These records show that the King was not only a student of books and music, but that he owned many pictures, both Tables great and small or folding, as panel pictures were then described, and Stayned Cloths, or paintings on canvas in distemper. The subjects, moreover, were also diverse, comprising portraits, religious subjects and historical pictures. Several of the portraits entered in this catalogue are still to be found in the Royal Collection. Unfortunately the painter's name is never given, so that it is impossible to discover from these lists the extent of the patronage shown by the burly monarch to the famous painter Hans Holbein.

It cannot be said that the ensuing monarchs of the Tudor period were particularly distinguished as patrons of art, or rather of painting. Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth seemed to have cared for little else but portraiture of a somewhat arid nature. At an age when painting and sculpture were reaching, perhaps, their highest point in Italy and the Netherlands, the Arts in England, save that of architecture, were dormant, and, as a native school, practically non-existent.

James I., the Solomon of the North, had something of the collector's taste, and is known to have owned paintings by Titian, Tintoretto, Quintin Matsys, and other famous artists. The portrait-painters, too, of this period, mostly of Netherlandish origin, Marcus Gheeraerts, Paul Van Somer, and Daniel Mytens, make a goodly show in the royal collections at the present day.



Photo. Hanfstaengl.

Garrick and his Wife.
By Hogarth.
(Windsor Castle.)

But it is with the sons of James I. that the royal family became noted as collectors of works of art. Henry, Prince of Wales, though little more than a boy when he died, had already laid the foundations of a notable collection of paintings, statuary, and books. His brother, Charles I., carried this love of collecting to its high-water mark, and must ever rank among the most enlightened amateurs of any age and country.

It was, moreover, not through a love of ostentation, or through any particular lavish expenditure, that Charles was led to form his collections. He was a fine critic, both of the artistic merit and the actual value of a painting. He employed agents right and left in Europe, but with far less reckless enterprise than did his most formidable rival in this line, his favourite Duke of Buckingham. As Prince of Wales, Charles I. had already formed the nucleus of a fine collection, and he continued to add to this as long as his days of prosperity endured. This success culminated in 1632, when the King acquired the whole of the celebrated collection of paintings belonging to Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua.

In these days a perusal of the catalogue made for Charles I. by his servant, Abraham Van der Doort, reads like a kind of Aladdin's palace for the amateur and the fine-art broker of the present day. Not only paintings by the first masters, Raphael, Titian, A. Dürer, Holbein, Janet, Rubens, and the like abound, but also limnings, known to us by the misleading name of miniatures, sculpture in bronze, marble, wood, or even wax, medals, gems, and other rarities. Everything testifies to the unrivalled taste of the royal collector.

The story is unfortunately too well known how this magnificent collection, such as a multi-millionaire of the present day could never hope to form, became dispersed after the death on the scaffold of its royal owner. Deeply as all lovers of art must deplore the loss to England sustained by the sale of Charles I.'s

BRITISH MUSEUM



Photo. Hanfstaengl.

Portrait of a Young Girl.
By Greuze.
(Buckingham Palace.)

collection, it is possible that undue severity has been meted out to Oliver Cromwell and his House of Commons for their action in this particular instance.

Money was as much a necessity and a want to the Parliament as to the King, since the long Civil War had drained all resources to the bottom of the cup. The Parliament found themselves confronted with all the legitimate liabilities of the Royal household, which had been incurred under their sanction, and which they could not repudiate without inflicting suffering upon innocent individuals. Everything was in arrear and the claims enormous. It is probable that the profits of the sale were entirely expended in this direction. But a forced sale seldom produces a full value, though the



Photo. Hanfstaengl.

Blind Man's Buff.
By Sir David Wilkie, R.A.
(Buckingham Palace.)

dispersal at Whitehall was not such a hopeless display of prejudice and imbecility as the break up of Versailles a century and a half later.

Syndicates were formed to buy up the pictures, and some of the King's servants seem to have been allowed to do this in lieu of any regular payment of the sums due to them. But there were three agencies already at work, which picked out the plums and took them away. The Archduke Leopold William of Austria was the Pierpont Morgan or Mrs. Gardner of his day, and swept up all that was good, as may be seen now in the marvellous collection of the Imperial Gallery at Vienna. The Spanish ambassador had orders from his master, Philip IV., to secure the chief works of Raphael and Titian, who were the highest in the esteem of that gloomy monarch. Cardinal Mazarin represented the prodigal amateur of his day, while the merchants Jabach and Van Reynst anticipated the judicious investment of trade profits, so conspicuously practised at the present time.

And so there passed away from England some of the most justly famous paintings by world-famous artists, a depletion of the national wealth which had no parallel until the incursion of American and South African millionaires about A.D. 1900. At Madrid, Paris, Vienna, the art-lover beholds and admires the works of art which an English Government sold for a mere song. To name them is in the words of the Latin poet:

"Infandum renovare dolorem."

With the Restoration, brighter days ensued for the Royal Collections. Charles II. was lucky enough to recover from retainers, who now crept out into the sun of the royal patronage, many of the pictures, which they had formed themselves into syndicate to buy. Thus, most of the paintings by Van Dyck and his predecessors were preserved. Moreover, the King met with an unexpected piece of good fortune, in that the States General of Holland were moved to purchase the pictures acquired by the Dutch amateur, Van Reynst, and returned them as a gift to the English Crown. Thus, a large portion of Charles I.'s collection was recovered and remains the property of the Crown at the present day. The chief jewels are, however, to seek elsewhere, as are those from the collection formed by the splendid Duke of Buckingham.

James II. during his short reign did little to increase the number of works of art in the Royal Collections. The catalogue of his possessions is interesting, as shewing how much of his father's collection had been preserved or recovered.

The reign of William and Mary, if it added little to the scope of the Royal Collections, except a series of formal portraits, continued by their successors for many years, was yet remarkable for notable events. One important event was the removal of the Court to Kensington Palace and to Hampton Court, both of which were added to and beautified under the directions of Sir Christopher Wren, and decorated by Verrio, Laguerre, and other fashionable artists of the period.

Perhaps the most noteworthy trace of King William III. in the royal collections is to be sought at the Hague and Amsterdam. William, happier in his native Holland



Photo. Hanfstaengl.

The Listening Girl.
By Nicholas Maes.
(Buckingham Palace.)



Photo. Spooner.

Col. St. Leger.
By Gainsborough.
(Buckingham Palace.)

than in England, transferred to his Dutch palace some of the most precious paintings belonging to the Crown of England. He took, with two or more Holbeins, including the famous 'Robert Cheseman,' a fine painting by Van Dyck of the King's parents at the time of their boy and girl marriage, a masterpiece by Gerard Dow, and a few other notable pictures. They remained in Holland at the time of his death. Queen Anne claimed them, but their return was negatived by the States General, who were perhaps mindful of their waste of generosity towards Charles II. So it happens that the royal collection in Holland is the richer for some spoils from that of the English Crown.

It was during the reign of William III. that the two greatest disasters happened to the royal collections. The Palace of Whitehall was stocked with valuable works of art. In 1691 the negligence of a maid-servant caused a fire, which destroyed the Stone Gallery, and this was followed in 1698 by a more serious conflagration due to the same cause, which laid the whole palace in ruins, except the famous Banqueting Hall. Many pictures were saved, but Holbein's great mural painting of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and their wives, Bernini's historic bust of Charles I., and other noteworthy objects perished in the flames. The King displayed little emotion, merely remarking that he had already made up his mind never to use Whitehall Palace as a royal residence.

The arts had sunk so low in Germany, especially in the north, that little could be expected of so pronounced a German as George I., or even of his slightly more cultivated son, George II. The latter's consort, Caroline of Anspach, was the first to re-awaken in the royal family some sense of appreciation of the art-treasures which were even then the property of the Crown.

In an age when the concrete realities of life were so much to the fore, Queen Caroline was a very remarkable individual. This is not the place to discuss her career, or the influence which she had upon English society. It is sufficient here to say that at Kensington Palace, where the Queen usually resided, she took an energetic part in improving the palace and grounds and rearranging the collections in it. Among other acts she discovered the long-forgotten book of Holbein's drawings of the English Court under Henry VIII. and made them known to the world.

Much of Queen Caroline's artistic intelligence was inherited by her son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, perhaps the least understood and the least appreciated member of the Georgian dynasty, and the one who had the least chance of living down his youthful indiscretions.

Frederick, with all his faults, weak and worthless as he seemed to his contemporaries, or was judged so from his boon companions, was all the same a man of culture. He made some judicious purchases from the collections of Dr. Mead and other amateurs, which were dispersed at this period. Through a Mr. Bagnall, who was connected with Spain commercially, Frederick obtained some important paintings, such as the 'St. Martin,' usually ascribed to Rubens, but now assigned to Van Dyck. Frederick, too, employed perhaps too freely the showy Italian painters of the time, Sebastiano Ricci and Francesco Zuccarelli, whose works still abound at Windsor and at Hampton Court. Given a longer lease of life, the responsibilities of kingship, and wiser counsellors, Frederick might have become an enlightened patron of art and artists.

His son, who inherited the throne as George III., can hardly be esteemed for the above qualities, although he was instrumental in bringing about the most portentous event in the history of British art, the foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts. During the period which may fairly be styled the golden age of English painting, the King became immortal, it may be said, in spite of himself. To the greatest English painter of the time, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who eventually became the chosen President of the King's new Academy, George III. at first showed but scanty favour. But in spite of this the most homely and least picturesque of English sovereigns, together with his still homelier and plain, if not ill-favoured Consort, furnished to the portrait-painters of the period some of their most successful subjects. Allan Ramsay, graceful and delicate, with a touch of Nattier and the French School; Gainsborough, brilliant and audacious, not afraid to set a homely Queen Charlotte by the side of an entrancing Duchess of



The Royal Princesses. (Windsor Castle.)

By T. Gainsborough, R.A.



Photo. Hanfstaengl.

The Shipbuilder and his Wife.
By Rembrandt.
(Buckingham Palace.)



Photo. Hanfstaengl.

Children of Charles I.
By Vandyck.
(Windsor Castle.)

Cumberland; Zoffany, with the penetration of a Hogarth allied to the careful painting of a Metsu; Beechey, with his British downrightness and honesty of purpose, all found in the King and Queen subjects worthy of their brush.

Personality has always counted for something in art, and a brilliant and flashy Prince of Wales and Prince Regent, about to expand into a padded and lay figure king in George IV., found his suitable portrayers in the shallower and occasionally trivial, though often brilliant art of Cosway, Hoppner, and Lawrence. If George IV. inherited some, perhaps many, of the weaknesses and even vices which had brought his grandfather, Frederick, into disrepute, it can always be alleged in his favour that, given all his faults, he was an enthusiastic and even enlightened patron of the arts. Extravagance in building was the order of the day, and in an age when private persons were guilty of such places as Belvoir Castle, Eridge and Battle Abbey, a sovereign may be excused for the lavish outlay given to Wyatville for Windsor Castle, and to Nash for Buckingham Palace. Even that architectural outrage known as the Brighton Pavilion, may be excused as the first development in England of some appreciation of the true spirit of the art, then so little known, of the Far East, which has now become a mere common-place for the student.

But it was not merely as a builder of palaces that George IV. increased the wealth and splendour of the Crown. He witnessed the great *débâcle* of Royalty in France, and reaped the spoils from its wreckage. Under the advice of Lord Hertford and other skilful agents in Paris, George IV. acquired for laughable prices some of the best specimens of French eighteenth-century furniture from Versailles and other royal palaces. The collection of Sèvres porcelain which he formed is of fabulous value, exceeding in quantity and often in quality the famous specimens in the Wallace Collection.

Guided also by such experts as Lord Farnborough, Sir William Knighton and others, George IV. added to the royal collection of pictures, already so rich in the works of Italian and Flemish artists, the world-famous collection of Dutch pictures, now at Buckingham Palace, the splendid nucleus of which was formed by Sir Francis Baring.

These treasures were stored at Carlton House, where they narrowly escaped destruction by fire. When Carlton House was broken up in 1826, the bulk of the art treasures was removed to Buckingham Palace, and, when that palace was rebuilt by Nash, they were for the most part again removed to Kensington Palace until the new palace was ready to receive them.

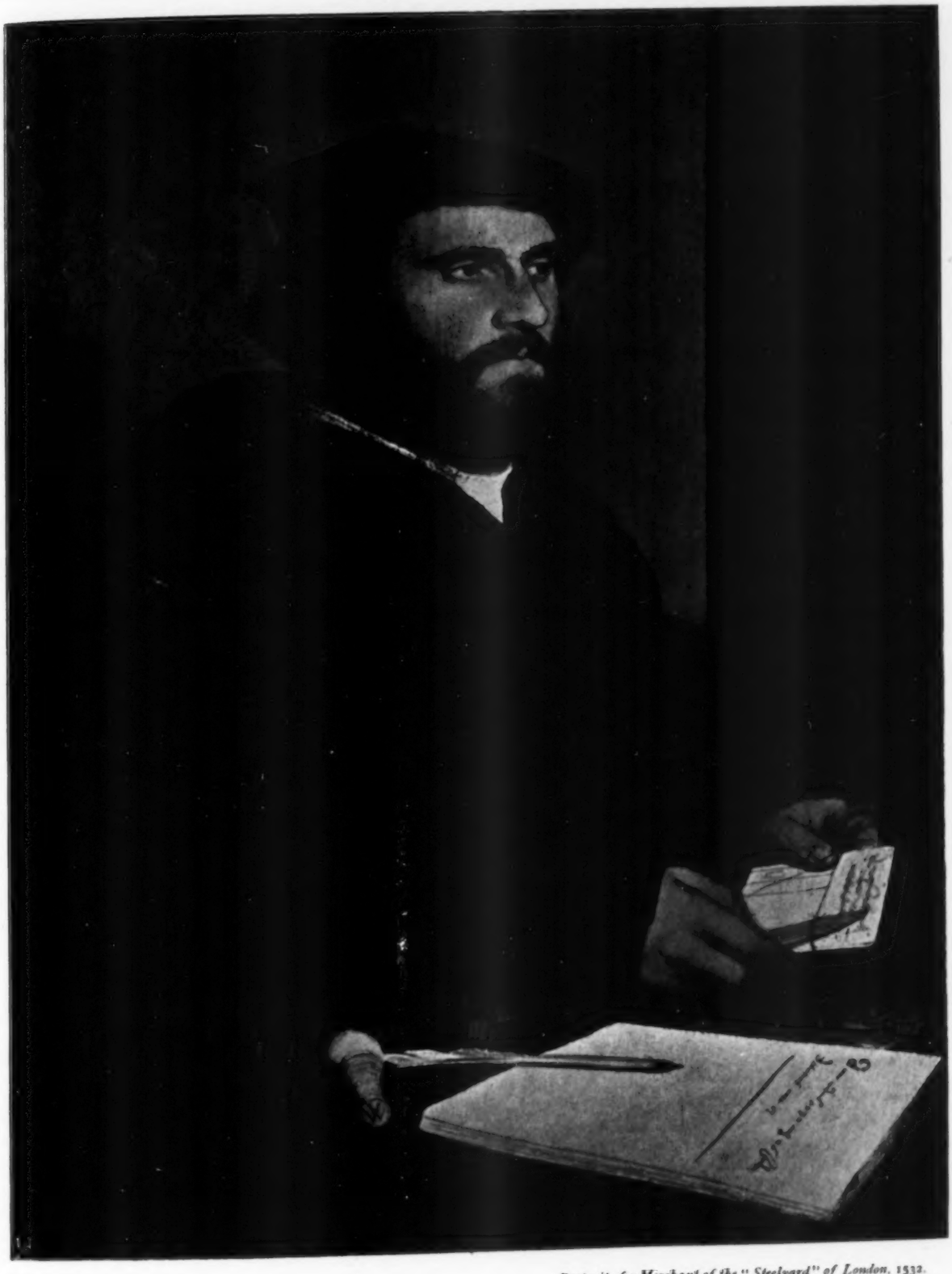


Photo. Hanfstaengl.

Portrait of a Merchant of the "Steelyard" of London, 1532.
By Holbein.
(Windsor Castle.)



Photo. Hanfstaengl. *Portrait of Helen Fourment. By Rubens. (Windsor Castle.)*

William IV. on his accession took an important step by transferring many of the finest paintings from Kensington to Hampton Court, to which palace free access was now granted to the public. Several pictures of historical interest were moved to Windsor Castle, and others to Kew Palace.

The marriage of Queen Victoria to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha opened a new era in the history of art in England. From his youth up the Prince Consort, as he was afterwards to be known, had been a zealous student of art. His active brain sketched out for itself schemes for the development and improvement of the Fine Arts, some of which he was able to see come to maturity with his own eyes.

In his appreciation of the art of painting, the Prince Consort anticipated many ideas which were to strike root later on. He collected paintings by the Primitive Artists not only of the Tuscan School, but also of the early Flemish and German Schools, at a time when paintings of this class were still reckoned as rude and Gothic by amateurs, who had not yet emancipated themselves from the tyranny of the late Italian Academical Schools. The Prince Consort was one of the first amateurs to value a Fra Angelico higher than a Guido Reni, and to set a Bernard Van Orley or a Lucas Cranach in the same rank as a Carlo Maratti or a Nicolas Poussin. For Raphael the Prince Consort had an unbounded admiration, and the collection of prints and engravings, illustrating the works of Raphael, preserved in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, remains as a testimony to the Prince Consort's zeal. To the Prince Consort can be traced the birth of all those schemes which led to such epoch-making events as the Great International Exhibition of 1851 or the foundation of the South Kensington Museum. To him was due the great Westminster competitions for cartoons and frescoes. But the Prince Consort was too far ahead of his contemporaries. That which his brain conceived required the right persons to carry out his intentions. They had not yet come into existence.

The Great Exhibition of 1851, so successful in its issues, at the time revealed the Fine Arts in Europe at their very worst. But the plough was in the soil, and from the seed scattered by the Prince Consort grew the plentiful and bounteous crop which has been of so much benefit to the world at large.

The Government School of Design and the Museum at South Kensington, now known as the Victoria and Albert Museum, have as yet hardly realised the hopes of their projectors. But they have formed the prototypes of those great institutions for Art and Industry, not only in the great cities of England and the Colonies, but also on the Continent, especially in Germany, where the late lamented Empress Frederick testified by her energy and singular intelligence to the special qualities which she had inherited from her royal father.

Devoted as was the Prince Consort to the arts of painting and sculpture, he again had the misfortune to live in an epoch which was almost barren of remarkable genius throughout the art world, or in which true native genius had great difficulty in making itself known through an overwhelming crust of academic ignorance and prejudice. Bred under the influence in Germany of the mock heroics of Cornelius, the frigid classicism of Carstens and Steinle, and the equally frigid religious revivalism of Overbeck and Veit, the Prince Consort hoped to be able to plant these ideas in the almost untilled soil of English art—hence the great schemes for decorating the Houses of Parliament, and for fresco-painting, schemes of which the wreckage still remains to show the loftiness of their idea and the incapacity of their executants.

In an age when portrait-painting in England depended on such men as Hayter, Grant, or Partridge, it is quite intelligible why the Queen and the Prince Consort should have preferred the facile accuracy and complacent skill of so uninspired an

artist as Winterhalter. His works now form a conspicuous part of the royal collections, but the painter's reputation has suffered unduly through the abundance of indifferent copies by third or fourth rate painters, mostly of English origin, which are often mistaken for the originals.

The new Renascence was still to come, Ruskin's voice was heard, but little heeded, Rossetti, Millais, Leighton, Watts, Holl, had not yet made their mark, and, when the English School of Painting had recovered its position, the good and wise Prince had passed away.



Photo. Hanfstaengl.

A Village with Watermills.
By Hobbema.
(Buckingham Palace.)

To the re-arrangement of the pictures and other works of art in the royal palaces, the Prince Consort devoted much attention, and it was only his premature death which put a stop to any further developments. Unfortunately, the Prince had been persuaded at Buckingham Palace that one uniform style of frame was a preferable form of decoration for a picture gallery. The Dutch paintings, collected by George IV., were therefore deprived of their original frames, and placed in one uniform pattern, in itself of an indifferent design. The result can only be described as disastrous and regrettable.

After the death of the Prince Consort, little alteration was made in the royal collections. The widowed Queen Victoria was ever averse to change of any sort in her surroundings, where the arrangements, as disposed by her lamented Consort, were seldom disturbed.

Winterhalter was succeeded by Angeli, who continued to be preferred by Queen Victoria up to the last. For the Fine Arts, as producing works of imagination or original fancy and invention, Queen Victoria displayed little sympathy. It was not that the Queen was niggardly in her patronage, for there was seldom a time when some artist such as Landseer, Gourlay Steell, Burton Barber, or Boehm, was not actually employed in her service. But the main stream of British Art flowed by unnoticed.

It has remained for the present Sovereign, King Edward VII., to inaugurate a new era for the Fine Arts in England, the extent and effect of which it is too early at this day to estimate.

The complete re-arrangement and re-decoration of the Royal Palaces of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle have afforded to the King an opportunity for the review and re-organisation of the priceless art treasures belonging to the Crown.

At Windsor Castle, in the State Rooms, the collection of French furniture, many of them masterpieces of Riesener, Gouthière, Boulle, and other celebrated artists, are now set out in a manner not only to give satisfaction to their owners and pleasure to the spectators, but also to act as a suitable decoration to the splendid building in which they are enshrined. Bronzes, china, jade, and other objects are in course of re-arrangement, so as to enable the Sovereigns and their guests to enjoy and appreciate them. The armour has been brought together, and now forms one of the most conspicuous ornaments to the Castle. Many of the pictures by Holbein, Titian, Rembrandt, and others from Charles I.'s collection, have been brought out to form a picture gallery in themselves. The renowned collections of paintings by Canaletto and Zuccarelli have been dispersed so as to give a better idea of their decorative qualities. At Buckingham Palace, too, changes of a remarkable nature have been in progress. The great picture gallery has been re-hung, and the little-known but remarkable collection of full-length portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Ramsay, Beechey, Lawrence, Cotes, and others has been arranged in the state rooms and galleries so as to form a noble series, illustrative of British painting at that epoch. In this way the dignity of the Palace has been increased a hundredfold.

To his private rooms the King has transferred the interesting collection of modern paintings from Marlborough House, comprising works by Leighton, Watts, Prinsep, and Doré, and other well-known modern artists, which have been united to some of the choicest works by Landseer, Phillip, Frith, Noël Paton, and Meissonier from the private collection of Queen Victoria, and form a representative collection of painting in the nineteenth century.

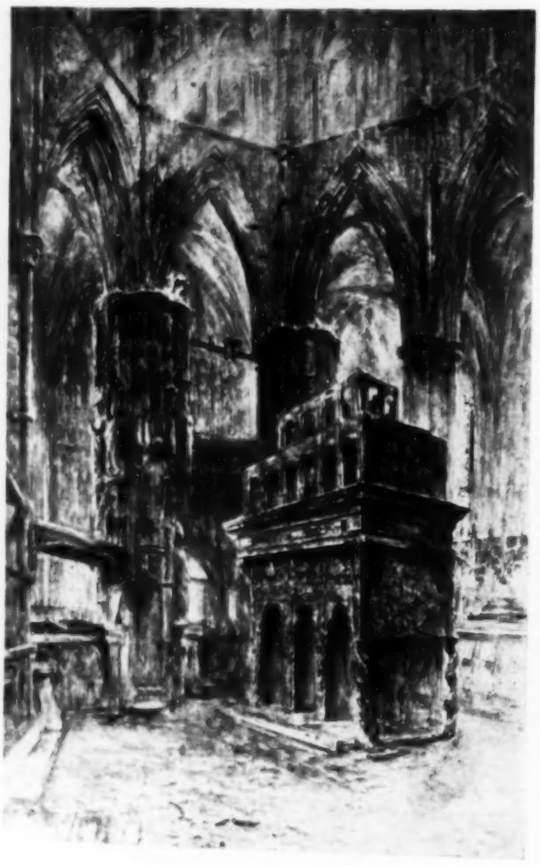
Over all the re-arrangement of the royal collections His Majesty the King has presided in person, His Majesty's skill and interest in such matters being well-known. His gracious consort, Queen Alexandra, has for long been known as a lover of art and music, and as an indefatigable visitor to art exhibitions.

A reign so auspiciously commenced can hardly fail to be of lasting importance for British art. The collections belonging to the Crown may safely be ranked among the nation's most valuable treasures; the nation therefore cannot fail to be grateful for the thorough appreciation of these treasures which has already been shown by their present august possessors.

LIONEL CUST.

Westminster Abbey.

WHATEVER reproach to Londoners exists in the truth that visitors are better acquainted than they with the places of interest in and around the treasure city, most urban and suburban residents are familiar with at least two of the chief resorts. They may not know the Tower, the Museums and the City churches so well as their country friends, Continental neighbours and transatlantic cousins; the very ease of access to such places ensures procrastination. But there is a limit to ignorance. However negligent Londoners are to take advantage of opportunities to see the objects of surpassing interest around them, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral are not disregarded. The Abbey and the Cathedral are frequented by townsmen who never cross the thresholds of other places historically well worth a visit. These two structures are not considered as show places only, but as retreats from the whirl of business. There, the noise of traffic and the rush of work are things of an outside world. The quietness, or, at certain times, the music, soothes and refreshes the visitor, who cannot but be moved to reverence by the appeal of the service or the grandeur of the surroundings.



Edward the Confessor's Shrine.
From a Water-Colour Drawing by Herbert J. Finn.

Not only on account of its age and purpose does Westminster Abbey inspire reverence. Its architecture and decorations are so supremely beautiful that the preservation of the building becomes a greater national trust as time goes on. He must be an unemotional man who does not feel morally inspired in the presence of such venerable remains of early Christian enthusiasm. The pillars, the foliage, the carvings, apart from the dignity of the building itself, serve as tokens of the handicraft of past ages, when such things were produced with no commercial motives, simply as an artistic expression of religious fervour. The deeply carved shields with strange heraldic devices, and the sculptured story of the life of Edward the Confessor in that saint's chapel, inspire the beholder with admiration for the perseverance of the artists who accomplished so much towards the embellishment of the fabric. In the Cloisters, the peace of mind which reposes the loiterer suggests the presence of the spirit of faith which haunts the holy precincts and grants sanctuary from evil.

Historians of many generations have discussed the date at which the Abbey Church of St. Peter was founded. The opinions of archæologists differ, and all computations are necessarily more or less unsubstantiated: but it is certain that the Abbey owed its origin to the recognition in England of the Christian faith in the seventh century. In the thirteenth century it was practically rebuilt, to survive the calamities of fire and civil disturbance during the intervening years until now, when it is again to be the scene of one of those regal ceremonies which have been performed within its walls continuously throughout the history of England. Much of the original work, fragile in its execution, has disappeared under the decaying influence of time, and many parts have had to be replaced with new material. In this work, as in the preparations for such an event as is now imminent, the authorities have the power to see that no harm is done to the structure. Many eminent artists have carried on the traditional design, some with improving influence, some with debasing, but all piously doing their best to interpret the unwritten scheme of the first designer, and to maintain a Temple worthy of its purpose. Wren proposed a steeple, which was never carried into effect. It was a bold idea which has been applauded and condemned by partisans of succeeding generations. Hawksmoor raised the towers, and various structural alterations have been made under the direction of the surveyors. Much thought has been given to the interior, especially in the disposition of the monuments, which before the accession of George IV. were mostly protected by iron railings.

The Chapel of Henry VII., or, more properly speaking, of the Virgin Mary, to whom it was dedicated, is a glorious specimen of florid architecture, the exuberant

The Art Journal, London, H. Virtue & Co. Ltd.



An Original Etching by Axel Haig, R.E.

Westminster Abbey

BRITISH
16 OC 1902
MUSEUM



The Cloisters.
From a Water-Colour Drawing by Herbert J. Finn.

The accompanying view of the Choir is a worthy addition to Mr. Axel H. Haig's famous cathedral subjects, although it is on a smaller scale than some of his well-known etchings. Mr. Haig has etched on the plate surface available a picture which will testify (if any further testimony be needed) to his patience and ability. The minute details of the altar-piece and ironwork have been rendered with extraordinary skill, and as an example of the etcher's art the execution is worthy but difficult of imitation. The three water-colour drawings by Mr. Herbert J. Finn are exhibited at the St. James's Hall, with many others having cathedrals as subjects. Sentiment in architectural compositions being one of the particular charms of Mr. Finn's work, we have learnt to expect in all his drawings emotional translations of the original subjects: in these views of the Abbey buildings he has given something more; he has lighted the scenes with the mellow light one would desire with such surroundings, and, especially in the representations of the Cloisters, the poetry of the place is faithfully communicated.

A. YOCKNEY.

richness of which is amazing. Sir Christopher Wren termed it "a nice piece of embroidered work," a description which was probably not meant to disparage the structure. Like embroidery, it possesses the decorative beauty associated with the finest hand-worked material, and the pendants to the roof may be compared to beautiful stalactites which hang from cavern roofs like icicles.

It was in "this most gorgeous of sepulchres" that Washington Irving composed some fine lines when he abandoned himself to a contemplative survey of the Abbey—"On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, incrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labour of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb."

The Anglo-Saxon kings were accustomed to be crowned at Winchester, but William the Conqueror elected to be crowned by the Archbishop of York at Westminster Abbey.

Since those days it has been associated with all the principal state ceremonials, and scenes have been enacted full of pomp and magnificence peculiar to the customs of the times. Pageant has succeeded pageant, not the least appropriate ceremony among them being the first Handel Festival, in 1784, at which the King and Queen Charlotte were present in state. Within the Abbey walls, choristers and congregations have lifted up their voices in praise of their Heavenly King, and no Mecca is more worthy of a pilgrimage; there is none of greater fame nor better. It is not strange that the subject has inspired painters and men of letters of all times.



Entrance to the Chapter House.
From a Water-Colour Drawing by Herbert J. Finn.

The King's Prints, Drawings, Miniatures, and Gems at Windsor Castle.

By RICHARD R. HOLMES, C.V.O., F.S.A.,
His Majesty's Librarian at Windsor Castle.



The Needwood Torque.
(Windsor Castle.)



Henry VIII.
By Hilliard.
(Windsor Castle.)

FOREMOST among the palaces of Europe for antiquity and splendour Windsor Castle occupies a position absolutely unique. For more than eight centuries it has been the favoured home of every Sovereign of this country, and has become associated with many of the most historic and romantic events of their several reigns. Its proud position on the steep chalk cliff overlooking the noble valley of the Thames, and its vast park still stretching southwards to the great heaths of Surrey and Hampshire, give to its outward glories an unsurpassed magnificence, but this stateliness of walls, ramparts and towers is more than equalled by the sumptuousness and splendour of the treasures enshrined in its galleries and ancestral halls.

The monarchs of England have never neglected the patronage of the Arts, and some of them have been conspicuous amid the occupants of European thrones for enlightened taste and for profuse expenditure of toil and money in gathering together the finest works of the greatest artists in every form and variety of expression. Political troubles and changes have dispersed or destroyed much that loving care had collected, but there still remains a vast amount of treasure which gives to Windsor Castle a most exalted place among regal museums. In the following pages some short account is attempted of some of the more important objects now arranged in the various apartments of the Castle into the inheritance of which our gracious Sovereign, Edward the Seventh, has lately come, and in the enjoyment of which it is the earnest prayer of all his subjects that he may long continue.

To the contents of the Royal Library it may be as well to draw the attention of the reader, as there is preserved the celebrated collection of portraits by Holbein of the famous men and women of the time of Henry VIII. This series consists of no fewer than eighty-five heads executed in chalk, sometimes slightly tinted, all from life, and in many instances studies for pictures still existing. It is of the utmost importance, not only as giving with masterly insight the absolute portraiture of many of the most notable personages of the sixteenth century, but as showing the characteristics of the work of the master during the whole period of his sojourn in this country from 1526 till his death in 1543. Of the history of this matchless collection no full



Lady Audley
By Holbein.
(Windsor Castle.)



Princess Amelia.
By Cosway.
(Windsor Castle.)



Robert Walker.
By Samuel Cooper.
(Windsor Castle.)

account can be given. It certainly, after the death of the artist, remained for some time in England, whence, but how and at what date cannot be ascertained, it was removed to France. Charles I. restored it to the royal collection by purchase from the French Ambassador, M. de Liencourt, but afterwards gave it to Lord Pembroke in exchange for the small St. George by Raphael, now in the Louvre. Lord Pembroke passed it on to the Earl of Arundel, with whom it remained till the dispersion of the art collections of that nobleman.

How it found its way again into the possession of the English crown is uncertain; some writers say it was purchased by Charles II. by the advice of Sir Peter Lely. To Queen Caroline, the enlightened Consort of George II., is due the discovery of these drawings. On ransacking an old cupboard at Kensington Palace, the volume containing them was found with another of no less importance, containing the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci. The Queen had them framed, and for many years they were hung in her own private sitting-room. Hence they were removed to Buckingham Palace, and later, with other of the royal collections, transferred to Windsor. The drawings themselves are so well known by the numerous reproductions which have been made from time to time, that there is no need to mention them in detail. That chosen for illustration in this paper is the very masterly head of Sir Thomas Wyatt (p. 179); in the original a slight tint is introduced, the modelling of the features is remarkably fine, and the drawing of the hair and beard is eminently characteristic of the power and delicacy of the hand of the master. It was not only in full-sized pictures and drawings that Holbein was pre-eminent. His work in the less known and rarer art of miniature painting was equally extraordinary, and in the royal library are preserved numerous specimens of his skill which, though small, exhibit the same qualities of firmness of drawing and precision of touch. Of these there is one, reproduced on p. 174, which is specially interesting, as the drawing, half life-size, of the same lady, the Lady Audley, is included in the collection; in this drawing are noted all the jewels and ornaments which are given in elaborate detail in the miniature. Of the work of Hilliard, who continued in



Dr. Donne.
By Isaac Oliver.
(Windsor Castle.)



The Darnley Jewel.
(Windsor Castle.)

this country the practice of the art of miniature, there are at Windsor many excellent specimens, chief among them being a series of four exquisitely coloured portraits of Henry VII., Henry VIII., his Queen Jane Seymour, and their son Edward VI. These, we learn from the catalogue of Charles I., were originally pendant from a jewel, enamelled by the artist himself (who, like many early masters, was also a worker in precious metal) with a representation of Bosworth Field. Of these four pictures in little, that of Henry VIII. has been selected for reproduction (p. 174), and its elaborate ornamentation bears witness to the pains bestowed upon the goldsmith's work by the artist.



Sketches of Figures for the Frescoes in the Chapel of San Lorenzo in the Vatican. By Fra Angelico. (Windsor Castle.)

Here, as mention is made of the goldsmith's art, may be the fitting place to describe the historic "Darnley Jewel," preserved among His Majesty's collection of engraved gems and precious stones. It is illustrated on page 175, and is one of the most curious and interesting specimens of the work of the goldsmith and enameller which has come down to our time. From internal evidence it appears certain that it was made for Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, in memory of her husband, the Regent Lennox, who was killed at Stirling in 1572. He, by maternal descent, was of the blood-royal of Scotland, and she of the royal blood of England, her mother being the Lady Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VII., and wife of James IV. of Scotland. Their son, Henry, Lord Darnley, was husband of Mary Queen of Scots, and father of James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. The jewel, therefore, is of singular historic interest, apart from its value as a splendid specimen of the art of the northern portion of Great Britain. The principal part of the design is a crowned heart, formed of a large sapphire, surmounted by a crown and supported by wings, the badge of the house of Douglas, of which the Countess was a daughter. The four figures represent Faith, Hope, Victory, and Truth. Round the rim of the jewel is this verse in the old Scottish language:—

QVHA HOPIS. STIL. CONSTANTLY.
VITH. PATIENCE
SAL OBTEIN VICTORIE IN YAIR
PRETENCE;

that is, "Who hopes still constantly with patience, shall obtain victory in their claim." The heart and crown both open, and they, with the back and inside of the jewel, are covered with mottoes and allegorical figures; for a full explanation of which the reader may consult the notes written by P. Fraser Tytler, and published by command of Queen Victoria in 1843.

Returning to the subject of miniatures, the Royal Library is particularly rich in the work of Isaac Oliver, who continued to uphold the high position of the art in this country: he inherited the traditions of his master, Hilliard, and continued through the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. to paint the portraits of the members of the Royal Family and of the chief nobles and ladies of the land. Of his more notable works at Windsor may be mentioned the full-length of Sir Philip Sidney, well known by Vertue's engraving, and the fine half-length of Henry, Prince of Wales, in armour, which narrowly escaped loss, as some years ago it was discovered by the late Sir John Cowell hanging in one of the lodges in the Great Park. A less known but equally beautiful specimen of this artist's work is given on page 175; it is the head of Dr. Donne, and the modelling of the features is worthy of close attention. It has been engraved by Meryon as the frontispiece to one of the volumes of the Doctor's Sermons. Isaac Oliver's son Peter followed in the footsteps of his father, and numerous specimens of his skill are in the Miniature Cabinet.

Of the work of Samuel Cooper, the prince of miniature painters of the seventeenth century, the Royal Collection contains specimens, if not without equal, certainly unsurpassed in any other collection. Many of these are widely known by reproductions, particularly the exquisite head of James, Duke of Monmouth, as a boy, which, with four others of the same large size and grandeur of style, were painted for Charles II. One of the smaller portraits by him, also of the highest order of merit, is reproduced on p. 175, and is a lifelike and



His Majesty King Edward VII.

By E. Wehrschmidt.

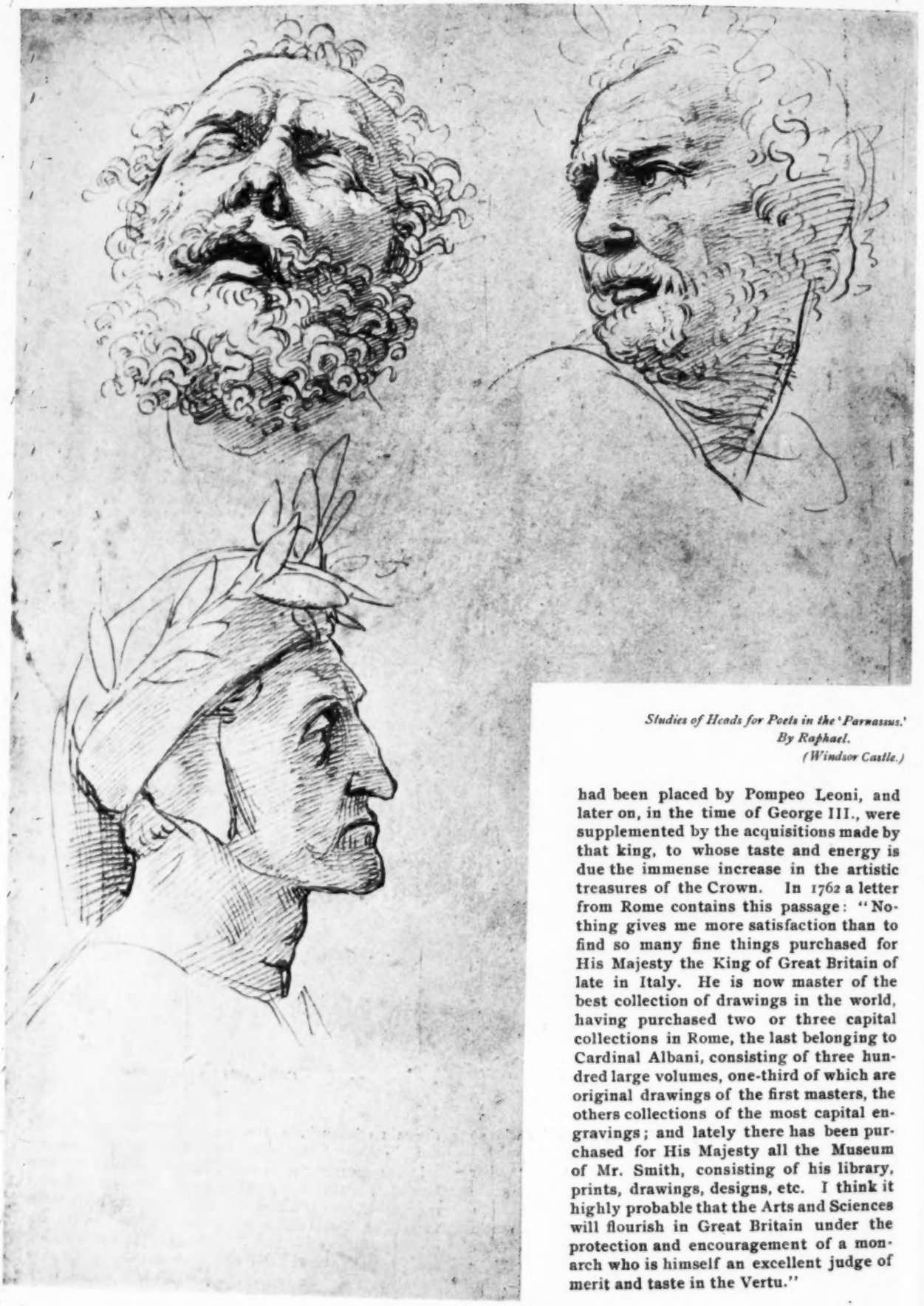


Cameo.—The Emperor Claudius.
(Windsor Castle.)

speaking study of the head of Walker, the artist who so frequently painted the head of Oliver Cromwell.

In the whole of this marvellous collection, in number over a thousand, nearly all the principal artists of note are represented, the most celebrated of the later masters, Richard Cosway, by a large number of his best and most poetical works. Of these a charming portrait of the Princess Amelia, the youngest daughter of George III., is reproduced on p. 175, showing the grace and delicacy of the painter's touch, and the mastery of his treatment of the hair, in which he equalled the work of Samuel Cooper.

In the same room in which these treasures are preserved is stored the great and celebrated collection of the drawings of Old Masters. The drawings of Holbein have been mentioned, as well as the discovery with them of the drawings and MSS. of Leonardo da Vinci, which are principal among the treasures of the Castle. These were contained in the original volume, in which they



Studies of Heads for Poets in the 'Parnassus.'
By Raphael.
(Windsor Castle.)

had been placed by Pompeo Leoni, and later on, in the time of George III., were supplemented by the acquisitions made by that king, to whose taste and energy is due the immense increase in the artistic treasures of the Crown. In 1762 a letter from Rome contains this passage: "Nothing gives me more satisfaction than to find so many fine things purchased for His Majesty the King of Great Britain of late in Italy. He is now master of the best collection of drawings in the world, having purchased two or three capital collections in Rome, the last belonging to Cardinal Albani, consisting of three hundred large volumes, one-third of which are original drawings of the first masters, the others collections of the most capital engravings; and lately there has been purchased for His Majesty all the Museum of Mr. Smith, consisting of his library, prints, drawings, designs, etc. I think it highly probable that the Arts and Sciences will flourish in Great Britain under the protection and encouragement of a monarch who is himself an excellent judge of merit and taste in the Vertu."



Sir Thomas Wyatt
By Holbein
(Windsor Castle.)

The Albani Collection just mentioned was secured for George III. through the agency of James Adam, one of the architect brothers. It had been started in the previous century by the Commendatore Cassiano del Pozzo, and among its treasures is a series of volumes of particular value, as preserving, at least in the form of copies, many works of classic art which have since disappeared. Nine large volumes contain elaborate drawings of ancient bas-reliefs, and several volumes are filled with the careful studies of Francesco and Pietro Sante Bartoli. Two volumes are filled with drawings of Christian antiquities, and, what is of more importance, with drawings of the great mosaics of the churches, executed with infinite care before the time when these invaluable relics were entirely ruined by neglect or restoration.



Head of a Monk.
By Fra Angelico.
(Windsor Castle.)

Valuable as these volumes are, the series of original drawings is far more precious, and with those already in the possession of the Crown, makes the Royal Collection at Windsor one of the most important in Europe. Of the works of Leonardo da Vinci at present the collection contains five times as many as are to be found in all the cabinets in the world put together. Of these, some of the most important are the studies for the heads of some of the apostles for the great fresco of the Last Supper at Milan. Of these, one of the most characteristic is that for the head of Judas, here reproduced (p. 182). In it may be observed the peculiar direction of the lines from left to right, which is to be noted in nearly all Leonardo's own work, as he drew and wrote principally with the left hand. These drawings and the mass of the great artist's MSS. are now contained in six large portfolios, but as soon as more space is available they will be rearranged in a manner more worthy of their value.

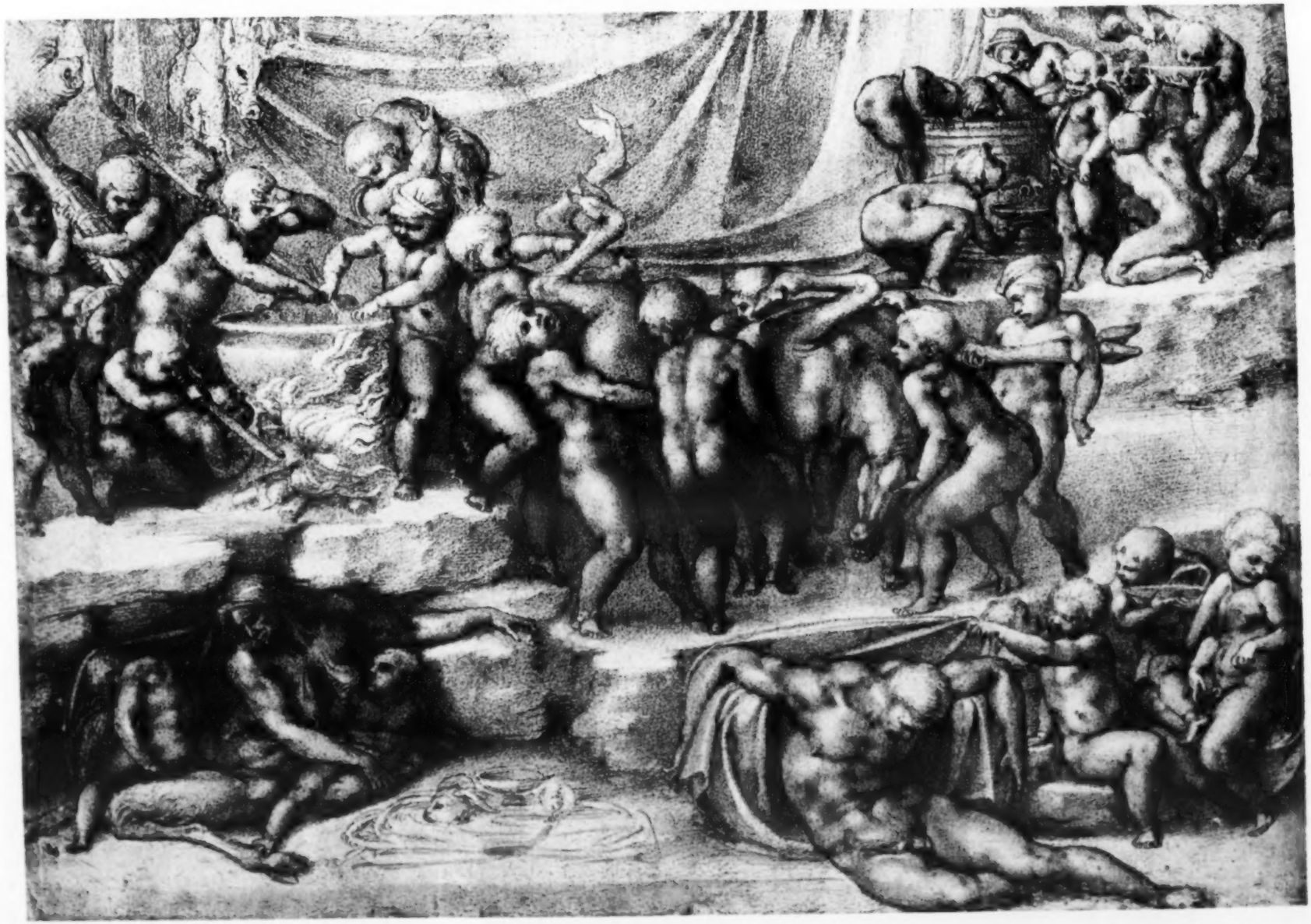
The original number of volumes in which the mass of drawings of old masters was bound, amounted to about 250. Unfortunately for the present generation, whose taste is formed on different models from those of a century and a-half ago, thirty-four of these volumes are filled with the studies of Domenichino, a highly respectable craftsman in his day; some scores more contain an interminable series of masters of the Bolognese School, Caraccis, Guido, Guercino and the like, pretty but commonplace. Of the earlier and of the more important masters, the drawings have been removed from the volumes, where they were exposed to much injury by rubbing, and have been, by order of the late Prince Consort, mounted in such a manner as to ensure their safety, and are preserved in portfolios.

Among the finest and choicest of these are two drawings by Fra Angelico, two of the most important that exist of that exquisite master. One is a study on a yellow ground in white and bistre of the head of a monk. It is reproduced on this page on a somewhat smaller scale than the original, and on the back are smaller sketches of figures for the well-known frescoes in the Chapel of San Lorenzo in the Vatican (p. 176).

Of other artists worthily represented we may mention the names of Perugino, Pinturicchio, Signorelli, Mantegna and Fra Bartolommeo.

The drawings of Raphael are numerous, and some of them are of the highest interest; among them is one of singular beauty, being the first sketch for the figure of 'Poetry,' which was painted by the master's own hand in the ceiling of the Camera della Segnatura in the Vatican, the decoration of the walls and vault of which by him, in the fulness of his prime, is second in artistic importance to no other chamber in the world. A sketch by Raphael for one of the frescoes in this chamber for three heads of poets in the 'Parnassus,' is reproduced on p. 178. It is hardly inferior to the 'Poetry' but is not so well known. It represents Homer, Virgil and Dante, and on the back of the drawing is a sketch on a smaller scale for the figure of Dante, holding his immortal song.

Second only in importance to the unique collection of drawings by Leonardo comes the series of designs by Michael Angelo. In fact it is no exaggeration to say that until the student has seen these, he can have no



The 'Bacchanale de' Putti.'
By Michael Angelo.
(Windsor Castle.)

proper insight into the marvellous power of that extraordinary man, for in no other collection are to be found specimens of his work so complete in design and of such marvellous elaboration of execution. Vasari has mentioned some of these and given the history of their being done for Tommaso de' Cavallieri, the intimate friend of the artist. These justly celebrated designs are all preserved at Windsor, and they are known to most by engravings and reproductions in photography; no facsimile, however, can do justice to the exquisite delicacy and finish of the originals. Besides the drawing of the fall of Phaeton, known by the engraving of Beatrizetto, there is the wonderful study of Prometheus chained to the rock, his entrails torn by the vulture's beak, but so marvellous in vigour and vitality, though prone on his bed of stone, that Michael Angelo traced its outline on the back of the paper and used the figure so traced as that of our Lord rising from the tomb, for his projected design of the Resurrection, a subject which he, like Raphael, was never able to complete. Another, equally remarkable for its complete finish and elaborate design, is that reproduced on page 181. It is known everywhere as the 'Bacchanale de' Putti,' or festival of the children. It is divided into five parts, a central group with another in each corner, and in its whole design, modelling and lighting is the manifest work of a sculptor. The central group shows a crowd of children of both sexes carrying the body of a beast of uncertain description—for it is curious how little attention was paid by any artist of this period to accuracy in the anatomy of any creature but man—to prepare it for their consumption. In the upper corner on the left the cauldron is prepared and the fire lighted, and on the opposite side another group are busy over the vat of wine with which the repast is to be washed down. Below, on the ledges of the rock which forms the central platform are two others, one group of a gaunt and wasted female with her starving children, the other an old man prone on the ground and covered by children, like the patriarch Noah by his sons, the one group representing Famine, the other Satiety. In this drawing the very curious and characteristic forms of the feet and of the articulation of the fingers peculiar to the painter can be well studied.



Head of Judas (Red Chalk Drawing).
By Leonardo da Vinci.
(Windsor Castle.)

Yet one more drawing claims attention. It is one that has a world-wide reputation, and is known by the name of 'The Bersaglieri,' the 'Tireurs d'Arc,' or 'The Shooters at the Mark.' It is not one of those mentioned by Vasari as a gift to Cavallieri, but it is the finest in conception and design of all Michael Angelo's drawings, and may be said to rank as the finest drawing by an old master existing in the world. It was so esteemed at the time of its execution as a canon of composition, that Raphael himself caused it to be copied in fresco on one of the walls of the villa which he was then decorating for Prince Borghese. This fresco was carefully removed from the walls when the villa was destroyed in 1849, and is still preserved in the Borghese Gallery in Rome.

Besides these the Royal collection contains numerous examples of the art of Dürer and other masters of the German school, drawings by Claude and Poussin worthily represent the French, while the art of the Low Countries is also adequately represented.

In the same room where these treasures are stored is preserved the great collection of engravings also collected by George III. Few public museums, and perhaps no private cabinet, can rival this in the number and value of its engraved portraits. In its portfolios the Sovereigns of this country, with their families, are represented by every known engraving which could be acquired, many of extreme rarity, and all specially selected for beauty of impression. After these come in due order the Sovereigns of other Royal Houses; nobles, statesmen, warriors and others all contribute to swell this wonderful gallery, which embraces, or attempts to include, the likeness of every one of every country whose features were considered worthy of transmission to posterity. In addition to the portraits is a vast collection

of engravings arranged under the different schools of painters whose works they represent. Of these the most complete and important are the engravings by Hogarth and those after Sir Joshua Reynolds. There is also an almost complete collection of the 3,000 plates engraved by Hollar; more lately the collection has been enriched by a unique collection of the engraved works of Sir Edwin Landseer formed by the late Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort.

The above is but a meagre and incomplete list of the art treasures in the Royal Library. In its splendid galleries are stored over 120,000 volumes of printed books, in all languages and representing every class of literature. The collection is, however, of recent growth. When William IV. came to the throne he found that he alone of all the monarchs of Europe was without a library, and he at once set to work to replace as far as he could the great library of his father, which had been made over to the British Museum by George IV. Under the Rev. J. Glover and Mr. B. B. Woodward, both of whom had the advantage of the supervision and encouragement of the Prince Consort, it soon assumed proportions and a character equal to the stately home in which it was enshrined, and now can boast a high place among the private libraries of the world. Its chief treasures still date from the time of George III., as when the King's library was transferred to Great Russell Street a few of the valuable books which had been personal presents to the King were retained. Such are the two unique Caxtons, "The Doctrynal of Sapience," on vellum, and the "Fables of Æsop," the only copy with the frontispiece. Of greater value, but not of such national importance, is the splendid copy of the great Psalter printed at Maintz by Fust and Scheffer, bearing the date of 1457, the earliest date in any printed book in the world. This copy, which competes with that at Vienna as the most perfect of the eight which are known, was presented to George III. on his accession by the University of Gottingen. To these has been added recently, deeply interesting also as the last purchase for the Royal Library to which Queen Victoria gave her assent, the copy of the book written by Henry VIII. "Assertio Septem Sacramentorum Adversus Martinum Lutherum," to which the royal author appended his signatures on the first and last leaves; for the writing of this volume Pope Leo X., to whom it was dedicated, granted to Henry the title of "Defender of the Faith." This book remained in the library of the Scottish College at Rome till 1849, and is now deposited in the room in which the author lived, and in which he may have written the signatures which give it its unique value.

At the head of this chapter (p. 174) is given an engraving of the gold ornament known as "The Needwood Torque"; this splendid specimen of early British work was found in a fox's earth in Needwood Forest in 1849. It came as treasure-trove into the possession of Queen Victoria, and is now deposited in the Royal Library.

In another and more private chamber of the castle is preserved the collection of engraved gems, many of which were the property of Henry VIII.—of many of these the history cannot now be traced. Conspicuous among them is the great cameo portrait of the Emperor Claudius, a reproduction of which is given on p. 177. It is of the highest type of glyptic art, and ranks among the finest of these works which have descended to the present time. There is a note in the catalogue of Charles I. which records that this precious gem was broken by the Lady Southampton when her husband was Lord Chamberlain. She was the notorious Frances Howard, the divorced wife of the second Earl of Essex. It is in the same case with this that the Darnley Jewel mentioned above finds its resting-place, surrounded by other relics and gems remarkable for beauty and historic interest; but of these it is impossible in the limit of the present article to give more than the barest idea. The whole of the celebrated collection of gems of Consul Smith is here preserved, and many of the signet rings, badges of orders, and "Georges" of the sovereigns of the realm; but this brief mention must suffice and will give the reader some faint idea of the treasures that are enshrined in the ancestral home of the King.

RICHARD R. HOLMES.



The King and Queen (then the Prince and Princess of Wales) on their way to a Drawing-Room.
By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

PLATE ILLUSTRATIONS.

His Majesty King Edward VII.

By E. WEHRSCHMIDT.

A STUDY of the articles written by Mr. Cust, Mr. Holmes and Mr. Laking will reveal the interest in Art showed by the Monarchs of England. It is undeniable that Sovereigns, by precept as much as by practice, influence the taste of their subjects, and an active criticism by Royalty is helpful to artists and collectors. When Prince of Wales, the King showed his keen interest in Art by being constantly among artists and by attending exhibitions of their work. His Majesty has always found time to indulge his artistic inclinations, and that he will continue to do so now that his occupancy of the Throne demands increased responsibilities, is promised by his journey from the country in order to be present at the Royal view of the 134th Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Her Majesty, Queen Alexandra.

By LUKE FILDES, R.A.

"IT is not without reason that the name of Queen Alexandra is always received with enthusiasm, so deeply have Her Majesty's gracious kindness of manner, her active sympathy with suffering and her desire for the welfare of her people, and, if I may be permitted, I will add, her Majesty's simple and unaffected charm, implanted a loyal affection in the hearts of her people, and not least of the members of the Royal Academy, who recognise in Her Majesty an enthusiastic lover of painting, and in herself a skilful executant of the delightful art of water-colour. All our wishes will go out to Her Majesty at her forthcoming coronation for a long and happy life."—SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, P.R.A., speaking at the Royal Academy Banquet, 3rd May, 1902.

Westminster Abbey.

By AXEL HERMANN HAIG, R.E.

WE refer to Mr. Haig's etching on page 173 in our article on Westminster Abbey. It is appropriate that there should be an example of this artist's work among this series of articles on the artistic possessions of the King, His Majesty having been graciously pleased to place in his collection artist's proofs of two of Mr. Haig's recent etchings which have appeared in THE ART JOURNAL, viz., of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace.

The Coronation of Queen Victoria.

By SIR GEORGE HAYTER.

THE commission to paint the official picture of the Coronation Ceremony of Edward VII. has been given to Edwin A. Abbey, R.A. It is difficult to represent pomp and portraiture, and opportunities to gain experience in such themes are rare. Mr. Abbey's skill in grouping figures and managing his colours makes his treatment of the ceremony an interesting picture to wait for. Sir George Hayter's representation of the Coronation of Queen Victoria is a competent record of an event which occurred on June 28th, 1838. Sir George Hayter practised portrait and historical painting, and produced many official works which are interesting chiefly from the persons of note included in the compositions. His Coronation picture was enthusiastically received at the time of its exhibition. "It is universally allowed to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of the artist, and will rank as one of the finest historical works of modern times." His picture of the Christening of King Edward VII. in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was one of his best productions. He was well in favour at Court and was knighted in 1842.

The Royal Princesses.

By THOS. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

THE three princesses in this picture who sat to Gainsborough for their portraits were the daughters of George III. The artist was one of the original members of the Royal Academy of Arts, founded in 1768 by his Majesty. The picture is now in Windsor Castle.



Charles II.'s Coronation Procession through London, April 22nd, 1661.
Portion of Engraving by Wenceslaus Hollar



By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

By Luke Fildes, R.A.

Unrecorded Armour and Arms in the European Armoury of Windsor Castle.

By GUY FRANCIS LAKING, M.V.O., F.S.A.,

Keeper of the King's Armoury.

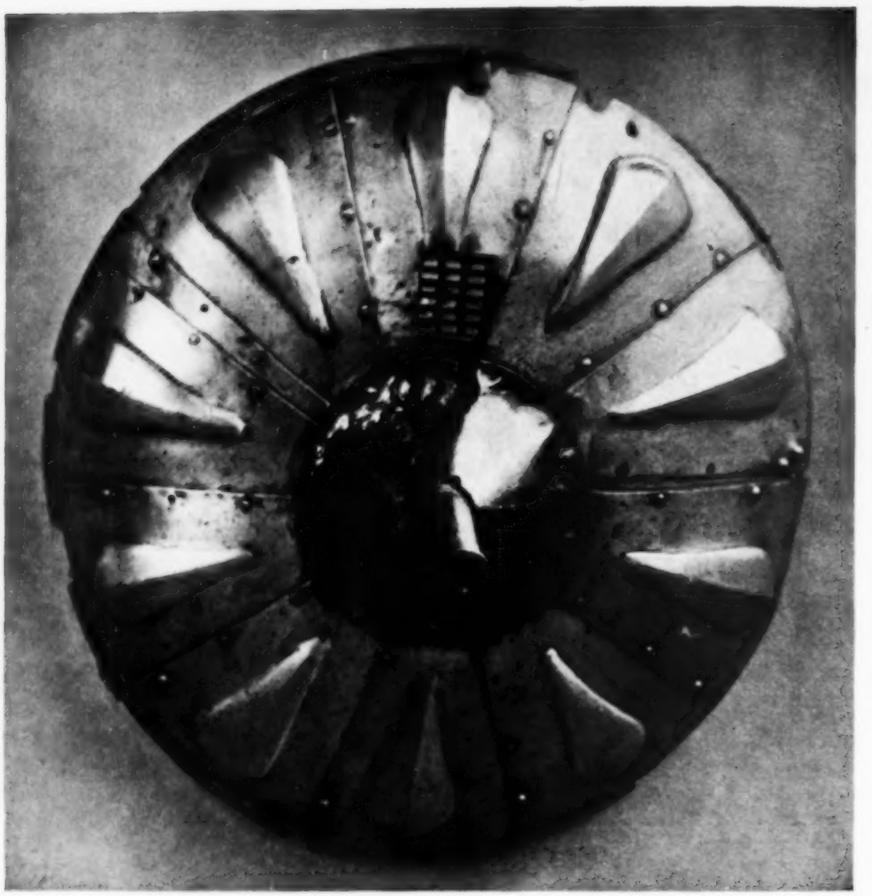


No. 1.—A North Italian Short Sword of the End of the Fifteenth Century.

THE European Armoury at Windsor Castle holds to-day perhaps a position unique in Europe, for no collection of armour and arms that we know, either Royal, National, or private, is in a setting so appropriate. By this is meant that where Royal and great personages of the past have walked, talked, and lived, there to-day rests their armour and weapons, as a silent reminder that their names shall not fade nor their chivalrous actions be forgotten. Could but King Harry VIII., James I., the favourites of Elizabeth, Henry Prince of Wales, Charles I., and nearly all the succeeding monarchs down to the last of the Georges, revisit "Great Windsor," the castle they must have known so well, each would find at least one armament or weapon with which they would be familiar.

An appreciation of an armoury of many thousand pieces in one short article of hardly as many thousand words is impossible, for on every side are objects of absorbing interest, that in themselves each merit a separate paper. How can the superb so-called Cellini shield be described in a few lines, the equally wonderful Hampden sword be passed with a mere glance. So let these few notes but deal with such specimens of the armourer's art that up to the present have escaped the just merit they deserve, and which almost within the last few months have lain unnoticed and uncared for in some unthought-of corner, or lost as unrecorded treasures of the King's armoury.

We shall begin with the defensive armour. Turning to a period within the first quarter of the sixteenth century, let us consider a set of tilting pieces belonging to one of the four suits of Henry VIII. preserved in the Tower collection, and the harness which in the past was always accredited to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, it being thought impossible that the King should have two suits so much alike. Research has now corrected the attribution, and we find that the "Brandon" suit was made for no less a person than King Henry himself, and to this suit these extra tilting pieces belong. These consist of two grand-mentonière (No. 4), a third example of which is still in the Tower, an extra guard for the left elbow and forearm, a gauntlet for the bridle hand, a locking gauntlet for the right hand, that is, a gauntlet within the clutches of which could be held a mace or sword, the top of the finger-plates fastening with a catch the inside of the cuff, in such a manner that the weapon could not be wrested from the grip; a pair of cuisse plates and a gauntlet, also for the bridle arm (No. 5), of fine and large proportions, presenting the extremely curious feature of a circular rondel on a short stem applied above the wrist, such as is seen on the backs of the early closed helmet, the armet, where its use can be explained, guarding as it does the back opening of the helmet. But on a gauntlet its purpose is difficult to determine, for it protects nothing, and to us seems apparently a rather cumbersome appendage—yet, if we recollect rightly, this feature on a gauntlet is not unprecedented, for on the same suit in the Tower is another gauntlet, almost exactly similar in form to this one, showing also the peculiarity of the rondel; however, in the Tower specimen the actual rondel is missing, leaving but its stem as a record of its former presence. Belonging also to these tilting pieces are the steel plates from the bow and cantle of the war saddle.



No. 2.—Circular Buckler with a "gonne" in the centre. From the Original Armoury of Henry VIII., in the Tower of London.

The whole set, like the suit to which they belong, are in all probability by a German armourer, working under the influence of Sussenhoffer, but whether made in England or Germany it is impossible to determine. The decoration is extremely simple, consisting of narrow bands and bordering, delicately etched with carefully drawn foliated scroll work and pomegranate-like fruit. The field gilt—the plain surfaces, now of brightened steel, no doubt were formerly russeted or blued. However, it is not upon this decoration their attraction lies, but upon the "grandiose" manner in which their might-have-been unattractive forms have been handled.

A treasure that has in reality been rescued from complete oblivion, for it was found in a box of rubbish in an unused room in the Round Tower, is the brayette reproduced (No. 3). This presents the interesting feature of two laminated plates on either side. Its condition is superb, containing the original lining and also the russet and gold surface. The borders are etched, the main plates of it fluted with chevron lines similar to the slashed decoration found upon civil dress of the period, *circa* 1520. There is little doubt it must have belonged to Henry VIII., although it does not exactly match any suit with which we are now acquainted belonging to that monarch. The harness to which it has formed part must have been magnificent in its completeness, no doubt very like the suit in the Musée d'Artillerie of Paris (No. G179 of the present catalogue) said to have been made for Julian II. de Médicis, for use on foot in the *champ clos*, when the wearer was, in reality, completely "clothed" in steel, for in such a harness there was no portion of the body that was not protected by some cleverly constructed almaine plate.

The Windsor Armoury is fortunate in possessing six of the bucklers, with pistols in the centre, that are mentioned in an inventory of the Tower made within the first half of the sixteenth century. There were formerly eighty round bucklers there, with "gonnes" in them; many of these still remain at the Tower. They consist of a round convex buckler with a pistol barrel projecting from the centre of each, and having a breech-loading arrangement in the interior. Above the barrel is a small grating through which the bearer might watch his opponent. It is discharged with a match, in a holder fixed inside the buckler, to be worked by the right hand. The breech-loading is ingenious: an iron cover coming down over and retaining in position the chamber, which is the size corresponding to that of a modern 12-bore cartridge.

From a note of another of these bucklers in the "Guarderobe of the Towre," Harleian MS., 1419, it appears they were originally fringed with green silk and lined with green velvet.* The one illustrated is as complete as any of them now in existence (No. 2). Another example from the original Tower series is in the armoury of Hampton Court, and also one in the Hall at Edinburgh Castle, where no doubt it has been brought at a comparatively recent date with other armour and arms for purposes of decoration.



No. 3.—A Brayette, enriched and gilt. From one of Henry VIII.'s Suits.

Of the offensive arms in the castle, none, save a few Roman bronze swords, have greater antiquity than the cruciform hilted

* Extract from "Arms and Armour at Westminster, the Tower, and Greenwich," 1547, by Viscount Dillon, published in *Archæologia*, vol. li.



No. 4.—Grand-Mentonière belonging to the Henry VIII. Suit, now at the Tower of London.

sword described in the old inventory as the sword of the Cid (No. 11). It is a fine serviceable weapon, although of hardly earlier date than about 1460-1500. The simple hilt is entirely gilt, the pommel of flattened cylindrical form, the quillons straight and flat, but presenting the extremely interesting feature of the single ring that guards the first finger, when it was passed *over* the guillon, as in the manner of the later rapier, to ensure a firmer grip of the sword. This *pas d'âne*, as this formation was called from its likeness in shape to the imprint of an ass's hoof, has been the subject of an interesting paper, published in *Archæologia* some little time ago by the Baron de Cosson. The blade of this interesting weapon is back-edged, a feature as a rule not found in such sword blades until fully a century after this date.

Passing from the last sword, by right of their chronological order, we come to two fine broad-bladed Venetian cinquedia, so called on account of the formation of their ox-tongue-like blades; the word cinquedia being derived from *cinque*—five, and *diti*—fingers, *i.e.*, the breadth of five fingers, which will be generally found the blade breadth of these deadly weapons at the hilt; the anilace mentioned by Chaucer having its prototype in the "parazonium," and the braquemont or *épée de passot* being all of the same family of weapon. Of these two examples perhaps No. 14 is the more uncommon, and certainly the finer in condition. The hilt, as are also the scabbard mounts, is russetted and deeply incised with a cross hatching. The blade, of finely moulded section, brilliantly blued and enriched with a form of gold niello-like ornamentation, introducing circular medallion portrait busts rendered in the manner of Maso Finiguerra, or some Florentine engraver of rather later date. No. 15 is a similar weapon, but more familiar to us in the formation of its ivory grip; the blade in this case is etched with a mythological subject, and gilt. It has its fine original scabbard of *cuir-bouilli*, tooled with the most characteristic late Italian cinquecento enrichments, introducing in its centre composition a kite-shaped shield. This scabbard has been fortunately recovered and brought to its own weapon after a separation of nearly a century, for it was found behind some heavy storage in the Round Tower, together with the splendid embossed and gilt chapel-de-fer (No. 6). This helmet, although simple in its general outline, has the charm found nearly always in armour of quality, and more especially that of early sixteenth-century date, the excellence of material, the satisfying balance of ornamentation, and its ever apparent usefulness. In Mr. Stibbert's fine collection, near Florence, is an almost identical helmet, having its surface entirely gilt, also bearing on its plume-holder the figure of Christ in the attitude of blessing, seemingly taken from a composition of 'The Last Supper,' whilst above are the words LAUDAMUS TE, rather pointing to the helmet's former use in some papal or ecclesiastical guard.

The hilt of a North Italian short sword (1) is of great interest; for, had it not suffered from the too vigorous



No. 5.—A Gauntlet for the bridle-arm, showing the vondel. From the Henry VIII. Suit, in the Tower of London.



No. 6.—A Chapel-de-Fer, the exterior entirely gilt. Italian, Sixteenth Century.

over-cleaning of the early "fifties," it would far excel any offensive arm of its period—the end of the fifteenth century—in our English Collections. The fine series of early swords at Hertford House can show us nothing of an equal excellence as regards general design; for the inter-twisted snakes that form its guillons or cross guard, and the outline of its flat wheel pommel, would require a master little short of a Ghiberti to manage their sinuous bodies with that dexterous ease that has at once happily accomplished its end in the uniting of an apparently free composition to the strictly accepted form of hilt to such a weapon. In the middle of the pommel, and in a small sunk panel in the centre of the quillons are applied silver filigree tracery oriels, almost oriental in their flamboyance, which same feeling is apparent in the prettily intertwined design of the grip, strangely recalling the Sicilio-Arab motives seen on Venetian lamps and pastille burners of early sixteenth-century date.

Before passing with a stride the first quarter of the sixteenth century to that of the last, an interesting dagger of a type that in France is known as "à rognons" should be glanced at, for it presents a typical English specimen of such a weapon (No. 8). The grip is of ebony, octagonal in section, widening at the pommel and above the quillons into two lobes, from which formation it derives its nickname. The blade is serviceable, for it is four-sided, each face being hollowed, and tapering to an acute point. At the hilt it is simply etched and gilt with formal leafwork, but in some cases inscribed with some doggerel rhyme or motto. In the past this most rare dagger was mysteriously arranged with a group of Indian daggers of comparatively recent manufacture. Its date would be from 1525—50. The Italian mace (No. 12) is of a usual type of its period, the latter part of the 16th century, but curious as having been thought of Indian fashion, and in consequence arranged in the Oriental armoury of the Castle. Arriving at a more enriched specimen of the armourer's art, the left-hand dagger with the blade that springs into three parts, on releasing a latch, is altogether in the approved "Celliano" school (No. 10). The hilt is russetted and chiselled with figures in low relief, and further enriched with gold *azziminia* damascening. However, from certain details, the shape of the grip, &c., one is inclined to consider Germany the country of its production rather than Italy, which to an extent may explain the little too-heavily handled ornamentation.

There is a suit of armour reaching to the knee, among the better-known suits at Windsor, that in the past has always been accepted as having belonged to the Earl of Essex, and is so mentioned in the inventories, but on turning over the leaves of the "Armourer's Book," a volume purchased by the Victoria and Albert Museum at the Spitzer Sale in 1894, on plate 37 this very suit is seen illustrated, and in the corner of the plate, possibly in the handwriting of Jacobi, the armourer himself, is the interesting note saying that the harness was made for Sir John Smith; this is our excuse for illustrating part of an already well known armour, but appearing for the first time under the correct heading as regards its former wearer.

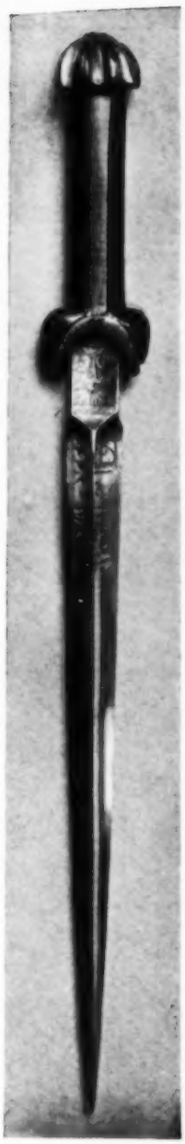
The fine morion reproduced, No. 7, although belonging to the "Smith" suit, has never before been associated with it. In form it is pear-shaped, with a row of enriched, rosette-headed copper-gilt rivets around its lower edge, which in the interior secured its padded coif or lining. On either side are shaped panels of emblematical female figures etched and gilt, drawn with that elongated gracefulness usually associated with the French Fontainebleau school of the second half of the sixteenth century.

Of considerable historical interest are the portions of a suit shown in the illustration No. 9, to demonstrate to what completeness as regards multiplicity of pieces a war harness of fine quality might attain. In the Tower of London is an equestrian suit of fine and large proportions, made by Jacobi for the Earl of Worcester.* The Tower example is most undoubtedly made for use a-horse, whereas the other portions of the



No. 7.—A Morion belonging to the Sir John Smith Suit, by Jacobi.

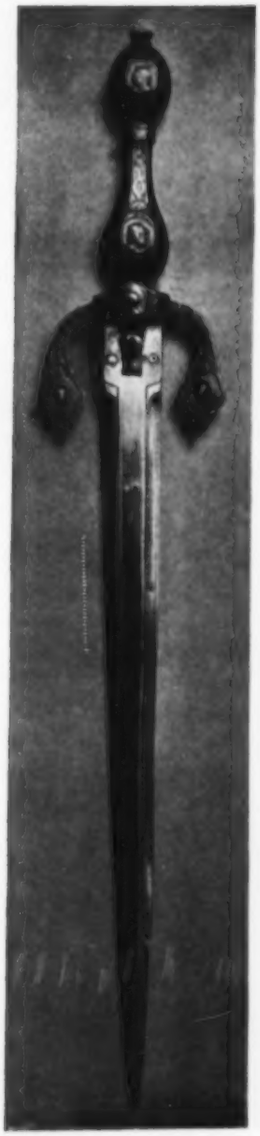
* In the "Armourer's Book" it is plate 26 of the volume.



No. 8.—*A "Kidney" Dagger, English, Early Sixteenth Century.*



No. 9.—*Part of a Suit made by Jacobi for the Earl of Worcester.*

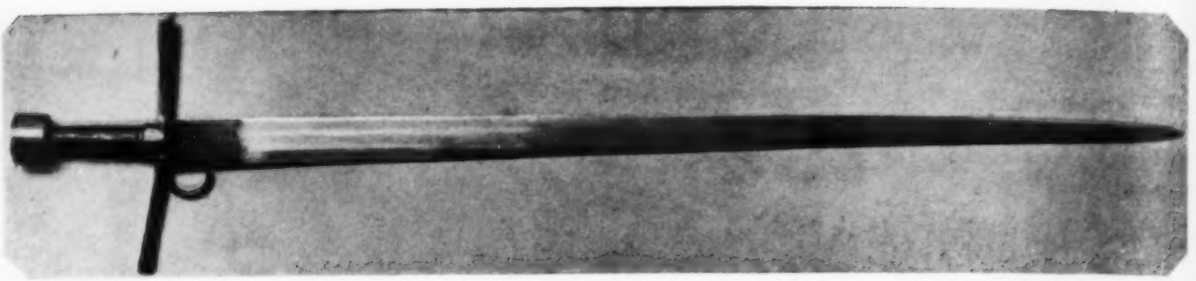


No. 10.—*German Main-gauche Dagger, late Sixteenth Century.*

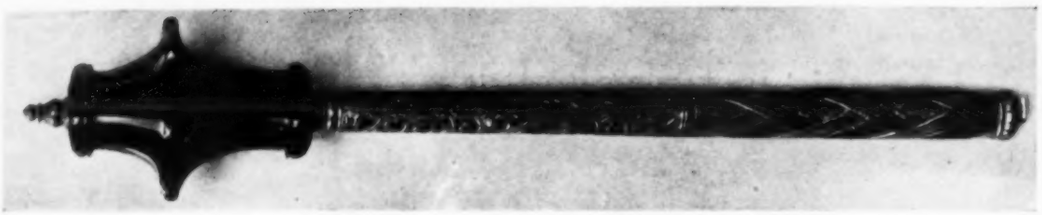
suit at Windsor were assuredly made for use on foot. It consists of a breast-plate, back-plate, open burgonet, buff, and reinforcing breast-plate, which beyond being a great weight in itself, reinforces an armour, the weight of which is far heavier than the heaviest tilting suit the writer is acquainted with; indeed so heavy are the tasses, and so thick are its plates, their use can be guessed at as an attempt to guard against the already too proficient arquebus bullet. This half suit has been up to now erroneously accredited to the Earl of Leicester. The decoration is characteristic of Jacobi's work, having sunk, crescent-like ornaments, not engraved as is expected, but simply gilt, which gilding in the Windsor suit remains to-day in a fine state of preservation, whereas the other portion of this same suit in the Tower, hardly shows traces of its past splendour of gold.

A few words of comment must be passed upon the circular buckler, No. 16, as it belongs to a complete suit with graven and gilt bands, also in the Tower, made for King Charles I., the work, as suggested by Lord Dillon, of Petit of Blois.

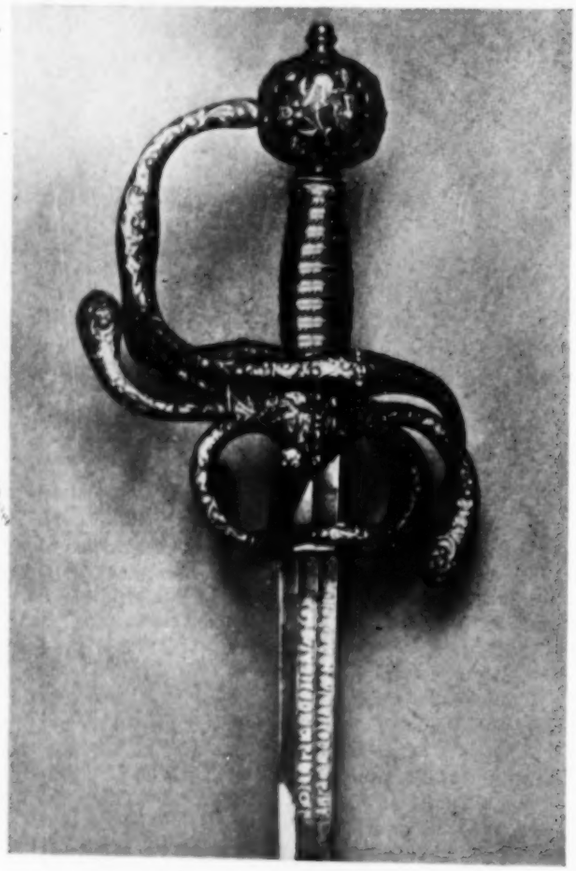
The fine silver inlaid sword (No. 13) is, perhaps, too well known to have a rightful place in the "unrecorded arms" of Windsor, but that which is quite unrecorded is that it is the actual weapon girt to the side of King Charles I. in his portrait by Daniel Mytens, painted in 1627, hanging in the "Pinacoteca" of Turin (No. 395 in the catalogue), where the King is represented standing by the colonnade of a palace, his right hand holding a staff, his left resting upon his hip. The sword has the large spheroidal pommel that characterises the English hilt, although the silver encrusted



No. 11.—A Sword formerly accredited to "The Cid."



No. 12.—An Italian Mace, about 1570.



No. 13.—A Sword of King Charles I., seen in his picture at the Pinacoteca of Turin.

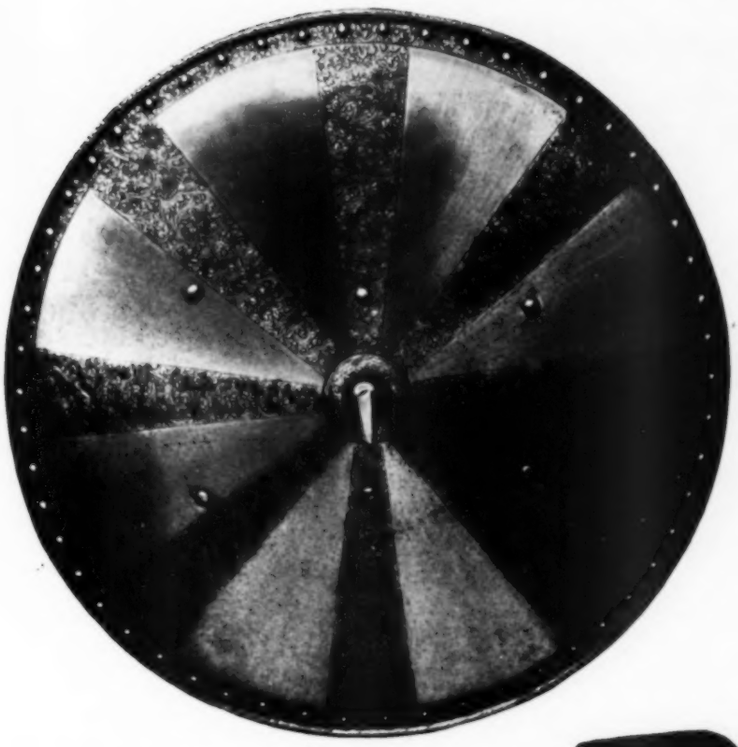


No. 14.—Cinquedia, Venetian, late Fifteenth Century.

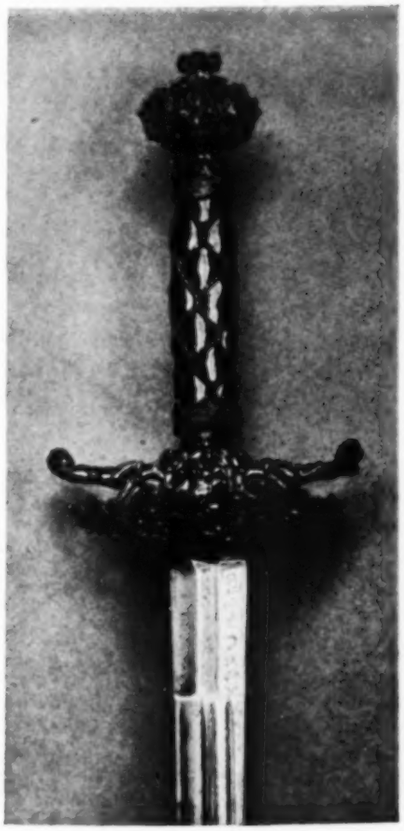
No. 15.—Cinquedia, Venetian, late Fifteenth Century.

caryatids, masks, etc., are strongly influenced by an Italian feeling. The etched and gilt blade of the weapon is the work of the Solingen blade-maker, Clemens Horn. Both this sword and the sword of the Great Duke of Marlborough, sumptuous in its elaborate, highly-chiselled hilt (No. 17), are not improved by reproduction; for no idea, especially of the first mentioned, can be obtained in a black and white reproduction, where the skilful handling of the variously coloured gold plays so large a part in its general effect.

Next to this (No. 18) is the chanfron, belonging to a



No. 16.—A buckler belonging to the Suit of Charles I. preserved in the Tower of London. Made by Petit, of Blois.



No. 17.—The Sword of the Great Duke of Marlborough.

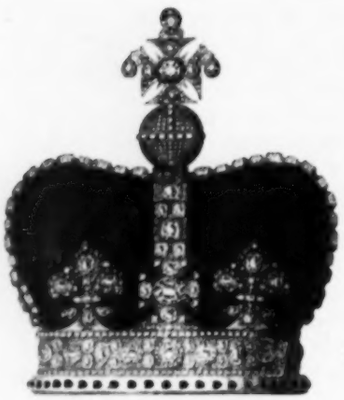
superb little blue and gold suit, made, as we like to think, by William Pickeringe, the master workman at Greenwich, for Henry, Prince of Wales, son of King James I. The suit to which this chanfron belongs is perhaps the richest treasure of the Windsor armoury; but it is safe to look upon this piece, with its splendid etched and gilt emblazoning of England, surrounded by the ribband and motto of the Garter and the initials H. P. above, as a new discovery, for it was hung, bent, crushed and overcleaned almost beyond recognition, in a very "skyed" position in the guard chamber. Its form, and happily its surface, has been restored to it, long to remain, we hope, as an illustration of the work of an English Artist-Armourer.

GUY FRANCIS LAKING.



No. 18.—The Chanfron belonging to the Suit of Henry, Prince of Wales.

Some Illustrations of Coronations.



Crown worn by George II. on the day of his Coronation, 11 October, 1727.

ONE of the earliest representations of the crowning of an English King is that of Harold, shown in the Bayeux Tapestry, and amongst old illuminated manuscripts are to be found other illustrations of the ceremony of Coronation.

An engraving, published by the Society of Antiquaries, from a coeval painting shows the procession of King Edward VI. from the Tower of London to Westminster on 19th February, 1547, prior to his coronation.* Probably the earliest contemporary prints, which are authentic, are illustrations to "The Archs of Triumph Erected in Honor of the High and Mighty Prince James, the First of that Name King of England, and the Sixth of Scotland, at His Maiestie's Entrance and Passage through His Honorable Citty and Chamber of London upon the 15th day of March, 1603." This very rare work, of which there is a copy in the British Museum, was "invented and published by Stephen Harrison, Joyner and Architect; and graven by William Kip"; it was "Imprinted at London by John Windet, Printer to the Honorable Citie of London, and to be sold at the Author's House in Lime Street at the signe of the Snayle, 1604." The work contains nine engraved plates, as follows:—a title-page; a portrait of the King in his full robes of state, engraved by Laurence Johnson; and seven triumphal arches. The first was erected at the east end of Fenchurch Street; the second, by Italians, in Gracechurch Street; the third, by Dutchmen, on the Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange; the fourth above the Great Conduit in Cheape; the fifth close to Little Conduit in Cheape; the sixth about the Conduit in Fleet Street; and the seventh, representing the Temple of Janus, at Temple Bar. These arches were erected for the coronation procession, but in consequence of the prevalence of the plague, when that ceremony took place in July, 1603, the King declined to proceed through the City, and went direct from Whitehall to Westminster. The arches were, however, preserved until March in the following year, when His Majesty visited the City, and passed under them.

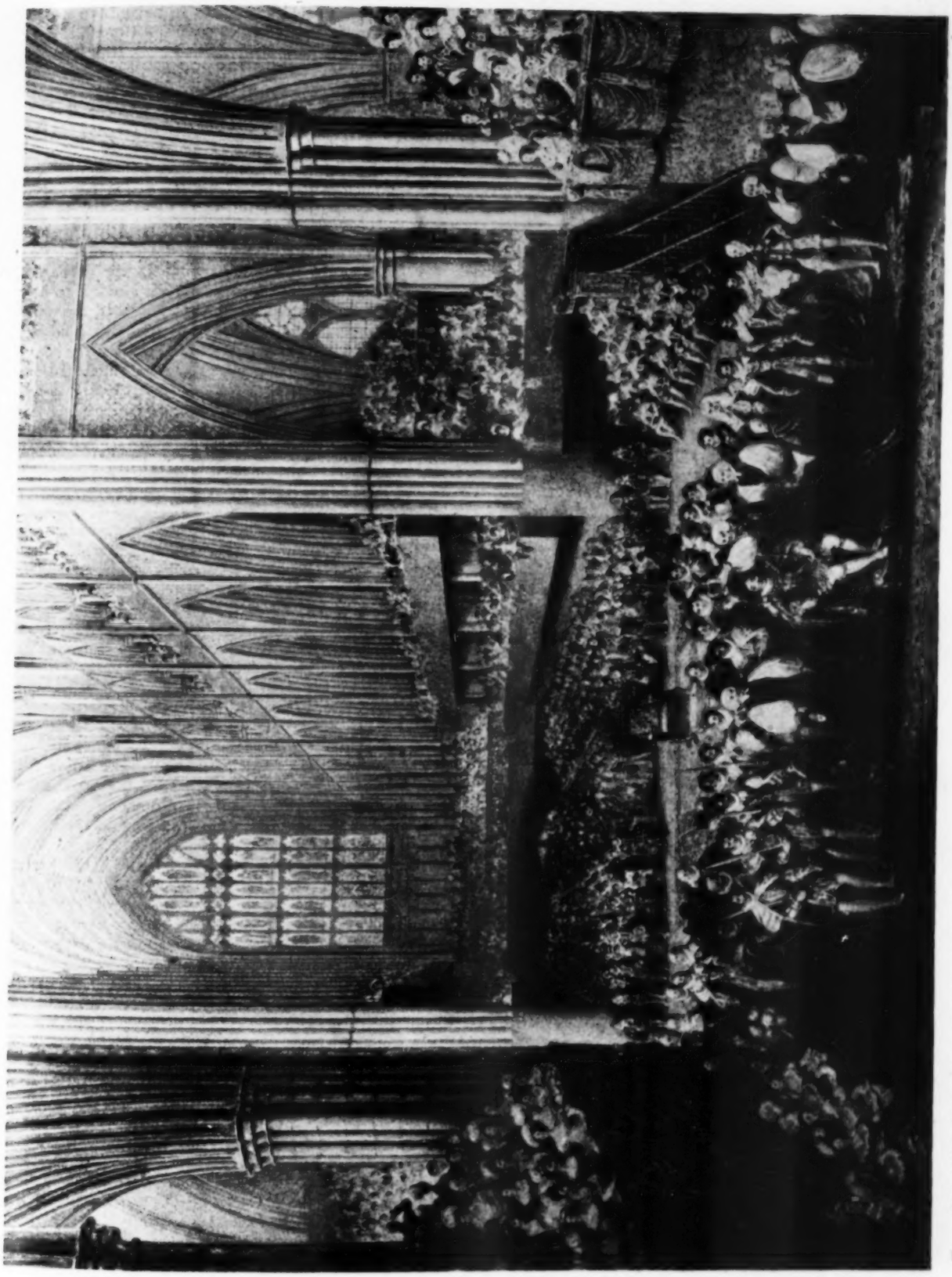
Another early print is "The Cavalcade, or His Maiesties passing through the city of London towards his coronation. Munday 22 of April A° MDCLXI." It was executed by Wenceslaus Hollar, the celebrated engraver, for "The entertainment of His Most Excellent Majestie Charles II. in his passage through the city of London to his Coronation," written by John Ogilby, and published in 1662. The print is from an etching on copper and represents a long procession of numerous nobles and persons holding high office, mostly riding on horseback, terminating with the King on horseback surrounded by gentlemen pensioners and "equeries" on foot. The book also contains illustrations of the triumphal arches erected by the City of London "to express their joy with the greatest magnificence imaginable: imitating therein the antient *Romanes*, who, at the return of their Emperours, erected *arches* of marble, which, though we by reason of the shortness of Time, could not equal in Materials, yet do ours far excel theirs in Number, and stupendious Proportions."

The first arch, of which there is an engraving, was erected in Leadenhall Street. It was of the Doric order; in the centre was a statue of the King, and behind him a representation of the Royal Oak bearing crowns and sceptres instead of acorns; on either side, but slightly lower, were statues of Kings James I. and Charles I. The second arch, erected near the Exchange in Cornhill, was a Naval one, adorned with paintings of Neptune and with living women representing Europe, Asia, Africa and America. The third arch stood near Wood Street, and was in two storeys in Corinthian style, representing the Temple of Concord, with a woman on the top of the cupola, as Concord treading down a serpent, and other women round the base, as



Coronation Procession through London of James II. Portion of Engraving in the British Museum.

* A full description of this painting, which was destroyed by fire, in 1793, at Cowdray, in Sussex, is given in a paper read by Mr. John Topham before the Society of Antiquaries on 19th March, 1787.—See *Archæologia*, vol. viii.



The Coronation of George IV. (19th July, 1821.)
The Archbishop of Canterbury placing the Crown on the King's Head.
The architecture by Augustus Pugin, the Figures by James Stephanoff.

From a Water-Colour Drawing in the Victoria and Albert Museum.



Queen Victoria receiving the Sacrament.
Study for Picture on opposite page.
By C. R. Leslie, R.A.

Love, Truth, Temperance, Justice, etc. The fourth arch was in Fleet Street, near Whitefriars, and represented the Garden of Plenty, surmounted by a woman with a cornucopia, whilst lower down were others as Ceres, Flora, etc.

After passing under these arches the King left the City through Temple Bar and proceeded to Whitehall. On the following morning he went by water to the House of Lords, where he arrayed himself in his Royal robes and entered Westminster Hall. From there he walked to the Abbey, preceded by noblemen carrying the Regalia, the whole route being covered with blue cloth. An engraving of this procession is given in Mr. Ogilby's work, and shows the King, supported by the Bishops of Durham and of Bath and Wells, under the canopy carried by the Barons of the Cinque Ports.

The engravings representing the coronation of King James II. were executed for a work compiled by Francis Sandford, Esq., Lancaster Herald of Arms, in 1687. James II. abandoned the procession from the Tower through the City to Westminster, and the principal engraving in this book is the procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey, headed by the King's Herb Woman, an elderly lady wearing a badge with a rose, crown, and initials J.R. A contemporary set of four engravings were also published depicting 'The Crowning,' 'The Inthronization,' 'View of the Quire to East End,' and 'The Dinner at Westminster Hall.' In the last is shown the King's champion riding up the centre of the Hall.

Illustrations of the coronation of William and Mary, on 11th April, 1689, are nearly all from a Dutch work published at Amsterdam, and the artist, R. de Hooge, has to a very large extent drawn upon his imagination, as the architectural details of the Abbey in no way represent the building at that or at any other time. There is, however, a print of the procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey by Sam Moore which is of interest in shewing that the King and Queen on this occasion walked side by side under one canopy.

Of the Coronation of Anne there is an engraving of the procession to the Abbey published by John Overton at the "White Hors without Newgate."

George III. appears to have been unfortunate in delineators of his Coronation, as the plates executed for James II.'s Coronation were slightly altered and made to do duty again for "Farmer George."

The records of George IV.'s Coronation, in 1821, are contained in two sumptuous works; one was published by Mr. John Whittaker in 1823, and the other was commenced by Sir George Nayler, Garter King of Arms. The latter was announced to be complete in five parts. The first part was issued in 1825, and the second part appeared two years later; several thousands of pounds were lost on the sale of these two parts, and, owing to the death of Sir George Nayler in 1831, the work was stopped. In 1835 the remaining unsold copies of these parts, together with the copyright and copper plates, were submitted for public sale and purchased by Henry Bohn, who also acquired the plates contained in Mr. Whittaker's work. These he amalgamated, and issued them in one volume in 1837. This work is extensively illustrated with coloured engravings by Augustus Pugin, Charles Wild, and the brothers Francis and James Stephanoff, and many of the original water-colour drawings are now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, the architectural features being admirably executed by Pugin and Wild, and the figures principally by the Stephanoffs.

George IV. was the last king to walk in procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey, and to return to the Hall for a Banquet. Amongst the drawings at South Kensington six of them by C. Wild show various ceremonies connected with the Coronation, enacted in Westminster Hall;—the Dean and Prebendaries presenting the Regalia to the King; the procession starting for the Abbey; the Hall prepared for the Banquet; the first course (parts I. and II.) of the Banquet; and the Champion of England, Henry Dymoke, riding into the Hall, during the Banquet, to challenge any person to combat who dared to deny that the King was the rightful Heir to the Crown.

C. R. Leslie, R.A., executed a painting of Queen Victoria receiving the Holy Sacrament at her Coronation in Westminster Abbey on 28 June, 1838. A sketch for the figure of Her Majesty is at South Kensington, and the painting was engraved by Samuel Cousins, R.A. Sir George Hayter also painted the Coronation scene with Her Majesty seated on the Throne, and this picture was engraved by H. T. Ryall.

In 1649, by order of the Commonwealth the whole of the Regalia, excepting the anointing spoon, was destroyed. Charles II. had accordingly to order a new set to be made, and the crown with which the monarchs are crowned is still called "St. Edward's Crown." Each Sovereign has his own State crown, the precious stones of that belonging to the previous monarch being used to a great extent in making the new crown.

The canopy, which was borne by the Barons of the Cinque Ports up to the time of King George IV.'s Coronation, formed a conspicuous object in the processions, and it is interesting to note from the various illustrations the different ways in which it was used. Charles II. is shown to be walking under a very small canopy, supported by only four Barons; James II. proceeded under a larger one, and his



Painted by Charles Robert Leslie, R.A.

Engraved by Samuel Cousins, A.R.A.

Queen Victoria receiving the Holy Sacrament at Her Coronation in Westminster Abbey, June 28, 1838.

Queen, who preceded him, had also a canopy held over her; whilst William and Mary walked side by side under a still larger canopy. George IV. retained the canopy, but instead of walking beneath it, he caused it to be borne behind him in the procession. Silver-gilt bells were hung at the corners of the canopy, as shown in the illustration of King James II.'s procession. Sarah, Countess of Waldegrave, whose first husband, E. Milward, Esq., was a Baron of the Cinque Ports, bequeathed three of these bells to the South Kensington Museum in 1873. One of each was used at the Coronations of Kings George II., III. and IV. respectively.

The authorities of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington have made a small exhibition of some of the illustrations. The collection does not pretend to be in any way a complete record, but the works shown are of considerable value, from an antiquarian point of view, in exemplifying the manner in which the coronation ceremonies were performed, and showing the various costumes at the different periods.

At the British Museum there is also an exhibition of prints, manuscripts, medals and printed books, relating to previous coronations, and amongst this collection are many of the rare and interesting prints which have been described.

H. M. CUNDALL.



Coronation Procession of James II. to the Abbey.
Portion of Engraving by I. Collins.

Coronation Weaving.

IT is chiefly in the robes worn by the King and Queen, by Princes and Princesses, and by all who play a part in the ceremony, that the beauty of the Coronation is dependent on modern skill. The royal robes are traditional, and as expressive of tradition in material, colour, and form, as is the oldest survival in the historic regalia. But the transference of authority by means of investiture with the actual mantle of office is obsolete; and has been obsolete since the beginning of coronation records in England. For each sovereign the weavers of his time have woven of linen thread, of silk, and of gold, the alb, tunicle, and imperial mantle that form the garments of investiture. Besides these, the crimson velvet for the Parliament robes, and purple velvet for the Robes of Estate, are needed for the King's wear on Coronation Day; while the mantles and robes of the Queen, of the royal family, of ecclesiastics, statesmen, nobles, and courtiers, represent a sum of splendid weaving worth taking into account.

By desire and example of royalty these fabrics have been almost entirely woven on British looms. English embroiderers at the Royal School of Art Needlework have embroidered King Edward's golden mantle with the imperial design of eagles, palm-branches, roses, shamrocks and thistles; while the Queen's robe was embroidered in India. The mantle itself, or rather the cloth of gold from which it was made, was woven on a hand-loom in Messrs. Warner's mills at Braintree in Essex; and in the same long gallery other hand-looms wove velvets, satins, and figured silks for Coronation use. In the neighbouring town of Sudbury, cottage-weavers transformed the purple and crimson silk—dyed, mostly, at Leek in Staffordshire by the firm of Sir Thomas Wardle, first of modern English dyers—into regal velvets. In the midland counties, in Leek, in Halifax, in Patricroft, and Macclesfield, north of the Tweed, and in cities such as Canterbury, where the weaving craft had died out, on hand-looms and on power-looms, the Coronation weaving was accomplished by British weavers.

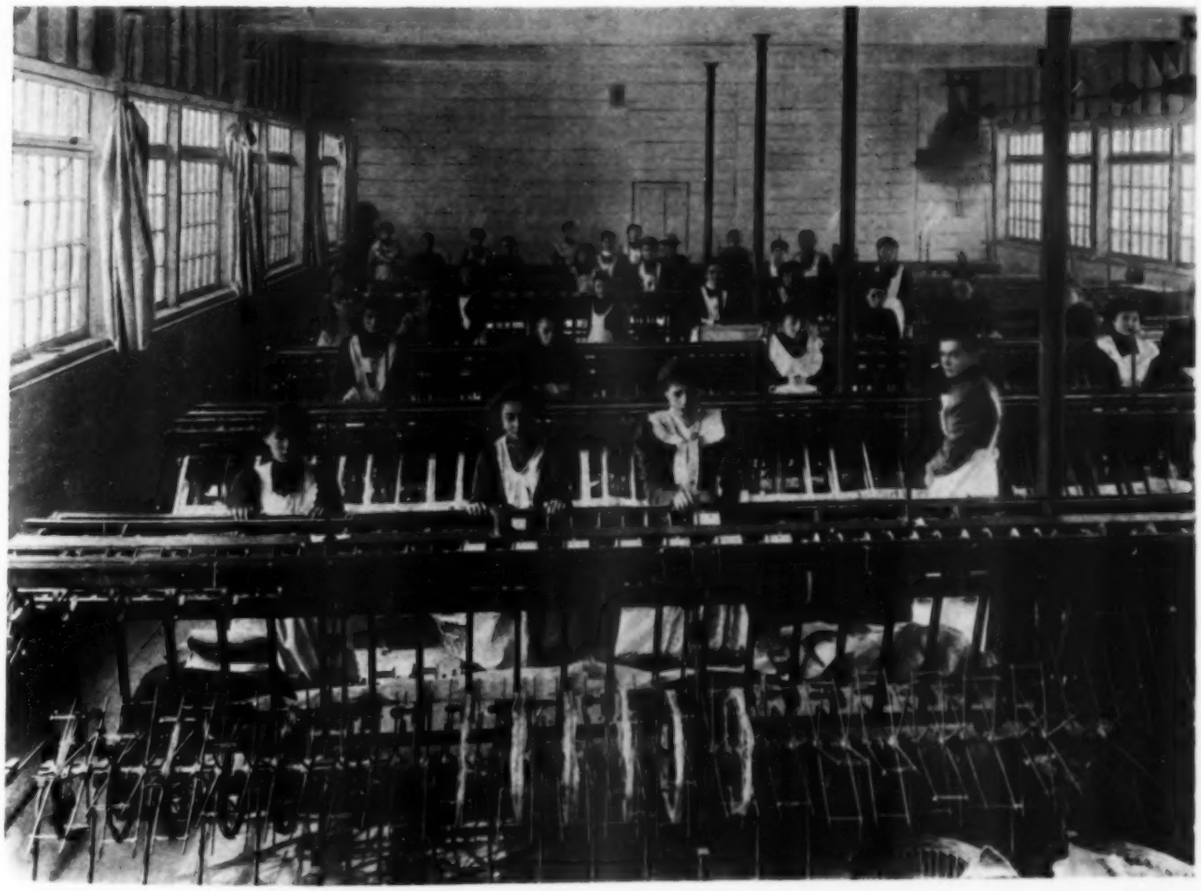
Standing at the end of the long upper room in the Braintree works, where the Coronation weaving was in progress, one saw actualities linked in a thousand complex ways to far-off conditions of life. The broad effect of light from the windows on either hand, sheen and colour of silken warp-threads, the movement of the weavers, rhythmic to vision, and filling the ear with the rhythmic beat of the moving looms—thenceforward a special memory of sound—made the first impression of actuality one of significance and pleasure. Passing from loom to loom, realising the complexities of skill, the variety of colour, texture and design in the fabrics woven, the simplicity and breadth of a first impression were broken by the intervention of many definite and vivid details. And these details of craftsmanship and of the things made, how complex and far-reaching to the extremes of time and distance are the traditions that survive in their existence.

The connection between these traditions and the quiet circumstance, the open-air cheerfulness of the Essex town, is a brief one. The town outside the factory settled down into its characteristics independent of the forces and events represented by modern silk-weaving, though, as a weaving-town, Braintree has early mention in industrial chronicles.

Braintree has a weaving history dating certainly from Elizabethan days, when those "gentle and profitable strangers," the Protestant craftsmen of the Netherlands, found safety from the Inquisition in English towns. Possibly the history is longer. The neighbouring towns of Colchester and Sudbury are among the places where woollen manufactures — serges, "sayes," and "bayes"—were introduced by Flemish settlers under Edward III., and the "say and bay" manufacture of Braintree may have begun at the same time. But the Coronation velvets, brocades, and cloth of gold are no development of Dutch cloth-weaving. The Dutch settlers introduced silk-weaving into some parts of England, but not into Essex. That is a recent event. The weaving of velvet Coronation robes on the cottage-looms of Sudbury, and of the silk and gold fabrics at Braintree are a development of Spitalfields weaving. Till seven years ago the firm of Warner wove Spitalfields silks in Spitalfields; and the settlement of French Huguenot weavers here and elsewhere in England, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, links Spitalfields silk-weaving to a tradition, whose beginning was a forgotten tale to the weavers of Byzantium.

The Chinese Empress, who tended silk-worms and wove silken webs on the loom which she invented, was worshipped on altars built more than four thousand years ago; and she is the embodiment of a beautiful industry far older than the myth. India, it is probable, learnt the cultivation and use of silk from China. Europe filched the secret in the sixth century. Two Greek monks, missionaries, returning from China to Byzantium, brought silk-worms' eggs in the hollow of their staves. From magnificent Byzantium the art spread over Europe. The silk weaving of the cities of Asia Minor, of the Saracens in Spain, of Sicily, whither in the twelfth century King Roger brought his problematical train of Greek captives, to weave on palace-looms fabrics whose beauty is fortunately not matter of legend, and of the great cities of mediæval Italy, followed the weaving of Byzantium. From Italy France learnt the weaving of silk, and the uneasy conscience and stultified imagination of Louis XIV. added the skill and knowledge of his Huguenot subjects to the sum of craftsmanship in seventeenth-century England.

Just a century had passed since the Dutchmen first wove silk in this country, when the French refugees settled in Spitalfields, in Macclesfield, in Leek, and in other towns. Between the French silk-weavers, setting up their looms in a strange land, and the English workers at Braintree, Sudbury, Leek and Macclesfield, whose skill is seen in the Coronation robes, there is, in many cases, the continuity of actual descent. But to trace the development from 1685 to "here and now" would need a volume. Solid continuous history, not



Winding Silk at Braintree.

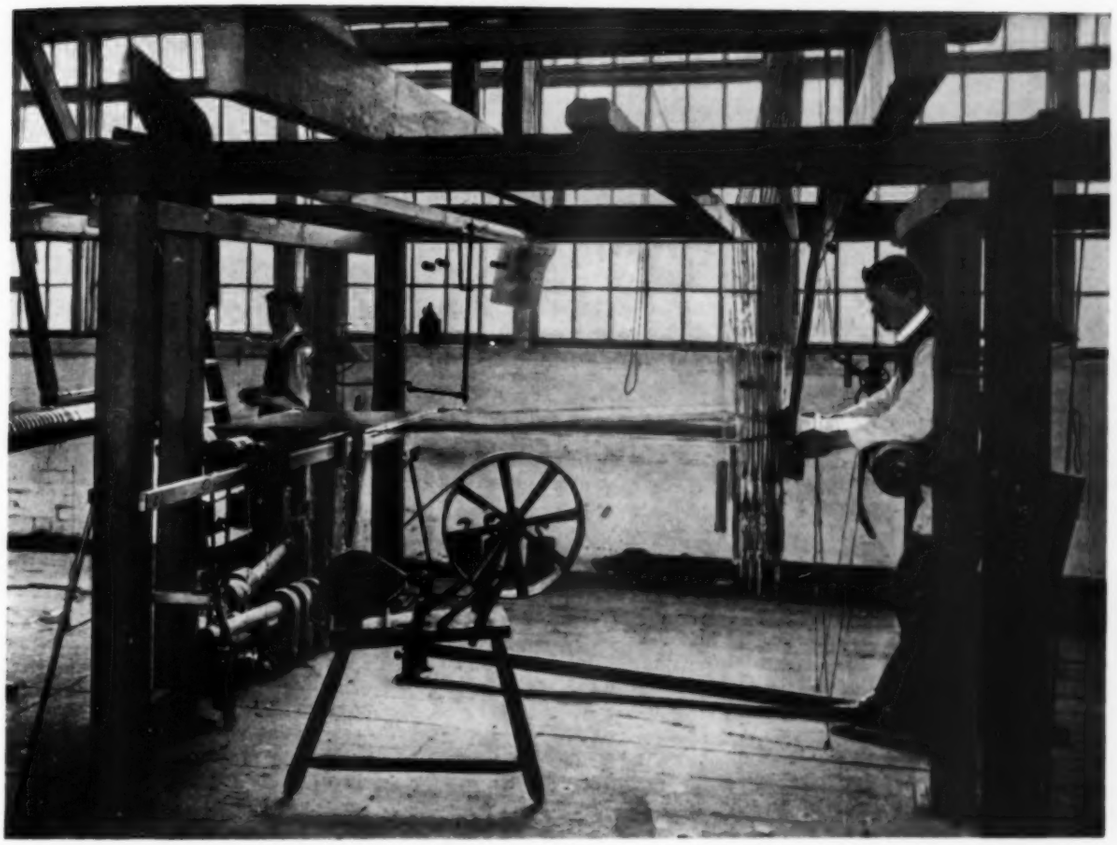
to be suggested, links the weaving of two hundred years ago to the fine weaving of to-day. The weavers of the King's mantle—William Shoulder and Albert Parchment—epitomise in their English-sounding names the development of those years. The names of the seventeenth-century Huguenots have, by translation and adaptation, become English names, borne by English craftsmen. The silk industry has become British during the same long and gradual changes.

As the Coronation weaving is a "purple patch" on the industrial record of Braintree, so is the weaving of the King's mantle an episode apart from other Coronation weaving. This is not only because of the beauty of the fabric. Beautiful it is, this supple web of radiant gold and silk; magnificent, vivacious, meriting by its glittering beauty the old name for such a tissue—"ciclatoun," bright, shining. But the purple and crimson velvets on looms just across the gallery, evoking colour-memories of crimson rose-petals and purple pansies, seemed no less beautiful, though in less resplendent fashion. Nor is it because golden textiles, now that splendid existence takes other forms than pageantry, seem special and rare compared with silken textiles "of easier availe." As a fact, cloth of gold is a steady branch of manufacture, though not cloth of gold such as that woven for the King's pallium. Its unique beauty is an expression of its high significance in the ceremony of Coronation. Hence the special interest of its weaving.

An English monarch's Coronation robes were ordained triple for Charles II. The Parliament robes of crimson velvet and ermine are worn during the procession to the Abbey; the King is invested with the ecclesiastical dress during the ceremony; and the purple velvet and ermine robes of Estate are assumed for the return procession. The essential robes of kingship are those used in the ceremony of investiture, and the chief of these is the Imperial mantle, the pallium, or pall of cloth of gold. Twenty-seven yards of golden tissue, of yellow silk with a weft of pure gold, have been woven at Braintree for King Edward's pallium. The pallium of Queen Victoria was woven at Spitalfields with a design of green palm-branches, eagles, rose, shamrock, and thistle, crowns and fleur-de-lys, representing the sovereignty of the wearer with sufficient emphasis. Time changes woven fabrics, and the sixty years that have passed since the mantle left the looms of Spitalfields have left their traces. Curiously, an added beauty is the result. Cloth of gold has usually a magnificence somewhat devoid of charm. It takes the light in one glare of brilliance. Subtleties and modulations of light and shade are not part of the effect. But, with time, the stark splendour of the late Queen's mantle had gained this charm. Broken threads, a surface less invariable, caught the light and held it in a flicker, a shimmering radiance. To imitate this accidental beauty in the present tissue many experiments were made. There is no doubt that these were successful. The fabric is the most sunlighted thing imaginable, and it holds the light at play. On this material the embroiderers at South Kensington have worked the present version of the design, long traditional in its chief emblems, as the adornment of the Coronation mantle. Embroidery as a means of ornamenting the fabric is, of course, also in accord with ancient custom. Tradi-



Weaving Brocaded Silks at Braintree.



Weaving Cloth of Gold, with spinning wheel for winding gold thread on quills.

tion makes the shadowy Saxon wife of Edward the Confessor the embroiderer of his mantle. The pallium as one sees it is significant enough of regality, but its present form has lost much of the original expressiveness. According to the rubric it was to be four-square, to remind the King of the four quarters of the earth over which the Creator had sovereignty, to whose service each monarch, receiving unction at the hands of the priest, dedicated himself and his splendour. This significance of form was lost at the coronation of James II., and the round orb, surmounted by the cross, has taken the place of the four-square pallium as an obvious symbol of that thought in the ceremony.

R. E. D. SKETCHLEY.



Weaving Velvet.



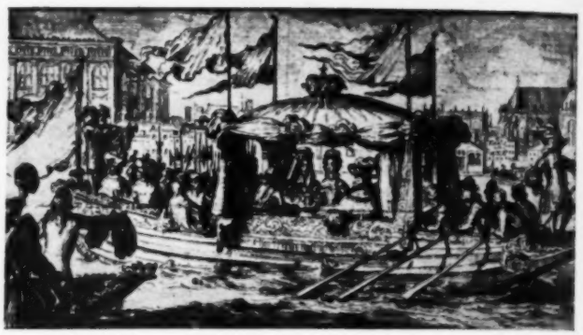
Coronation Medal, designed for Messrs. Elkington and Co. By E. Fuchs.

Coronation Notes.

THE reproductions on this page will give some idea of two medals designed to commemorate the Coronation of Edward VII. These medals have been struck by commercial enterprise and are in no way official. A contemporary account of the distribution of medals at the Coronation of Queen Victoria is amusing. "Medals were scattered with a profuse hand at intervals by the Lord Treasurer of the Household, whose dress was not a little disarranged by the rough manner in which he was treated. The Aldermen of the City of London were particularly conspicuous in their efforts to obtain some of the silver shower." It is a good thing that such scrambles have been abolished. The annual scrimmage for pancake at the Westminster School is a sufficient recognition of custom.

ALL over the country schemes are under consideration or have been adopted, by which the Coronation of the King will be remembered. We notice with satisfaction that many committees are endeavouring to make the occasion one for rejoicing by future generations as much as by participators in the event. There is much to be said in favour of savage indications of joy by means of bonfires and fireworks: such seductions to exuberant loyalty are effective if the weather happens to be fine, and a moderate expenditure of money is commendable; but the permanent memorial is the desirable celebration. There are many municipal objects worthy of acquisition or betterment, such as Town Halls, Libraries, Recreation Grounds. It is only necessary to visit public collections of works of art to see how they are enjoyed by the people, and studied by the embryo artist. No better scheme can be adopted than that which has for its object the formation, in however humble a way, of the essentials to refinement and culture.

IT is interesting to turn to a contemporary review of the 70th Exhibition in the Trafalgar Square building of the Royal Academy, held in the year that saw the last Coronation in England. On the 5th May, 1838, a "first notice" appeared in *The Globe*, and on the 18th June, many visits having been paid to the Exhibition meanwhile, a mature judgment was published. The critic found that "the impression it has left is anything but favourable to the state and progress of art in this country." It is then recorded that "almost everything Wilkie has done this year is a failure. Landseer has some things every way worthy of his fame—'The Life is in the Old Dog yet' is worth forty of the best portraits in the rooms. Turner has several things which, in point of daub, for effect, outdo all his former outdoings. The best thing of Etty's is the 'Prodigal Son'; were there nothing besides in the Exhibition, it would redeem the character of British Art. Maclise has several things all good in their kind. In the miniature room there is a portrait (sketch of 'Boz') by S. Lawrence, which is spirited and like, but which gives those who know him very little idea of the intellectuality of our distinguished young friend's countenance."



Coronation of William and Mary: the Royal Barge nearing Westminster Hall. By R. de Hooge.

THE Thames watermen, we believe, are not to be honoured on the present occasion with a place in the procession, although they will be nominally on duty in London. Thus the disinheritance of the river is once more exemplified. Queen Victoria was accompanied in her procession to the Abbey by her Bargemaster and forty-eight Watermen, and sustained the illusion that the river was the highway of London. Perhaps it is time to realise that the waterway has been superseded by the railway and can no longer compete with the roadway. Yet to look at the many representations of pageants of the olden time is to regret that this picturesque means of progress, typifying the commerce of the City, has had to be abandoned.



Coronation Medal designed for The Birmingham Mint, Ltd. By George Frampton, R.A.

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No. 472.—Pushing down against the Flood (p. 214).
By W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.

The Royal Academy Exhibition of 1902.

"RIEN n'est usé pour le génie." Thus intrepidly, in this Coronation Year, does the Royal Academy, on the title-page of its catalogue, proclaim the sovereignty of genius. The phrase of Théophile Gautier is profoundly true; and, even though it were not exemplified in a single picture, the motto is well chosen. Rightly apprehended, it makes for catholicity of appreciation, for tolerance, or rather sympathy of judgment. Analogous, in some respects, to the genius of man is the genius of Nature. From age to age the material on which Nature works is the same; yet she never repeats herself. Always, with the fresh green leafage of spring, a new voice is audible; always, as golden autumn sinks into the black month—thus is November called in Brittany—hitherto unseen beauties are revealed. Nature, untamed, unspoiled, is a great exemplar. The Academy's motto should give pause to those who pass sweeping condemnation on the hundred picture exhibitions annually held in London, lest here and there an impulse, struggling worthily to express itself, pass unheeded, as, for that vast number of persons who live blindly in country places, the pageant of the seasons possesses no appeal. Familiarity, whether with theme or method, should not issue in contempt—save, that is, when a painter puts to ignoble uses the talent that is his.

On the other hand, those more or less responsible for the guidance of public taste, should be careful not to hail as genius every flourish of youth, nor to discover it in every "one-man show." "Rien n'est usé pour le génie." If there be but a spark of the imperishable fire in a picture, a piece of sculpture, it may suffice to kindle into being a school of artists no less worthy of the twentieth century than were the Barbizon masters of that from which we have just emerged. And, in truth, is this without the bounds of possibility? In conversation with the writer a young landscapist expressed his failure to understand why, here and now, we should not have the modern equivalents of Leonardo, Giorgione, Rembrandt. Perhaps he was right. One of the most interesting of present-day developments of thought asserts that for *fate* we should read *attitude*; that the life of the individual and of communities is determined by the way in which they approach it. That there is, to say the least, a kernel of truth—and truth is ever potent—in this dictum each may prove for himself. What, then, of the widespread disbelief in contemporary æsthetic endeavour? This: that it creates an antipathetic atmosphere, robs art of the soil, the sunshine, the "dews of peace," without which, perhaps, the Mona Lisa never could have been painted or the Elgin marbles fashioned. In a thousand relationships, as Ruskin, for one, has pointed out, the influence of love is recognised as supremely potent. If we genuinely desire to witness vital activity in British art, are we wise to be so prodigal in discouragement; should we not rather concentrate attention on what of good there be, and by fostering that, hope that the public will come gradually to disesteem what is trivial, merely pretty, uninformed by thought or emotion?

One preliminary word more. There is a widespread belief that the products of genius are for the appreciation of the few only. This is false. The rarer, the more intimate the beauty, the more essentially is it the heritage of all. But, as Milton's prose or the illuminative exaltation of Shakespeare communicates no rapture to those who permit their souls to lie fallow, so do the other arts require intelligent study ere what is best yields a few ears only of a harvest of joy, which shall go on maturing century by century. It is a vulgar error to postulate that the conquest-fields of genius are circumscribed. If, indeed, that were so, the outlook would be gloomy. Noble vision, nobility of expression, the re-weaving of ancient material in the light of a fine inspiration: these are gifts we should recognise with eagerness, not least because, now that free public galleries are established all over the country, they are capable of elevating life in the cottage of the manual labourer, no less than in the palatial abode of the multi-millionaire.

Although it has doubtless caused disappointment in several studios, the reduction made this year in the number of pictures exhibited at Burlington House must be approved. In the eleven galleries devoted to works in oil, 795 examples are hung, as against 923 last year, and 1,090 in 1900. The exhibition as a whole, too, including Mr. Thomas Brock's colossal equestrian statue of the Black Prince, set in the centre of the quadrangle, contains no more than 1,726 works, as compared with 1,823 in 1901. It is of interest to note, further, that, save in 1895, when 887 oil paintings were included in a total of 1,713 exhibited works, in no year since 1890 has the catalogue contained equally few entries. Taking the eleven years, 1890-1900, but leaving out 1895, the figures are 2,119, 2,102, 2,007, 1,829, 1,849; 1,928, 2,104, 1,967, 2,056 and 2,057. It is to be hoped that we may accept the diminution in number as a good omen, and conclude that the Academy will go farther in the direction of limiting the mass of mediocre work annually hung. Admirers of Mr. Abbey will be disappointed to find no historical or Shakespearean canvas from his brush; Mr. E. J. Gregory sends nothing; and one of the most regrettable absentees is Mr. Alfred Gilbert. Of unrepresented outsiders, mention may be made of Mr. Cayley Robinson, who, again, did not contribute to the spring show of the British Artists. For the last time, after an almost unbroken series of seven decades, there are works by the late Mr. Sidney Cooper; works, too — one of them of rare significance and beauty—from the hand of the late Onslow Ford.



No. 149.—Storm Nymphs (p. 202).
By Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.

In the centre of the north wall of the *Salle d'Honneur*—on the same gold background, used to cover a few inches of the wall, as Mr. Frederick Goodall's, for him unusual, sketch 'The Garden of Gethsemane'—is Sir Edward Poynter's 'Storm Nymphs,' here illustrated. In the limning of the three figures, who in their rock-bound home sport with costly wreckage cast up by tumultuous waters, careless of human needs, Sir Edward shows himself an accomplished draughtsman, an acceptable pictorial exponent of a neo-classic theme. He does not seek to scamp detail, but rather to work in a tradition such as that with which we associate many of the masterpieces of the world. In the gem room is a small version of the President's 'Vision of Endymion,' seen at Messrs. Agnew's galleries some months ago; and of three water-colours one is a study of Mrs. Murray Guthrie, whose portrait in oils was at the Academy of 1900.

Precedence has rightly been given to the state portrait of King Edward VII., painted by Mr. Luke Fildes at the command of His Majesty. Isolated by cloth-of-gold draperies, and with every attribute of magnificence, it hangs on the end wall of Gallery III., where, a year ago, surrounded by stuffs of purple and black, was Benjamin Constant's etherealised portrait of Queen Victoria. The task was certainly responsible, and the responsibility is obvious; and even were Velasquez, Goya, or Van Dyck to reappear they might well feel daunted at the necessity to pictorialise just that scarlet uniform, that crimson curtain, that vieux-rose carpet and chair-covering, that assertive blue

BRITISH MUSEUM



No. 547.—Reception by H.M. King Edward VII. of the Moorish Ambassador, 10th June, 1901 (p. 204).
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.

ribbon. And the colours were inevitable. The King is represented life-size, in field-marshal's uniform, scarlet jacket, studded with orders, top-boots, and white breeches. From the shoulder depends the deep crimson cloak, lined with ermine, worn at the opening of Parliament. The red carpet of the dais, and its two visible steps, is transmuted to rose by the light that falls on it; the heavy marble pillars are draped in red; red, again, is the cushion on the marble-topped baroque table, where lie crown and orb. The King stands in almost full face, his right hand grasping the sceptre, which rests on the table. That this is a faithful portrait treated in a kingly way there can be no reasonable doubt. When we remember, moreover, how rigidly a painter is bound down to details of colour, pose, accessory, it was too much to hope that in addition we should have from Mr. Fildes not a transcript, but a creation; that he should have interpreted in even greater degree the historic significance that attaches to the kingly office, with its splendid

vistas reaching back to Alfred, its unexcelled dignity —in a word, that he should have achieved the perhaps impossible.

A second picture is exhibited by command of the King—that by Mr. Seymour Lucas (see p 203) It shows the reception by His Majesty, with Queen Alexandra on the canopied dais by his side, at St James' Palace, on June 10th, 1901, of the Moorish Ambassador, Kaid el Mehedi el Mehebbi, and his suite. The simple grandeur of the white-robed central figure, and of his attendants, is in admirable pictorial contrast to the gorgeous uniforms of our Western Court. There is dignity in the mien of the hooded messenger who reads words of greeting from the ruler of a sun-steeped land. It was a happy idea, too, to give beneath a medallion portrait of the Ambassador, whose face in the actual picture cannot be seen.

The British artist cannot vie with his French neighbour in the production of historical canvases. In France, an Accession would have been pictorially celebrated by a hundred brushes, as would have been the home-coming of Lord Roberts and other national incidents that lent themselves to pageant. There are, however, a few pictures in this kind at Burlington House. In a canvas relatively small for the hundreds of figures it contains, Mr. J. H. F. Bacon shows Sir A. J. Newton delivering his address of welcome to the C.I.V.'s in the Guildhall: "Your Sovereign—the Empire—this Imperial City, are satisfied." The Lord Mayor stands on the platform, supported by City dignitaries in robes of scarlet and purple, and in front, closely packed, are innumerable khaki-clad figures confronting the speaker. The accuracy, the labour, are amazing.



No. 160.—A Tanagrean Pastoral (p. 216).
By George H. Boughton, R.A.

Apart from collaborating with Mr. A. S. Cope in the equestrian portrait of Mr. W. Baird, Mr. John Charlton is represented by one work only. 'In Memoriam' takes us back to the Diamond Jubilee of 1897, at the moment when Queen Victoria was making her triumphal passage along festooned St. James' Street, on her way to the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's. The sunshine of that day was soon to endure eclipse. The last public ceremony performed by Queen Victoria has been painted by Mr. Caton Woodville. The Lord Mayor of Bristol receives knighthood in front of the Council House, while scarlet-liveried grooms stand at the heads of the horses, and the folk of that great commercial centre, from gaily decked balconies and



No. 54.—A Lively Measure (p. 217).
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.

windows, await the moment for cheering their Sovereign.

To find the pictorial link between works such as these and the, for him, exceptionally large canvas of Mr. F. D. Millet, we have to go back in memory to pictures in last year's Academy dealing with the funeral procession, which in silence passed between lines of battleships from the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth, wound its way through silent London, and finally halted at Windsor, where the body of the Queen was laid to rest. Mr. Millet's 'Proclaiming the King' does not fulfil the expectation of splendour aroused by the title. The spokesman is no Rouge Dragon or other Court official, whose very name stimulates the pageant-sense. From a farm waggon belonging, apparently, to the village of Broadway, in Worcestershire, the local representative of the King makes an announcement, whose purport is already known, to the police constable, the farmers, the labourers, the women and the children of the hamlet, grouped around. Even as a compilation the picture is unskilled.

Of the war, whether in actuality, in journalism, or in picture, we have had enough—enough, that is, save in the domain of great accomplishment. The war pictures, pure and simple, are almost a negligible quantity at the Academy. True, Mr. Watts' sole contribution is a bust portrait of Major-General Baden-Powell (p. 210). The hero of Mafeking is in the khaki for whose unloveliness Mr. Brodrick made excuse, on the score of utility, at the Academy Banquet. It is broken, however, by a long green tie, whose colour-correspondence is to be found in the feather of the wide-brimmed felt hat, where, too, is introduced a note of red. Below, in the artist's autograph, are the lines—

"All may have,
If they dare try,
A glorious life or grave."

Another figure prominent in South African affairs is painted by Mr. P. Tennyson Cole, in the person of Lord Milner, standing, full length, a bust of the King in the background; and from the brush of Professor



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No. 401.—The End of the Song (p. 216).
By E. Blair Leighton.



By permission of Messrs Arthur Tooth and Sons.

No. 152.—Across the Heath (p. 208).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

Herkomer is 'The Earl of Albemarle, Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the City Imperial Volunteers.'

No artist has attempted to depict a scene of actual carnage; but Mr. J. P. Beadle, in 'Paardeberg,' (see opposite), shows an incident associated with the first noteworthy triumph of British arms in South Africa, news of which was received with so much rejoicing in the spring of 1900. As the sun rose on the anniversary of Majuba day, the Boers, under Cronje, finding their position no longer tenable, succumbed to the inevitable — the inevitable as planned by Lord Roberts. The trench, dug during the night by the Canadians and a company of Royal Engineers, under heavy fire, dominated the Boer defences at a distance of eighty yards, and "at 8 a.m., the burghers came straggling out, unarmed, mostly carrying their portable possessions." As Mr. Beadle is an expert observer of military scenes, we may take it that his picture is a faithful record. In 'The Morning' Miss Lucy Kemp Welch aims to interpret one aspect of a theme that in a thousand ways lends itself to picture—that of the sympathy of animals with man. The horse watches over its wounded or dead rider on the veldt till aid shall come or it sink down exhausted. Perhaps Mr. W. B. Woollen witnessed the incident on which he has based his 'Victoria Cross,' where a rider, at peril to himself, has returned to the plain, within gunshot of the enemy, to fetch a comrade whose horse has fallen.

Mr. B. W. Leader sends four canvases on a considerable scale, two pure landscapes, the others concerned respectively with 'The Way to the Village Church' and 'An Old Manor House,' whose gables and beautiful windows catch the glow of the sinking sun. In the central gallery the popular artist chooses—for members are said to have a voice in this matter—to be represented by 'Across the Heath' (see p. 207). Sentinelled by pines, it makes for content to fling oneself down on such a moor, whence the eye can travel over an expanse of country, whose every lane and field and hedgerow affect us to delightful thought. Mr. Leader's initial contribution to the Academy was 'Cottage Children blowing Bubbles,' of 1854; and since the 'sixties he has seldom, if ever, failed in his appeal to Burlington House visitors. The picture which we reproduce is an addition to this extensive gallery. Of the several landscapists whose work merits study, Mr. Ernest A. Waterlow is indubitably one. As an example of his art, we illustrate on page 214 'A Backwater on the Ouse.' Nature is not here accepted, so to say, *en masse*, for in each detail and in the whole we are conscious of the refining influence of thought and emotion. As a design there is balance, order, variety; and the cool greens and greys of the colour-scheme evidence a vision genuinely sympathetic.

Mr. Sargent dominates the Academy hardly, if at all, less than the New Gallery. Eight life-size portraits, and three life-size groups, each of three sitters; such is the sum of his exhibited work in Piccadilly and Regent



By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Son.

No. 3.—Leopardess and Young descending Hill (p. 217).
By John M. Swan, A.R.A.



No. 424.—The Victors of Paardeberg (p. 208).
By James P. Beadle.

Street. But it is not by reason of the size and number of his exhibits—albeit he exercises his full rights of membership by sending eight canvases, a course in which he is followed only by Mr. A. S. Cope, who to seven portraits adds a design for a yachting medal—that Mr. Sargent compels attention. It must be admitted that no British-born portraitist, no British-born artist, indeed, shows a series of works comparable in vitality, in invention, in individuality, on occasions in triumphant brushmanship and fine ensemble. 'The Ladies Alexandra, Mary, and Theo Acheson, daughters of Lord Gosford,' greet tne visitor, from the end wall of Gallery II, immediately the top of the stairway is reached. They greet, and they challenge. A not very exact comparison has been instituted between this picture and the 'Three Irish Graces' of the National Gallery; yetif markedly dissimilar from that particular Sir Joshua, the Acheson group is unmistakably an essay in the grand style, a style triumphantly used by eighteenth-century masters of portraiture. From the central jar, of dull gold, springs an orange tree, heavily laden with fruit and leaves. The dress of each sister is white. The lady to the left stands, arms raised above head, gathering fruit—a courageous and, as treated by Mr. Sargent, amply justified pose. A second sister, blue gauze round neck, with a straying sash of light blue, is at the base of the jar, in naïve, half-shrinking, momentary attitude, as if about to rise. Oranges gleam through the semi-transparency of the over-skirt, into which she has gathered them. The third figure, with large black-plumed hat and black-and-white sash, stands to the right. A basket of oranges on the vivid green grass of the foreground, foliage, and a decoratively treated sky, complete this daring composition. The charge of artificiality is surely not justified. Mr. Sargent, it is true, has chosen to represent a moment in the life of these sisters of an essentially transient kind. There is little or no suggestion of past or coming experiences. A change of sky and the thing vanishes. But it is not on that account less true—in design, in poise, in glad colour—to the sentiment of the moment; the grace of the picture belongs to our own day.

On less ambitious lines perhaps, but, all things considered, Mr. Sargent's most masterly portrait of the year is 'Lord Ribblesdale,' in long riding coat and top hat, standing against a fluted marble pilaster. As a pictorial presence, firmly and sympathetically knit, complete and unmannered, he dominates the central gallery.

Here, too, is 'Mr. Alfred Wertheimer,' in buff waistcoat—standing almost in profile by a wall hung with retorts—hardly less of a triumph than 'Lord Ribblesdale'; and 'Mrs. Endicott,' somewhat uncompromising, save in so far as the rendering of the black velvet dress is concerned. The other single figures are the 'Duchess of Portland,' in white satin and rich cerise cloak, one foot on the curb of the marble fireplace of greenish white, a picture that can be compared, or rather contrasted, with the portrait of 'Mrs. Charles S. Henry,' by the artist's master, Carolus Duran, which it balances on the other side of Mr. Hemy's marine; 'Lady Meysey Thompson,' an unfortunate essay from whatever standpoint viewed; and 'Mrs. Leopold Hirsch.' The hard contour of the cheek in this last militates against pleasure, but there is no more exquisite harmony at Burlington House than the pink and silver gown, of old Spanish brocade, a deep berthe of lace falling from the shoulders. For some time Mr. Sargent is known to have been engaged on a group of the three daughters of Mrs. Charles Hunter—it was begun at Wharncliffe House two or three years ago. The three sisters, in black and white, sit back to back on a circular ottoman, the arms of two most happily linked. A feature of the design, perhaps the most remarkable feature of the whole picture, is the excellent grouping of the heads; they are brought together—a somewhat smeary Japanese screen behind—in a way at once congruous and delightful.



Photo. Hollyer. *No. 177.—Major-General Baden-Powell (p. 206). By G. F. Watts, R.A.*

In two prominent portraits Mr. J. J. Shannon proclaims his versatility. 'Lady Marjorie Manners,' graciously seated beneath foliage, a bunch of red roses in her black gown, right hand on a fierce-looking bull-dog, and head elegantly poised on slender neck, has something of the quality of an old mezzotint; it exhales an eighteenth-century charm—one, perhaps, not quite in consonance with the temper of to-day. On the other hand, 'Phil May, Esq.' (see p. 217) is a modern of moderns. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Shannon attempted to portray him in obviously



No. 249.—Holy Motherhood (p. 216).
By T. C. Gotch.

decorative fashion, or if he at once apprehended that such a course would be an æsthetic mistake. In any case this is a remarkable work, in which Mr. Shannon balances himself very cleverly on the perilous line that divides characterization from caricature. A definite personality is before us in the wearer of the pink hunting coat, hair flattened over forehead, hat in right hand, while in the left is the cigar stump to which he is loyal. It is an outspoken statement, disengaged from all superfluities, one which, indeed, verges on the merciless. But so it sometimes is when truth is loyally pursued. Those who recall Mr. Tom Graham's beautiful 'Italian Girl,' loaned by Mr. Sargent to the International Society's exhibition at Knightsbridge three years ago, will find in his 'Lady Low' (see p. 216) material for thought. There are pleasant passages in the drapery, and a certain freedom of touch calls for commendation. The avenue of approach, however, is markedly dissimilar from that followed by Mr. Graham when he painted the dark-eyed accordion-player with roses in her cream-coloured dress.

Mr. Orchardson's two portraits, of Dr. Alexander Asher and Sir John Leng, placed on the line beneath a picture that at first sight only could be mistaken for



No. 156.—The Last Ray (p. 217).
By G. D. Leslie, R.A.

a Brangwyn, are much more than merely capable; his brush expresses the finest shade of meaning in his mind. Attention may rather be directed, however, to 'The Borgia,' which, despite obvious shortcomings, is one of the pictures of the year. If only by reason of its stylistic qualities, it commands the respect of those who make study of the central gallery. None save Mr. Orchardson could so have painted the white-spread table, beneath a dramatic canopy of stone pines, which broodingly overshadow the final incident of this strange feast. The fine colour relationships would alone suffice to yield pleasure. On the table are vessels partly filled with purple or deep-red wine, a costly dish of green grapes, silver bloom on each, melon and other fruit—which may be instructively compared with the 'Marriage at Cana,' by Veronese, in the Louvre—and, at the head, is the magnificently dressed master of these grim revels.

Subject pictures, as such, possess a perennial appeal. Two prominent works in this kind confront one another in the first room. In 'La Belle Dame sans Merci' (see opposite), Mr. Frank Dicksee has essayed to represent the lady of the "wild sad eyes" who held in thrall the dreamer of Keats' poem. The mailed knight has set her on his bay charger; and thus, she looking down on him unpityingly, he—blind to all else, Keats tells us, and hearing only her faerie song—looking up at her face, they move through a blossoming country towards her "elfin grot." Opposite is the 'Aphrodite' of Mr. Briton Riviere. The underlying motive, that of the potency of love, holds undying inspiration. The canvas was suggested by some lines in the Homeric hymn, which tell how the laughter-loving goddess, gloriously clad, hastened down many-rilled Ida, attended by the grey wolf and the bear, the lion and the pard, each under her spell. Many interesting studies for this composition were made, among them that for the leopard drinking at the foreground stream, recently on view, with others, in Bond Street. We can hardly look at this 'Aphrodite' without recalling the woodland throng in Titian's great 'Bacchus and Ariadne' of the National Gallery. Immediately to the right is the 'Lighting-up Time' of Mr. Stanhope Forbes. The intent is obvious: to establish a just pictorial relationship between these home-going market folk and the late evening nature-sentiment of remote Cornwall. Even in quiet country places the law now requires that each vehicle, onward from an hour after sunset, shall carry a light. The cart in Mr. Forbes' picture could hardly move with perilous swiftness, but the lad has got down to light the old candle-lantern, ere proceeding farther beneath this lowering sky.

One of the smallest pictures in the exhibition is wonderful in inverse proportion to its size. Sir Alma Tadema's 'Caracalla,' so suave, so finely tempered, as to make us desire a title less associated with brutality, has concentrated into its canvas-space of about 8½ inches by 14 inches, embedded in deep gold frame, manifold beauties. If there be too little of emotion—for we may look on the picture unmoved—it is impossible to blind oneself to the masterly way in which each detail has been at once minutely rendered and subordinated to a most exigent scheme. There is beauty in the figure of the Emperor, wearing cloak of pearl and purple, who moves over the white marble tesseræ of the floor; beauty in the figures of the maidens, who scatter rose-petals in his path as, bowing low, they step backward; beauty, the beauty of implied silence, in the upraised arm of the servitor; beauty in the many-coloured columns, some rose-twined, in the alcove of Venetian red beyond the limpid green water of the bath, in the ornately carved wall or smooth door against which the dark head of Caracalla is silhouetted, in the bronze figure surmounting the white tower, seen against a sky of too-positive blue, through the open doorway. Miniature-like in its precision, satisfying in its gradations, we here have a finely ordered apotheosis of art in this kind.

The contributions of Mr. Alfred East are this year of unusual interest. He is of those who acknowledge no sovereignty of nature. Suggestions he gains from this



No. 135.—Voices of the Sea (p. 214).
By Colin Hunter, A.R.A.



No. 13.—La Belle Dame sans Merci (p. 212).
By Frank Dicksee, R.A.



No. 161.—A Backwater on the Ouse (p. 208).
By Ernest A. Waterlow, A.R.A.

or that scene, but always the impulse towards composition is present. Cool, fresh, delightfully spacious and decorative as is 'The Valley of the Lambourne,' with its balancing trees, whose every interstice is the issue of heedful study, on either side the quiet-flowing river, attention may rather be directed to two somewhat dissimilar endeavours. True to the sentiment of the title is the aspect of the scene rendered in 'An Idyll of Como.' A great thundercloud forms above and partially veils the dream-blue lake, and on the foreground grass, slim trees to right and left, peasant folk dance a measure, intentionally less rhythmic than would have been the case had Watteau been the painter. There is harmony of colour, and, to be paradoxical, atmosphere decoratively interpreted. Yet more worthy of remark, perhaps, is 'Gibraltar from Algeçiras' (p. 217). As to design, we note the happy repetition of the bend in the foreground stream by the elliptical shape of the bay, balancing it to the left; note how the piers of the beautiful Moorish aqueduct have their correspondence in the slender poplars of the mid-distance; note how true is the poise between mass and mass, and how admirably placed is the town, rising from almost sea-level. And the congregation of white houses is indubitably part of a colour-scheme that embraces the gold-green trees, the faint blue bay, dominated by the Rock of Gibraltar, and the more assertive tones of the foreground. This is a decorative landscape of worth.

Mr. Napier Hemy stands alone in the Academy as the exponent of certain moods of the sea; above all things he is strenuous. In 'The Pilot' two stalwart oarsmen, a third in oilskins at the helm, are pulling a heavy boat across angry waters towards the sailing-craft, which waits to be guided through the narrows of a perilous harbour. It is the sea, not of the landsman but of the sailor; the tumultuous sea of swinging waves and wind-driven foam. 'The Crew,' see opposite, is another characteristic example. What of anecdote there be is easily understood. We immediately apprehend the appositeness of the sub-title, 'It was time for us to leave her'—leave the sinking ship whose masts are visible to the extreme right—by the direct, forceful way in which Mr. Hemy interprets the power, the insatiate rapacity of these buffeting waters. The artist was wise to paint out the gulls—three were originally introduced—for their sure flight impaired the dramatic appeal of the picture. Mr. Peter Graham is, perhaps, the most popular of living sea painters. Verisimilitude is his aim. 'Where only Sea Birds roam' is calculated to provoke the admiration of a majority of Academy visitors. The brown rock, partly hidden by vivid green seaweed, encompassed by surging waters, is painting in this kind carried as far as it is possible. At the other extreme, as to sentiment, is Mr. Stanhope Forbes' 'Chadding in Mount's Bay'—a party of children fishing with the line from a white boat, mirrored on unrippled waters of blue. Some will recall the vibrant word-picture of Shelley, of a sea that "trembles and sparkles as with ecstacy." In 'Voices of the Sea' (see p. 212) Mr. Colin Hunter treats another of its innumerable moods. These "unpastured" waters break on the rocky shore, perhaps with an insistent call for peace, or perhaps they gather energy for one of those splendid onsets which imperil the safety of man. Mr. W. L. Wyllie sends a picture on a somewhat similar theme—a processional advance of foaming breakers beneath a grey sky; but he is, par excellence, the exponent of the Thames. 'Pushing down against the Flood,' which in reproduction forms the headpiece of this article, might almost as aptly as Mr. Wyllie's Chantrey work have been entitled 'Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide.' It shows the Pool of London at sunset. To the right are the Custom House, Billingsgate, the Monument, and St. Paul's Cathedral; to the left the tower of St. Saviour's, Southwark, originally the church of the Augustinian Priory of St. Mary Overy, with London Bridge and Cannon Street railway bridge in the central background. Mr. Wyllie is familiar with every spar, every rope, that, combined, give æsthetic charm to sailing craft; his merchant steamship is a pictorial



No. 770.—Full Summer (p. 217).
By Arnesby Brown.



No. 326.—The Crew: "It was time for us to leave her" (p. 214).
By C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.

presence, his line of barges being tugged up-stream possess solidity, character. We have in this work an interesting presentment of the busy, smoke-hung waterway which has conduced in such large measure to the commercial supremacy of the most populous city in the world.

'Peaceful Rest' (p. 220), by Mr. Edward Stott, has been somewhat unkindly juxtaposed to a picture wherein are positive blues. Search Burlington House and you will find nothing more quietly beautiful, charged with more of fine personal feeling. Perhaps to no pastoral does the Academy's motto apply with equal force. Almost any evening in Sussex a shepherd can be seen thus lighting his pipe as the flock wander by a pool. But only an artist carries away an impression of so subtle a beauty, is able to compose that impression—to give sweep to the marginal line of that blue pool, on whose surface evening clouds are mirrored, to subdue any over-exuberance there may be in the grass, thus to introduce a few trees at the base of a chalky break in the Downs, reposefully to select from and interpret conflicting sentiments—as Mr. Stott has done. From the same studio is 'Youth and Age,' wherein a lad, and an aged woman, in white cap and apron, both bearing faggots, move along a field path as the moon rises above background pastures. Mr. Clausen sends two pictures only, each somewhat disappointing. 'Homeward'—two horses and their attendant lads leaving the plough in late sunlight—is built up of so many unbeautiful lines and spaces that the pleasure-seeker is daunted; and 'The Rick Yard: a Winter Idyll,' is, in design, similarly unshaped.



No. 299.—Lady Low (p. 211).
By Thomas Graham.

Although pictorial art cannot usurp the art of music any more than it can successfully invade the province of literature, some of the most beautiful pictures of the world vibrate with music or suggest intervals of pause. As an example, it is necessary to cite only Giorgione's 'Fête Champêtre' of the Louvre, wherein "the hand trails upon the viol strings . . . . and the brown faces cease to sing." A number of works at Burlington House serve to suggest, in greater or lesser degree, that music, at times unheard, to which the measures of life are set. Apart from the endless music of sea and stream, of wind in pine or elm, human-made instruments, less fine of timbre, maybe, than the varied instruments of Nature, are time and again introduced. One of the nymphs in Sir Edward Poynter's principal picture holds a lyre, fashioned of a shell; Mrs. Stanhope Forbes' decorative woodland has as motto the boy's song to Mariana, in "Measure for Measure," "Take, oh, take those lips away;" and Florizel, as represented by Mrs. Mary F. Raphael, has laid down his pipe among the poppies to breathe words of love into the ear of Perdita.

Mr. G. H. Boughton, in 'A Tanagræan Pastoral' (see p. 204), has discovered a happy motive. As the title suggests, he aims to re-vitalise some of those exquisite Greek figures, in rhythmic draperies, found, after centuries of burial, in the neighbourhood of Tanagra, where, hundreds of years before the Christian Era, the Spartans defeated the Athenians. Pan presides over the fountain, at whose base are those who make music on pipe and lyre and tambourine. The dancers, in swirling draperies, move on glad-green grass, the green of the poplars behind is tender, the hills are bathed in purple. We may here allude to Mr. Boughton's second picture, 'A Fallen Angel,' outstretched on a ledge of rock, high above ominously dark waters.

Meditation, induced and still farther tranquillised by the music of strings, is the sentiment invoked by Mr. Gotch in 'Holy Motherhood' (see p. 211). This artist finds peculiar pleasure in the rendering of rich stuffs, and, although we cannot but account as unfortunate the introduction of kirtle and pointed bodice, which break the flowing lines of the other robes, he communicates pleasure to the observer because of the decorative use to which the brocaded draperies—of green, blue, gold, red—have been put. For a variant on this Madonna subject, the visitor may turn to Mr. Val Prinsep's 'Virgin at Bethlehem.' Mr. E. Blair Leighton remains loyal to a theme immortalised by great poets like Petrarch, the Italian prototype of Rossetti, who sang of it with southern passion, southern outspokenness. 'The End of the



Painted by J. Macwhirter, R.A.

Three Kings: Sherwood

"The monarch oak, sole king of forests all."

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Song' (see page 206), is concerned with the theme of love. Neither the harpist nor the sumptuously-dressed girl who smiles at his honeyed words, is aware of the approach of a third figure — maybe husband, maybe father — his sword already half-unsheathed. In those olden times there was little parleying, for ever to silence an intruder was a little-considered incident. 'A Lively Measure,' see page 205, is a subject well suited to Mr. Seymour Lucas' brush. The three worthies, on a bench against a tapestry background, are of those who in every age enjoy life; they accept all experience as a contribution to the comedy, or at worst the serio-comedy, of an ever-moving pageant. To paraphrase Fitzgerald, a jug of ale, a pipe well filled, a woman's smile, were for this trio all-sufficient to make earth a paradise.



No. 269.—Phil May, Esq. (p. 210.)
By J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.

Last year the name of Mr. Arnesby Brown came into prominence by reason of the purchase, under the Chantrey Fund, of his 'Morning.' This young artist long ago emerged from the influence of his first master, Andrew MacCallum, nor would it now be easy to find evidence of the fact that for three years he was with Professor Herkomer at Bushey. The more interesting of his two Academy pictures is 'Full Summer' (see p. 214). Mr. Brown belongs, of course, to the *plein-air* school, but into the naturalism of a Bastien Lepage he aims to interweave something of the romanticism of a Troyon. Sun-penetrated mists rise from his cattle-haunted meadows, and again, in 'Full Summer,' one of the prominent aims is to charge the sunlight and shadow with a note of personal feeling. The lad who fares with his cows along this country lane, the bank of foliage, the distant trees: these are the material used by the artist to interpret his impression of sunlight and shadow.



No. 733.—Gibraltar; from Algeçiras, Spain (p. 214).
By Alfred East, A.R.A.

It is otherwise with Mr. J. M. Swan in his 'Leopardess and Young descending a Hill' (see p. 208). The cloud-wrapped Himalayas are intended as no more than a setting—and an apt setting they form—for the three animals that make their stealthy entry from the left. The characterisation is strong, full of purpose.

Mr. G. D. Leslie is, within certain limits, an accomplished artist. We could wish, perhaps, that on occasions he permitted a breath of wind to awaken from their stillness his trees, his grasses, his water. But a conventionalised peace is ever the sentiment of Mr. Leslie's pictures, and cool greens, browns, and greys only find place on his palette. 'The Last Ray,' see p. 212, is a representative canvas of an art which, though unimpassioned, is singularly welcome at an Academy overcrowded with assertive and meritricious pictures.

'Three Kings: Sherwood.' Thus is named Mr. J. MacWhirter's large upright in the central gallery, reproduced as a special plate. Theme and title are particularly apposite this Coronation year; it can hardly be by chance that the popular Scottish artist has chosen now to send this trio of woodland sovereigns. From time immemorial the oak, last of created trees, as man was the last of created beings, has been held sacred, and even to-day in Finland it is "God's tree," nor can we in Britain imaginatively dissociate it from the immortals. Slowly reaching its maturity, its strength, its greatness, impress. The first oak, according to legend, sprang from the blood of a Titan, slain while invading the abode of Zeus, who thereupon chose it as his forest personification. Jupiter was worshipped in the form of a lofty oak tree, whose roots were upon the Capitol. At Dodona, in Epirus, an ancient oak was the actual seat of deity, whose responses were interpreted from the

rustling branches of the tree. Ovid, doubtless expressing a current belief, tells how Eresicthon's—

> "... impious axe mid Ceres' sacred grove
> Dared violate her immemorial shades.
> Huge with the growth of ages in its midst
> An ancient oak there stood, itself a grove,
> With votive tablets hung and grateful gifts
> For vows accomplished. Underneath its shade
> The dryads wove their festal dance."

But Eresicthon, despite warnings, would not stay his hand:

> "The trembling tree sent forth an audible groan!
> From its pale leaves and acorns died the green,
> Dark oozing sweat from every branch distilled,
> And as the scoffer smote it, crimson-red
> Gushed from the wounded bark the sap, as streams
> When at the altar falls some mighty bull
> The life-blood from his neck."

For the sacrilegious act of thus striking at a nymph whom Ceres loved, Eresicthon was doomed. In our own country the worship of the oak was an integral part of Druidical ritual. Pliny, indeed, derives the name Druid from δρῦς, an oak, and by some it is still connected with *darach*, the Celtic word for the tree. Contrary to current belief, that mystic plant, the misletoe, seldom grows on the oak; but the Druids held that the spirit of the oak retreated into the parasite bough when its own leaves withered, and hence they dedicated on the altar sprays of the "all-heal" misletoe. Of all others the British oak is famed for its longevity. The "King Oak," in Epping Forest, is said to have sheltered William the Conqueror nearly eight and a-half centuries ago, and it is far from improbable that the legend is based on fact. In the 'sixties, at 3 feet from the ground, the circumference of this tree was 26 feet. But if the King Oak be anything like 1,000 years old, what of that at Cowthorpe, in Yorkshire, which at the same distance from the grouud has a circumference of 48 feet? Its measurements are approximately the same as when Evelyn described it in 1664, and, despite its age-long watch, its present ruined state, it still each year celebrates that sacred marriage between Zeus and Hera—the union between heaven and earth which we call spring.

This slight excursion proves that Mr. MacWhirter has ample warrant for the title of his picture; moreover, we have in Sherwood one of those great forests that in the earlier historic period covered a large portion of England. Later, it became a royal forest, and, as all know, it is the traditional scene of many of the adventures of the famous outlaw whose name is perpetuated in that of the natural amphitheatre on the verge of Sherwood, Robin Hood's Hill. The fresh green moss covering the bases of the oaks in Mr. MacWhirter's picture serves to suggest that at heart these three kings are still young, with all their experience. Thousands of times before they have watched the sun dip beneath the western horizon, have listened—for we may credit to the oak power to translate vibrations of what we call light into those which we call sound—to the last encrimsoned farewell of the sun, as pictured by Mr. MacWhirter. By way of contrast to the mighty, long-lived oak, we have in the mid-distance some silver birches, with whose representation the artist is closely associated. The birch—slender, rapid of growth, which passes swiftly from youth to old age—attends for a brief space only upon the monarch of the forest.



No. 98.—Maud, Daughter of Victor Cavendish, Esq., M.P. (p. 218).
By Ralph Peacock.

Mr. Ralph Peacock is one of the most widely remarked of our younger portraitists, and he has a special reputation as an interpreter of child-life. To the present Academy he sends an essay in a different kind. Something of his profound admiration for the art of Mr. Holman Hunt is conveyed in the portrait of the veteran artist who, in velvet coat, stands with hands behind back, naturally, reposefully. The furrows are congruous on the grey-bearded face, indicating as they do the autumn of a purposeful life. Of Mr. Peacock's two child-studies, we reproduce on this page, 'Maud, daughter of Victor Cavendish, Esq., M.P.' In the portrait of this little girl, the forget-me-nots in whose hat vivify the colour scheme, the artist introduces as background one of those cabinets—like the stool on which she leans it is inlaid with mother-of-pearl—in the painting of which he takes pleasure.

Doubtless owing to Mr. Sargent's admiration for his art, we find a portrait from the brush of Signor Mancini. As the picture is hung, the high varnish on an uneven surface of paint catches every reflected light, and hence this piece of bravura painting can hardly be judged aright. The lady — no other, as is well known, than Mrs. Charles Hunter, portrayed by Mr. Sargent a year or two ago—has flung herself down on a golden couch, against which her black dress tells emphatically. Fragments of actual glass, it is curious to note, are introduced in the ring and buckle and in the silver flower-bowl behind.



No. 1638.—The Marchioness of Granby: Bust, Marble (p. 220).
By George Frampton, R.A. (Diploma Work).

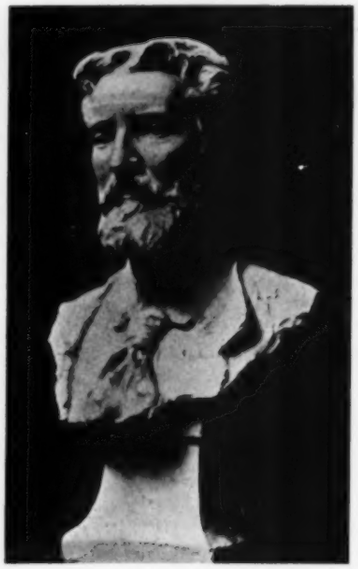
Than Mr. Henry S. Tuke there are, within or without the Academical fold, few more delightful interpreters of bathing and boating idylls. One of his two Chantrey pictures, it is true, 'All Hands to the Pump,' is unmistakably realistic; but Mr. Tuke expresses himself more completely in 'August Blue.' Impressions in which he is most interested, and in whose rendering he excels, are those of dancing, sunlit waters, wherein, from a reef of rock, or an old boat, lads bathe, or, in unhastening joy, attend the call of sun and wind and sea. These pictures are essentially of the open air—executed out of doors, too, if we mistake not—but they do not belong to the crude form of *plein-air* painting. The lads are lithe and natural; they act with the unconcern of youth. Boats, rocks, sea, are the reverse of unfaithful. But Mr. Tuke would use his material to express something visioned by himself alone. As indicated in one of his Academy exhibits this year, he would reveal what to him seems most beautiful in effects of sunlight transmuting into a harmony of 'Ruby, Gold and Malachite' the scene on which it falls. 'The Run Home' on this page is particularly fresh and breezy as to theme. It is daring, from the standpoint of composition, to introduce in the foreground a portion of a racing yacht, sliding swiftly through the water; but balance is achieved by the representation behind of the hull of a great sailing ship.

In the Piccadilly quadrangle, where should have been Onslow Ford's 'Queen Victoria' last year, is Mr. Thomas Brock's equestrian statue of Edward the Black Prince. Almost inevitably the horse reminds us of



No. 392.—The Run Home (p. 219).
By Henry S. Tuke, A.R.A.

Verocchio's splendid creation in Venice—this although in detail the two animals have little in common. The horse of the Black Prince moves forward with simple dignity; it is a serious and interesting effort in a kind markedly more satisfactory than that of the prancing steeds, unvital, unrealised, of too many of our monuments. At the other extreme as to size is the 'Castagnetti' of Mr. J. Havard Thomas, a silver statuette about ten inches in height. The unperplexed talent of this artist is less widely acknowledged than it deserves to be. No figure at the Academy is in greater degree inter-penetrated with purposeful thought than the player balanced on left leg, right upheld, crossing it, who leans forward slightly, and sounding, with outstretched hands, his castanets.



No. 1651.—Professor E. Lantéri (p. 220)
By Charles J. Pibworth.

Mr. George J. Frampton, who was raised from Associateship to full membership of the Royal Academy on March 26th last, has already deposited his diploma work. This takes the form of a bust portrait of the Marchioness of Granby, in marble, see p. 219. Mr. Frampton is a firm adherent of what may be called the polychromatic school of sculptors; he does not believe that here and now we need dissociate colour from reliefs or examples in the round. In the 'Lady Granby,' the medallions, bearing a peacock design, the ear-rings, and the fastening of the quaint headgear under the chin, are touched with gold. A second of Mr. Frampton's contributions is a bust of Chaucer, reading, which, when carried out in marble, will be placed in the Guildhall, to celebrate the quincentenary of the death, to use the words of Tennyson, of

> "the first warbler, whose sweet breath
> Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
> The spacious times of great Elizabeth
> With sounds that echo still."

Professor Lantéri sends to Burlington House a bust, in marble, entitled 'Reverie;' and dreams may well come, unbidden, to the woman of the mobile lips and sensitive features whose draped head is represented. We reproduce, on this page, the plaster bust of Professor Lantéri—doubtless later to be cast in bronze—from the hand of Mr. Charles J. Pibworth, a portrait, free from trivialities, treated with breadth.



No. 281.—Peaceful Rest (p. 216).
By Edward Stott.



No. 1725.—Polar Bears—Silver Piece (p. 221).
By J. M. Swan, A.R.A.

Mr. John M. Swan, in his own domain, is one of the most able of living British sculptors. At his best—as, for instance, in the puma with a macaw in its mouth of 1900-1—the results of study pursued with the eagerness of a scientist are lifted out of the sphere of science by the shaping influence of his imagination; his knowledge of animal life—of anatomy, characteristic attitude, habits—is not paraded. Mr. Swan is this year represented by three pieces of sculpture. In the Central Hall is the 'Wounded Leopard,' life-size, attempting to take an arrow from its shoulder, strenuous and purposeful if less rhythmic than some previous efforts; and in the Lecture Room are the remaining two examples, one of these the finely conceived bronze group of a boy, bowl upheld in left arm, with two bear cubs clambering towards it. The effect aimed at, and attained, is that of a spiral, pleasantly enticing the eye upward from base to highest point. 'Polar Bears,' two aspects of which are reproduced on this page, is Mr. Swan's third exhibit. On the apex of a block of crystal, set in silver which as a tracery runs up one of the sides, the two animals hug one another in anything but friendly embrace. To be judged aright, this little silver piece must be seen in the round. The motive is fine; it is thoughtfully if not triumphantly expressed.

In an article which dealt briefly with the life-work of Onslow Ford, published recently in THE ART JOURNAL (pp. 59-62), 'Snowdrift' appeared as one of the illustrations (p. 61). Had it not been so we should now have reproduced this final and perhaps most beautiful endeavour from the hand of the sculptor. Since January the then soft clay has been translated into marble, and the Procris-like figure, as seen at the Academy, lies, not on dull clay, but on honeycombed marble—frozen snow it might well be—with, as base, an oblong slab of gleaming green onyx, above a band of lapis lazuli. In any circumstances the rare beauty of the work would give us pause; knowing it to be a work finished during the last days of a nobly directed career, it becomes the more impressive. 'Snowdrift' remains as an epitome of the life of Onslow Ford, shaped—albeit not consciously as an epitome—by himself. Peace has breathed its message into the marble figure who, arms folded, lies on the snow. We could desire nothing more poignant, more apt.

FRANK RINDER.



No. 6.—Snowdrop [Tempera] (p. 225).
By Marianne Stokes.

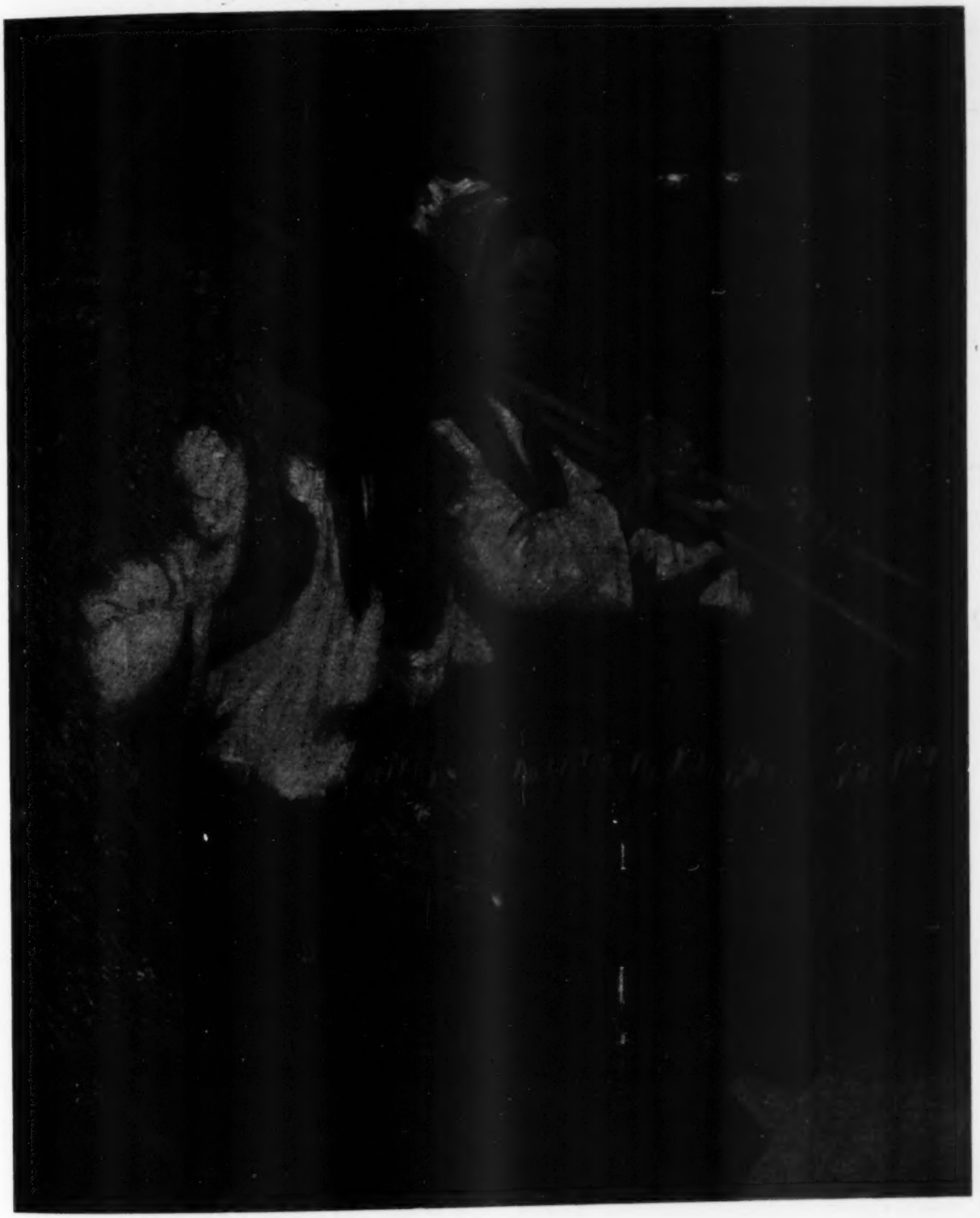
The New Gallery Exhibition of 1902.

THE Fifteenth Summer Exhibition in Regent Street contains 309 exhibits, as compared with 469 in that of twelve months ago. The pictures and drawings have been reduced by about 100, chiefly because of the non-utilisation for pictorial purposes of the balcony; as to sculpture, it has been all but abandoned. If diminution in the number of exhibits signified that the general standard were higher, there would be cause for congratulation. But this is not so. Moreover, interesting in its way, doubtless, as is the collection of modern Japanese objects, the fountained central court is better fitted for the display of statuary, metal-work, &c., amid which, undistractedly, the visitor on former occasions could pause to revise his impressions. The New Gallery owes much to Burne-Jones; but from a pictorial point of view his influence operates in an unsatisfactory way on some of the contributors, the truth being, probably, that, here and now, it is impossible to found a Burne-Jones "school" of any worth, or with anything more than a semblance of vitality. In many respects, then, the exhibition disappoints. Remove twenty, maybe, indeed, no more than a dozen works, and the leavening element would be absent altogether.

It would be too much to expect that what has been aptly called the golden autumn of Mr. Watts' art shall at each stage yield products so delightful as the tumbling amorini of 1901. Besides a little sunset landscape, the veteran master sends 'Love steering the Boat of Humanity,' which we reproduce on this page. So, on relentless waters, beneath a relentless sky, does a radiant presence come to aid man, at moments of peril, when fateful winds seem too strong for him; such is the "message" of the picture. From the æsthetic stand-



Photo. Hollyer. *No. 149.—Love steering the Boat of Humanity (p. 222).*
By G. F. Watts, R.A.



No. 222.—*Haymakers* (*p.* 224).
By T. Austen Brown.



No. 7.—The Wind in the Trees [Tempera] (p. 225).
By Walter Crane.

point it is little short of a marvel for a man of Mr. Watts' years.

Bewildered we may be when we come carefully to examine the picture. It has been pointed out that the boat, with fallen sail, is represented as making headway in the teeth of a strong wind, that the figure of Love is not steering at all. If intent less lofty inspired—for there is a measure of true inspiration here—the effort, if Mr. Watts' profound feeling for line and colour did not in some part find expression, then the picture might be lightly accounted. As it is, despite shortcomings, 'Love steering the Boat of Humanity' has no rivals in the domain of allegorical works at the New Gallery. And, after all, perhaps we have seized a part only of the "message." Mr. Watts may mean that under the guidance of Love, the craft of life can make progress even against a hurricane of wind and waters.

One of three contributions by Mr. Sargent dominates the northern gallery: 'The Children of Asher Wertheimer, Esq.,' reproduced as a plate, facing this page. Decoratively it is a triumph; it satisfies, too, as a revelation of the several characters. The figures are aptly brought together at a moment of pause, which sums up many youthful experiences; they are, too, environed. Here, again, are no colours divorced from their surroundings. The drapery over the back of the couch finds its correspondence in the dress, of blithe carnation, worn beneath white muslin by the little girl with penetrative eyes and jet-black hair, her arms round a vivacious spitz, tricked out with bows of mauve. Mr. Sargent has never painted a child, perhaps we should hardly say more winsome, but, instead, more bewitching. In her is concentrated that mysterious orientalism which inspires the beauty of the group. Balance of form and colour—to which the black poodle, a sitter that evidently continues to interest Mr. Sargent much, contributes—variety combined with felicitous repetition, ably controlled characterisation, singleness of purpose unifying, completing the whole endeavour: by the presence of these qualities does the group become a memorable work of art, with an accent of absolute sincerity. On the opposite wall is 'On his holidays, Norway'—a lad outstretched on the rocky bank of a swiftly-flowing river, net and fishing-hook beside him, as well as two salmon. It is a dashing, dexterous essay, incontestably interesting as an experiment in the *plein-air* kind by Mr. Sargent.

To one picture only in the north room can we turn from the Wertheimer group without an unwelcome sense of decline. Mr. T. Austen Brown has before now produced noteworthy canvases, but 'Haymakers' (p. 223) marks not alone an advance, but testifies to larger and more personal vision than hitherto. Under an unmodified top light the picture is ill seen; it demands a more tempered illumination than it is possible to arrange at the New Gallery; moreover, rightly to be judged, it should be isolated. Even under Regent Street conditions, however, the work cannot fail to arrest the attention of every serious student of contemporary art. Some critics will doubtless regard the peasants as Milletesque; but granting a suggestion of Jean-François—and this need not be conceded, as we hold—Mr. Brown has assimilated, conquered, deflected, and so made undubitably his own, what, if any, of such influence there be. The two figures are genuine pictorial creations. Once intelligently and receptively seen, we cannot forget the man in white shirt and blue-green trousers, face in shadow, bearing his load of newly-mown grass, its fresh greens and golds rendered with interpretative breadth. Nor can we forget the woman of dignified mien, with firmly-set, peasant-proud head, on whose white blouse fall shadows from the rake and hoe she carries. These folk, moving in solemn sunlight along a poplar-flanked road, have been seen in a large, simple way; simple and large is the pictorial evocation. Beyond the trees are a brown field in shadow, red-roofed cottages, and a glimpse of sky, overhung by an ominous cloud. This background, at any rate at the New Gallery, does not recede satisfactorily, the several planes are not expressed. But 'Haymakers' is a noble conception, nobly interpreted.

A third canvas on a considerable scale is Mr. Frank Brangwyn's 'The Cider Press,' see p. 225. It is a theme eminently well suited to the temper of this artist's work. "Pretty" pictures in this kind we have had time and again; but the pretty—a word which we use in the restricted modern sense of beauty with its spirit fled—is, we rejoice to know, anathema to Mr. Brangwyn. His aim has been to unite the decorative with the idyllic, and, like the old-time press at whose handle red and blue-bloused men are labouring, to wring from this prodigal harvest of green and red apples inspiriting essence. We could wish some details other than as they are, but there is a generosity, a sense of profusion that we would alter no whit. The delightful little boy standing amid the apples in the centre, the piping lad, the heavily-laden fruit-tree, the dramatic sky, the strenuous workers—in these, and in the composition as a whole, we find pleasure. It is to be hoped that before long



Painted by J. S. Sargent, R.A.

Children of A. Wertheimer Esq.

BRITISH
16 OC 1902
MUSEUM

Mr. Brangwyn, the boldest and, save for Mr. Watts, almost certainly the most able of living English decorative painters, will have opportunity to fill the spaces in some of our public buildings or city halls.

A feature has again been made of examples in tempera, thirteen of which are hung in a group in the little south room. In the centre is 'The Wind in the Trees' of Mr. Walter Crane (see p. 224). "All the winds of the world play upon the Tree of Love," and the two embracing figures are here represented as affrightedly beset with the fierceness of that from the North, the bitterness of that from the East, the honeyed breath of that from the South, the passion of that from the West. Looking at the picture, some will recall Shelley's immortal ode to the "breath of autumn's being," with its burden of longing, "Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is." Mr. Crane's tempera does not thrill us, because it is uncharged with anything akin to these Shelley lines, in which human thought and emotion are caught up and swept along by the "wild spirit . . . moving everywhere." One of the most charming of the series is the 'Snowdrop' (p. 222) of Mrs. Marianne Stokes. The king's daughter, as told in the old story, has been borne by the little folk into their woodland home, that they may watch over her in her unawakening sleep, lying calmly content in her white bed, covered with glass. Such stories serve, in an over-busy and clamorous age, to perpetuate that which is naïve and simple and beautiful in the realm of fancy. Something of faerie imagination Mrs. Stokes possesses, and we welcome 'Snowdrop' because of its pause-giving qualities, because of the pleasant emphasis laid on the unseen realities—presences, they are, that always companion the dreamer—of life.

Water-colour—perhaps the most abused of mediums—has been put to its proper uses by Fernand Khnopff, particularly in the lower panel of his diptych. The pseudo-mysticism of 'The Secret' need not detain us. Some may like to speculate as to the artist's intent in painting the blue-robed lady, the hand of whose long-gloved arm rests on the lips of a marble mask—that of her "other self," probably—but the enigma is hardly worth unravelling. Of greater moment is the exquisitely rendered base of a building with gothic windows and doors, overgrown here and there with faint green, reflected on the quiet water of the foreground river. Technically, this is one of the most successful exhibits in Regent Street.

The portraits of Sir George Reid invariably command respect at the New Gallery. Not for some time has he sent to Burlington House, and, unfortunately, albeit doubtless by his own wish, his name has disappeared from the list of those nominated for the degree of Associateship. It is difficult to understand why the Academy did not recognise Sir George Reid's talent while yet there was occasion. His two portraits possess qualities too often gaily relinquished by popular painters of the moment. 'Professor G. D. Liveing, F.R.S.' (see p. 226), has not been sacrificed on the altar of the decoratively attractive, the brilliant for brilliancy's sake, the artificial. The personality of the student-sitter has been seized by a scholar of the brush. It is not impressionistic in the sense of revealing a momentary vision; rather it shows the expression of a motive whose significance was slowly if surely apprehended. Sir George Reid's second portrait, that of Sir Joseph W. Pease, M.P., is, perhaps, the more æsthetically alive. Mr. W. Graham Robertson's 'Mrs. Patrick Campbell,' a study in black and silver, suffers from the ashen painting of the flesh, but, as in nearly every work from this brush, it gives evidence of a facility directed to other than commonplace ends.

One of the most widely-discussed portraits in the exhibition hangs close by, that of Lady Diana, daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Granby, from the brush of Mr. J. J. Shannon. The fair-haired girl, in black dress and lace collar, leans forward over a cushion—a pose whose nonchalance is not quite convincing. Mr. Robert Brough is one of the most popular of young Scottish portraitists. He is apt at everything to which he gives his attention, play no less than work, in-doors and out-of-doors. His dash and facility are exemplified in 'A Fairy Tale, a portrait group of Daisy and Ned, children of J. D. Buist, Esq.,' in landscape setting; and in 'Alexander Wedderburn, Esq., K.C.' Other portraits worthy of remark include Mr. R. Jack's 'Miss Dorothy Turnor,' a red blossom in her dark hair, her arms resting on the oval back of a chair, and Mr. William Shackleton's portrait of an auburn-haired lady, reminiscent, as was this artist's 'Youth and Age,' exhibited last year, of Mr. Watts.

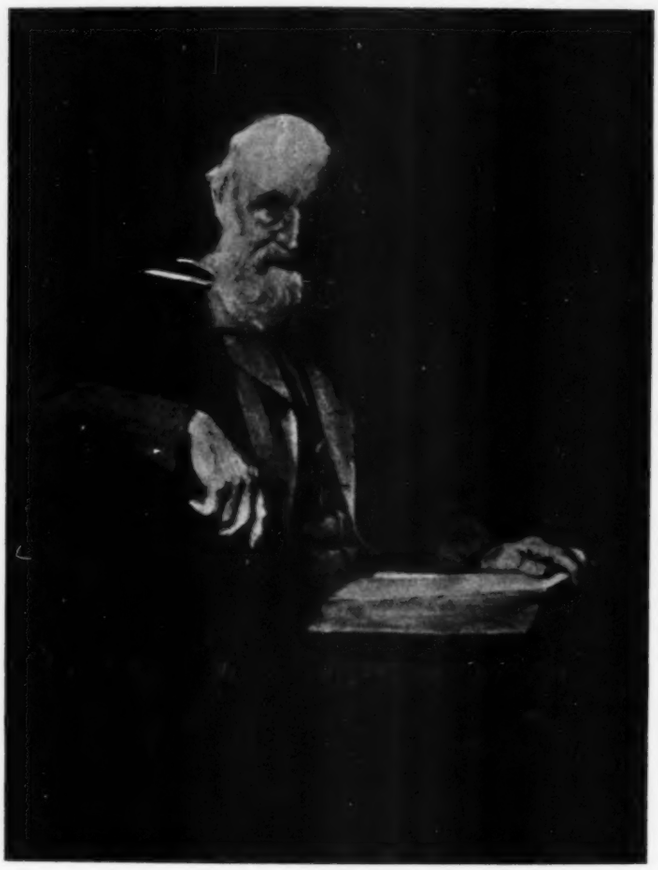


No. 58.—The Cider Press (p. 224).
By Frank Brangwyn.

In the domain of pure landscape, Mr. Leslie Thomson's 'Lindisfarne' stands out from all else. The picturesquely assertive, the anecdotal landscape are without the artist's æsthetic horizon. If I cannot make my appeal by means of a scene uninteresting in nature to the careless eye, then let me not appeal at all: so, in effect, Mr. Leslie Thomson says in 'Lindisfarne.' The view is that across the dry salt grasses of the flat shore of Holy Island, looking on to the quiet estuary, with its trail of sunlight where sailing-craft move, and in the distance a line of coast in the neighbourhood of Bamborough Castle. Save for a couple of figures "doing nothing"—nothing, that is, by way of giving subject to the canvas—and some wheeling gulls, there is no life other than that of nature. But the picture weaves a reposeful spell over the spectator by reason of the spacious, finely-gradated sky, unbroken by any cloud, of the "chordic" quality of the whole. Nature, remote and cloud-wrapped, has been happily visioned by Mr. William Padgett, whose 'Rift in the Mist' shows remote mountain peaks of imaginative blue, permitting themselves for this moment only, thus unveiled of silvery atmosphere, to be seen of man. Of canvases of note in more or less the same kind are Mr. Bertram Priestman's 'Meadow Land and Marsh,' wherein he seems to be feeling towards a new method, successful here at any rate with regard to the shadowed clump of trees of the distant upland; Mr. G. H. Boughton's 'Autumn's Dying Fires,' its threefold imagery of desolation—bare boughs, dying embers watched by a solitary figure in the fading light—suggestive of the most haunting of Shakespeare's Sonnets; Mr. Alfred East's 'Morning Song,' where a nude girl walks amid purple irises by a meadow stream; Mr. Moffat Lindner's 'Between Summer and Autumn,' with its over-emphatic tree-reflections on the rippled surface of the foreground lake; and the 'Wild Cherry Trees' fearlessly rendered by Mr. Adrian Stokes.

Mr. Edward Stott reserved his picture of the year for the Royal Academy, but to the New Gallery he sends two little canvases. More important than 'Autumn Gold'—a country lane along which cows are straying—is 'A Moonlit Idyll.' Premising that the figures could well be dispensed with, for, as introduced, they distract and give a false centre to the work, we have here a canvas which stands apart from any other at the New Gallery. The quiet scene has been deeply felt, and we see not only a field of cabbages, two or three white-fronted cottages, a serene sky, but through these the expression of the artist's sincere and ardent quest of the beautiful, of that phase of the beautiful discernible in the fields and lanes of Sussex by a man of fine vision.

Places of honour in the large western gallery are occupied by three sequent works by Mr. C. E. Hallé. 'In Infancy, the Mother's Care,' shows a child on the daisied bank of a river giving to the kneeling mother a yellow-hearted daffodil; 'In Manhood, the Help and Playmate,' a young man and a girl, lovers surely, are beneath an apple tree; and 'In Old Age, the Daughter's Song'—which at first glance might be mistaken for Merlin and Vivian—the patriarch, with grey locks and sunken cheeks, is solaced by the sound of running water and of his daughter's voice, to the accompaniment of a harp. Another ambitious effort is Mr. Herbert Schmalz's 'St. Monica's Prayer,' hung as centre on one of the long walls of the north gallery. St. Augustine, the greatest of the Latin Fathers, in his youth, to a penetrative intellect added a pagan love of pleasure almost unrealisable to-day. Neander has put it on record that "whatever treasures of virtue and worth the life of faith (even of a soul not trained by scientific culture) can bestow, were set before him in the example of his pious mother," St. Monica. In Mr. Schmalz's picture she kneels at the end of a couch, in a tesselated court, on which young Augustine, a gay student of Carthage, rose-crowned, has flung himself. Mr. Stuart D. Davis' 'Charybdis' is in truth a whirling complexity, the classic ship tossed about on heaving waters, with winged sirens as demon watchers overhead. Opposite is Sir W. B. Richmond's 'Last Watch of Hero for Leander.' She sits on a balcony at evening by cypresses, tragically silhouetted against the sky, conscious that her lover was to come no more. A prominent picture associated with a Shakespearian theme is the Hon. John Collier's 'Dear Lady Disdain,' in green gown splendidly embroidered, peacock fan in upheld right hand, standing against a wall of fine marble, the lower half deep red, the upper with blue veins running through it.



No. 57.—Prof. G. D. Liveing, F.R.S. (p. 225).
By Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.

Impressions of the First International Exhibition of Modern Decorative Art at Turin.

By WALTER CRANE, A.R.W.S.

(A Delegate from England.)



The Turin Exhibition Buildings—Principal Entrance.

THE idea of this Exhibition is certainly a bold and brilliant one. No small amount of courage was needed to organise a popular exhibition in reliance upon Decorative Art as the main attraction and centre of interest, and I believe the artistic committee of Turin experienced some difficulty at the first in convincing the wealthy citizens and public of Turin of the reality of such basis. Decorative Art, indeed, as a means or language of æsthetic expression, either in a national or international sense, scarcely existed a quarter of a century ago. We had, it is true, the "Fine Arts" and "Industrial Art." Abundant samples of both sorts have been seen at International Exhibitions since 1851; but each, after its kind, has been kept carefully apart and distinctively labelled.

The results, however, of the great movement—the very marked revival of and interest in Decorative Art of recent years—are now manifesting themselves in a kind of international language of expression in line and form. There appears to have been a species of natural evolution (however artificial in some of its forms) going on in the arts of design—an evolution of line and form which may be traceable to comparatively few and simple parental germs.

The original stock is now so disguised, so overlaid and covered with the luxuriant growth and efflorescence of the graft, that it is in danger of being obscured and forgotten; but it is there, nevertheless, and, moreover, by common consent the roots are found in England.



The Turin Exhibition Buildings.
Façade of the Grand Vestibule.

The children may be wild and extravagant, but they sprang from sober-minded parentage. From the mediæval inspiration of the 'fifties, 'sixties, and 'seventies, and the return to simplicity, have sprung the parasitic clinging and spiral forms of "l'Arte Moderna."

The primitive elements still exist, but new ones have been added: infusions from Japan, Persia, and the East, from India and China, from Ancient Egypt and Assyria, from Aztec remains, from Maori and Polynesian carvings. These are some of the strange chemical elements flung into the seething cauldron of modern invention, around which, in a serpentine dance, move the weird sisters of the new art!

The vision of the new artist, too, seems sometimes affected by the bald engineering and scientific appliances of everyday life, and we find in architecture and decoration motives which seem inspired by the telegraph pole and its wires, or the ever-recurring insulator.*

The river of artistic evolution, as it were, swollen in a time of rapid revolutionary scientific discovery and movement—with tributary and often turbid streams of new thought and half-formed ideas—sweeps with increased velocity between the banks of historic tradition, carrying away many a landmark upon the wild and swirling lines of its currents. Amid the drift and wreckage which float upon the waters, strange and often incongruous re-combinations of form occur, of old and new, of brass and clay, of free thought and tradition—shot with the iridescent hues of the ever-changing surface of the eddying flood.

Such thoughts not unnaturally occur at a first glance at the exhibition at Turin.

We enter at the "prima porta," or "ingresso principale." Approaching from the Via Raffaelle, we are confronted by two vast pylons of a semi-Egyptian, semi-Assyrian type, capped with broad eaves of Swiss-châlet suggestion, with a more or less Saracenic battlement emerging above. The pylons are coloured

* In the photographic pavilion, indeed, the designer has frankly accepted the ubiquitous tripod and camera as the principal ornamental and constructive motive of the portal, so that there can, in this case, be no mistake about the purpose of the building.



a deep Indian yellow, scored with lines and patterns in white; under the broad eaves occur friezes of a vine pattern in green, outlined with gold upon a black ground. The pylons are connected with light wooden gates, built to a long, descending curved line from either side. These are painted strong Indian red, and through these access is obtained to the exhibition grounds in the Parc Valentino. The pylons are flanked on either side with tall standards, in groups of three, and on these is hoisted the brave banner of Turin—the golden bull, Toro del Torino—on a deep blue ground. The ensemble is certainly striking and bold, and the lines of the gateway and pylons compose well with the pleasant background of the wooded slopes on the other side of the River Po.

Passing through the gates one is compelled to halt before a wonderful and energetic military spectacle in bronze. It is the equestrian statue of Prince Amadeo of Savoy, a new national monument (solemnly inaugurated by the King of Italy on the 7th of May). Its sculptor is Signor Calandra, and he has been very bold and original in his treatment of the pedestal. Instead of the usual bronze panels set in the stonework, he has carried an animated, connected, and very dramatic design continuously around the pedestal, springing from basso to the highest alto relievo, with bold groups of charging knights at the corners. The historic periods illustrated in these groups, too, seem as various as the treatment. It is a history of the military prowess of the House of Savoy, and this extraordinary pedestal is the most interesting part of the monument. It is crowned by the figure of the Prince upon a spirited horse, rearing up on his hind quarters—a reminiscence of the Battle of Custozza, and therefore politically significant to the Piedmontese as a symbol of their freedom from the Austrian yoke.

From the artistic point of view, and looking at the monument critically, if one cannot quite reconcile oneself to the choice of scale and the non-architectonic treatment, one is compelled to admire the vivacity and courage of the conception and treatment.

Turning a little to the right we catch sight of a



Sculpture on Pedestal of the Statue to Prince Amadeo.
By Signor D. Calandra.

wonderful dome, the "Rotunda d'Honneur," or "grande vestibolo," of the exhibition, from which branch out, to various points of the compass, the sections of the different nationalities.

The roof of the dome is quite plain, but from the first circle of windows downwards breaks out a rich efflorescence of ornament, both polychromatic and sculptural. Great curved semi-transparent yellow eaves or sun screens overshadowing the highest windows —looking like huge eyelids to the lights of the dome —are the most salient features at first sight. Then one perceives a series of massive buttresses, starting from rectangular pedestals, on each of which a colossal group* in plaster of the three arts (architecture, painting and sculpture) are repeated. Sweeping curves extending upwards and inwards from these lead up to a female figure of victory (or fame, or honour), with outstretched arms, holding in each hand a gilded laurel wreath, and the same figure is repeated on the crest of each buttress all round the dome. The chief units of the mural decoration upon the walls between and upon the buttresses consist of chequers of green and gold, vertical lines incised and gilded, terminating in fanciful discs, and rectangular leaf-masses in two or three shades of green, the plaster of the wall surfaces being of a creamy or ivory white.

Entering, a vast scenic painted scheme of decoration meets the eye. From the main piers gilded trees, in low relief, branch upwards from the ground, the spring of their branches connected or concealed by squares of green and gold chequers. The æsthetic botanist will recognise our old friend "honesty" in his seed time (the "herb o' grace" of modern decoration) among these festive branches. Above, in gold letters upon discs are inscribed the names of Italy's great sons, masters of the past, and past-masters of decorative art, such as Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo. Above each name is a lamp painted, and from each lamp ascends a column of smoke, uniting above and spreading horizontally, forming a sort of irregular arcade around the interior of the dome. By each lamp are grouped Muses, and behind them, forming a belt, is a grove of formal trees, in two or three planes of distance, bright orange and red semi-transparent rifts of sunrise breaking through the grey sky behind the tree stems. The ceiling of the dome suggests that the tesseræ of a pavement has been in some mysterious way attracted upwards. Detached squares of gold and blue are the principal elements, but no doubt these are the newer symbols for the starry vault; whilst the attenuated and fantastic trellis-work of the lower oval range of windows suggests spiders' webs.

A corridor surrounds the vestibule of the dome, which opens on one side to the gardens and the main entrance, and on the other sides gives access to the various sections, the largest being a great central hall—the "Galleria Italiana"—devoted to the display of Italian decorative art. This hall is also elaborately decorated—the walls stencilled and painted, the ceiling and the iron supports of the roof draped and festooned —the old classical and Renascence motive of the hanging garland mixing up with types and forms belonging to "the new art."

Here is displayed modern Italian work in the various Arts and Crafts of design: pottery and glass, textiles, furniture—often wonderful in technical qualities, but to English taste generally extravagant and fantastic in design, and over-emphatic in its exaggerated expression of the prevailing mode in motives of line and form, which is allowed to dominate in all materials apparently, quite regardless of the principle that the special characteristics and the limitations of the material should be carefully observed, and be the governing element in designing and the adaption of design to various useful or decorative purposes.



Statue of Prince Amedeo of Savoy.
By Signor D. Calandra.

This remark, indeed, might apply very generally to the exhibitions of the various foreign sections, so far as they were complete, when seen by the present writer, with the exception of the Dutch, where the furniture and textiles and the ensemble of rooms had evidently been studied from a point of view closely kindred to the English Arts and Crafts principle stated above; but

* I should have said that the modeller of these groups is Sig. E. Rubino. The architect of the exhibition building and entrance gates is Sig. Riamondo D'Aronco, who is architect to the Sultan, and resides at Constantinople.

even here, in surface design, the restless squirming curves, the tangles of spiral and attenuated stems, with semi-detached spots, or degraded peacock's-eye feathers, were reiterated too often.

A growing suspicion enters the mind that this kind of design is becoming, or, indeed, has become, a sort of æsthetic rhetoric, with little or no thought or meaning behind it, and that its superficial characteristics are being rapidly assimilated, and imitated in degraded forms for purely trade purposes.

This is not a happy reflection. But such a fate too easily may overtake movements genuinely artistic in their origin, under the commercial organisation under which we live.



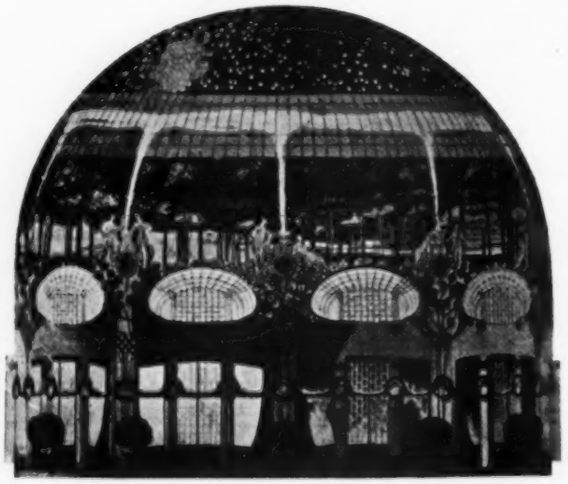
Decoration of the Turin Exhibition Buildings. Allegorical Group of The Arts.

There is, of course, all the difference in the world between the honest manufacturer who desires to produce good work, and who seeks the aid of genuine artists in the design of the work he produces, and pays a fair price for their taste and invention, and one who gets up a base imitation of some current designer's style, or even copies an artist's design without acknowledgment, rushing his wares upon the market with the sole aim of making a profit.



The Turin Exhibition Buildings. Interior of the Italian Section.

No doubt, too, there exists a vast undiscriminating public who fall an easy prey to the expert salesman with his "artistic" novelties. There is a desire to have the true artistic hall-mark upon every article—to be in the mode, by hook or by crook, to be able to pronounce the current artistic watch-word in decoration. With such a spirit abroad it is perhaps hardly surprising that purely commercial products should be offered for



The Turin Exhibition Buildings. The Grand Vestibule.

works of artistic impulse, taste and originality—and any large exhibition of art is peculiarly liable to the invasion of such counterfeit wares.

The managers of the Turin Exhibition, however, it must be said, are wise in their generation. Ostensibly, and principally, it is, no doubt, an Exhibition of International Decorative Art; but, to supplement this by way of garnish to the central dish, there is a gallery of modern Italian pictures and sculpture.

Also, amid the charming groves of the Parc Valentino, for those who cannot live by "Arte Moderna" alone, there are various pavilions with both direct and indirect appeal to other and more material appetites, such as cafés and restaurants, and a building devoted to wines, oils, and "conserves alimentari." Then for purely physical diversion, have they not thoughtfully provided a switch-back railway and a water-shute, so that the denisens of Earl's Court, should they wander to Turin, will feel quite at home; while as an æsthetic antidote and corrective, perhaps, to the excesses of the new art, there remains the Castello Mediævale, with all its wonderful reproduction of conscientious detail, with its frescoed walls and quaint provençal legends recalling us to the spirit and the art of another day.

WALTER CRANE.

(To be continued.)

NOTE.—The Committee of the Exhibition, it may perhaps be mentioned for the benefit of English visitors, have published an admirable little guide (in English) to Turin, copiously illustrated from photographs, which gives all the main points of interest in and about the city. (F. Casanova, Bookseller, Turin.)

Passing Events.

THE reception of M. Rodin at a complimentary dinner in London on the 15th May was the formal recognition of the work of an artist who, in his physical maturity, is receiving the honours deserved at an earlier period of his career. This homage to merit provides another instance of the untenable position of an artist equipped with only mediocre abilities and without influential means of pursuing his calling: it provides also the exemplification of the platitude that given real ability the meanest circumstances are no barrier to fame. Those who took part in the tardy lionising of M. Rodin should have experienced a qualm of conscience that the claims of their guest had been ignored for so long, although "THE ART JOURNAL," from its constant exposition of Rodin's work, could scarcely be included in this experience.

"HAPPY are they who hear their detractions and can put them to mending." If some discriminating board of investigators could be formed to discover and support those necessitous gentlemen, skilled and conscientious in their work, who have failed to secure repose in their declining years, the world would eagerly "put to mending" the detractions from its honour caused by such cases of neglect of which the late John Sandford Dyason was an example. Artist, architect, author, tutor, his lack of concentration to one profession may have been responsible for his poverty. His efforts were sincere, his talents undoubted, yet he was doomed to penury while others flourish with less capabilities, inferior experience, but with more well-directed footsteps. Mr. Dyason was a familiar figure at the meetings of several learned societies in London. In his demeanour was a quality which caused his shabby, almost suspicious, appearance to pass unchallenged, and it is one of the irrefragable twists of fortune that such a citizen should be dependent in old age on the Board of Guardians over which, in his younger days, he presided.

WHILE rejoicing with our Continental brethren in the possession of a living artist so highly endowed as M. Rodin, with them we must lament that the art of sculpture has been deprived of M. Jules Dalou, a worker of the keenest perceptibilities, who was born in 1838, and died this year. M. Dalou, in his younger days, was well known in London; he held office as Master of the School of Modelling at South Kensington, and was an occasional exhibitor at the Royal Academy, his last appearance there being in 1879. He and the late Mr. Onslow Ford were artists whose work spared the world from the reproach of a lecturer recently, who called statues "hideous caricatures and soul-killing effigies," that *all* statues answered that definition.

THE death must be recorded of M. Benjamin-Constant (born 10th June, 1845; died 26th May, 1902) and of Mr. Phil R. Morris, A.R.A. (born 4th December, 1833; died 22 April, 1902).

IN landscape painting it is not desirable to insist on the accuracy of the topographical element introduced. Most painters indulge their fancies, and even Constable, who interpreted Nature with more than average fidelity to his subjects, sometimes departed from reality. Nevertheless, the country of Constable's rendering is quite recognisable, and the Great Eastern Railway Company desire to render accessible to tourists the neighbourhood which was so well beloved by the famous artist. A short train journey to Colchester, a drive to Dedham, thence by towpath or river to Flatford Mill, affords an opportunity to see a most delightful part of the country, and at the same time to compare records on canvas, of both Constable and Gainsborough, with the original sources of inspiration. The country remains practically unaltered, and the excursion is thoroughly agreeable and interesting.

COLCHESTER has been enriched by a building which is a worthy addition to municipal government houses. In 1897 eight sets of drawings were exhibited in the old Town Hall, and Mr. R. Norman Shaw, R.A., the assessor, awarded the first premium to Mr. John Belcher, A.R.A., under whose supervision the new Town Hall has been erected. Lord Rosebery performed the opening ceremony on the 15th May, when the building began to formally justify its existence.

BOND STREET has been enlivened recently by an exhibition of drawings from which have been made illustrations to the ever-ebullient "Punch." The temptation at such an exhibition is to renew acquaintance with the joke, and to smilingly waive criticism of the drawing; but some of the drawings shown at the Woodbury Gallery were worthy of study from the point of view only of clever pen-and-ink draughtsmanship. Mr. Linley Sambourne had many drawings executed in his own distinctive manner. Mr. Bernard Partridge showed several of his black-and-white masterpieces. Mr. E. T. Reed, the playful historian, Mr. Phil May (whose portrait we reproduce on p. 217), Mr. Ralph Cleaver, Mr. Raven Hill, and Mr. C. L. Pott, were well represented by their work, and we are glad to learn that the proprietors of the Woodbury Gallery have been able to substantially help the Hospital for Sick Children, in aid of which deserving institution the exhibition was arranged.

THE growth of Art galleries in the West End has proceeded during the last few years with astonishing rapidity, and the sumptuous appointments among which exhibits are set is an indication of the prosperous results of commerce in Art. The Parisian house of Lowengard has recently opened a branch establishment in London, and at 31, Old Bond Street, some exquisite works of art, especially tapestry, may be seen.

MESSRS. SPOTTISWOODE have permitted us to see examples of colour work for the embellishment of book and magazine covers. The admirable results obtained prove that the firm have gained a rare excellence by difficult and costly experiments, and have achieved that refinement of taste in the juxtaposition of colours which so many printers unsuccessfully strive to attain.

EXHIBITIONS are promoted with so much activity at this time of the year that it is a pleasure to divert attention from picture Art to artistic pursuits in companion subjects. Messrs. Doulton's works at Lambeth are rather difficult of access, but the disadvantages of the journey could not entirely absorb the satisfaction to be derived from an inspection of the cleverly executed designs exhibited.—The collection of embroidery and lace shown by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody was worthy of the standard of excellence for which the Wigmore Street establishment is noted.

SUBSCRIBERS to "THE ART JOURNAL" are reminded that the premium plate for last year (1901), 'London's River,' an original etching by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., can only be obtained up to July 31st, 1902, when the extended time expires for the reception of the coupons. Under similar conditions the premium plate for this year, 1902, will be available to Subscribers. The engraving is in preparation from the original picture 'Adieu,' by Mr. E. Blair Leighton, and is quite dissimilar in subject from any previously offered in this way.

Recent Books on Art.



From a Drawing by Miss Constance Foxley.

PERMANENT value in each volume of such a series as Bell's "Great Masters" necessarily varies, and one of the most workmanlike and satisfactory is Lord Ronald Gower's "SIR DAVID WILKIE." The writer is perfectly at home with every phase of his subject's life, and he is able to illustrate all the artist's best pictures (except one—the 'Rent Day'), and his list of owners of works is practically complete. Other volumes of the series are Mr. F. M. Perkins' "GIOTTO" and Dr. W. Martin's "GERARD DOU," the latter being by the hard-working under-Director of the Hague Museum. Messrs. Bell's companion series of "Great Craftsmen" is also continued in Mr. Headlam's excellent "PETER VISCHER," the old German metal-worker, and Mr. A. M. Cust's "IVORY WORKERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES." A second edition of Mr. Walter Crane's practical and helpful "BASES OF DESIGN" (Bell) is also published.

Messrs. Cassell's serial publication, now issued in a handsome volume, of "THE NATION'S PICTURES," is probably the first important book in which all the illustrations have been produced by the three-colour process. The subjects, all by modern British painters, are particularly well chosen, and undoubtedly represent the best of the nation's pictures by artists mostly of to-day. The process, with all its glamour of originality and brightness, is not absolutely successful, and it may be that monochromatic reproductions would have been more likely to please in the long run.

For strangeness in execution and weirdness in subject no book can be found to compare with the fascinating collection of "ANTIQUE WORKS OF ART FROM BENIN" (privately printed for Mr. Batsford), by the late Lieut. General Pitt-Rivers, formerly the official inspector of Ancient Monuments in Britain. They were found in Benin, on the coast of Guinea, near the mouth of the Niger, in 1897, and it had been the intention of the author to continue his researches. Enough has been brought together (400 pieces in all) to show the marvellously interesting styles of West African Art.

The originals of the "ILLUMINATED LETTERS AND BORDERS IN THE NATIONAL ART LIBRARY" (Eyre), at South Kensington, are quite inadequately appreciated by the public. The authorities have issued a very complete catalogue by J. W. Bradley, and doubtless this will help to draw attention to the treasures in the Library.—Messrs. Blackie have published a handbook for students and teachers on "BRUSH DRAWING," with abundant illustrations in colours. The same publishers issue a further set of "DRAWING CARDS," also in colour, for school use.

Mr. Walter West has excelled himself in the illustrations to his pastoral poem of "FULBECK" (H. W. Bell, Norfolk Street). Both figures and landscapes are artistic in conception and execution, and the little drawings are well reproduced.

We are not yet amongst the ardent admirers of the art of "F. C. G.," so that his "FROISSART'S MODERN CHRONICLE" (Fisher Unwin) does not appeal to us as an artistic effort, although, doubtless, as a political squib the book will have its purpose.

The British Royal Pavilion of the 1900 Paris Exhibition was plentifully described in these pages. The energetic and very successful director, Mr. Isidore Spielmann, has issued from St. Stephen's House, Westminster, a quarto illustrated account of the rooms, with illustrations of every one of the very remarkable collection of Old English pictures in the rooms.

For those who wish to ascertain how the ordinary Frenchman looks on artistic tradition, the little book "LA VIE ARTISTIQUE DE L'HUMANITÉ" (Paris, Reinwald) will scarcely be found sufficient. It is rather superficial, and errs from the fact that it is impossible in 200 pages to give proper balance to the art of the world; but it is so very frankly Parisian as to be interesting for that alone.—The first International Congress on the Teaching of Drawing (Paris, 117, Boulevard St. Germain) has issued a most elaborate report, much longer than the occasion demanded. All the speeches, and many details concerning people of whom the world has yet to learn, are printed in detail. The name of the representative from England is not to be found in the ordinary sources of information.

BRITISH MUSEUM 16 OC 1902



Wharfedale—The Wooden Bridge.
From a drawing by A. R. Quinton.

Wharfedale.

WITH DRAWINGS BY A. R. QUINTON.

"A NOBLE youth of the family of Romeli, going a-coursing with his greyhounds, came to a place called the Strides, being a cleft of a rock, through which passes a torrent of water, but so narrow that a person may easily step over it. This the unfortunate young man attempted, but leading one of his dogs which did not advance at the same time, his step was suddenly checked, and he was precipitated into the gulph and drowned. His mother, being informed of the accident, said she would make many a poor man's son her heir. She therefore founded a religious house at Emsay, and afterwards removed it to Bolton."

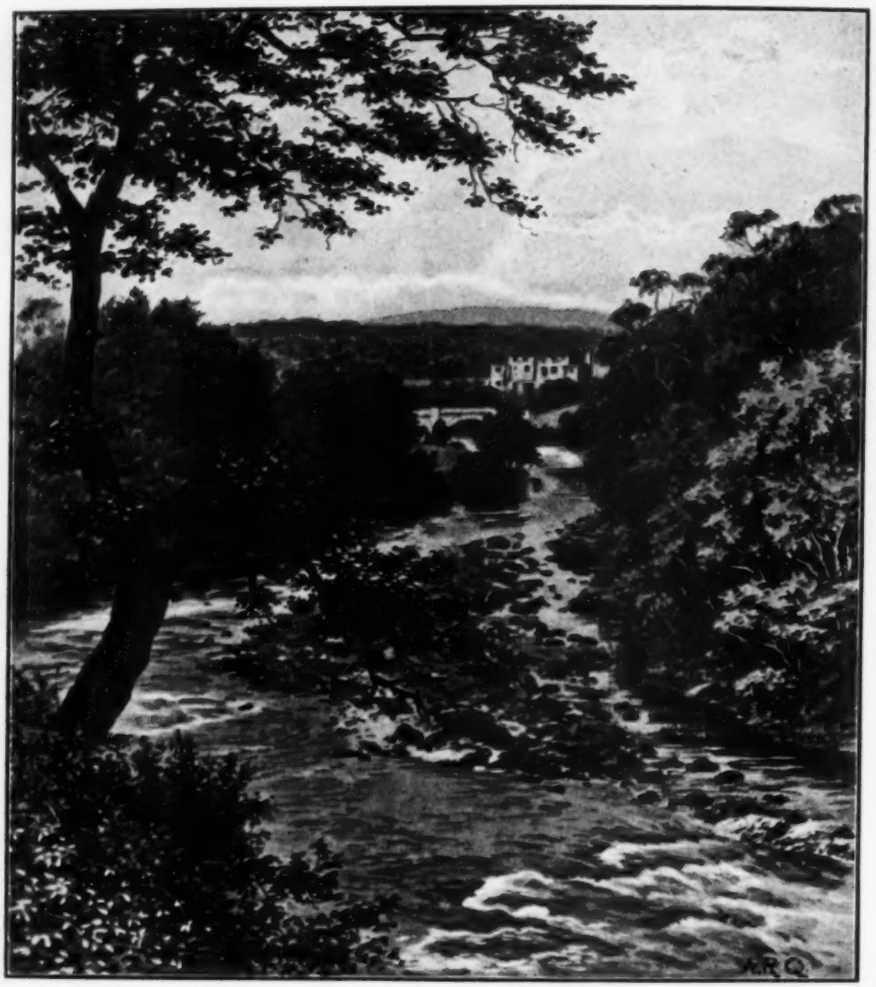
Such is Dr. Johnson's picturesque account of the origin of Bolton Priory, and Wordsworth refers to the same theme in the following lines:—

> "'What is good for a *bootless bene?*'
> The Falconer to the Lady said;
> And she made answer, 'Endless sorrow,'
> For she knew that her son was dead;
> She knew it by the Falconer's words,
> And from the look of the Falconer's eye,
> And from the love that was in her soul
> For the youthful Romilly."

There seems little room for doubt that a Priory was founded at Embsay, about 1120, by William de Meschines and Cecilia his wife, and that some thirty years later it was translated to the banks of the Wharfe. Cecilia was the daughter of Robert Romilée, a Norman, and her husband was a descendant of the Saxon Earl, Edwin. Their only child and heiress, Alice, adopted her



Bolton Abbey, from Hartington Seat.
From a drawing by A. R. Quinton.



Barden Tower, from Pembroke Seat.
From a drawing by A. R. Quinton.

mother's maiden name upon the death of her parents, and married William FitzDuncan, nephew of David, King of Scotland. They had issue a son, commonly called the Boy of Egremond, who, surviving an elder brother, became the last hope of the family. His tragic death at the Strid is the popularly accepted reason for the removal of the Priory from Embsay to Bolton.

Situated on a beautiful curvature of ground, made in the course of many ages by the continuous action of the Wharfe, with a rich moorland background, and an open sylvan expanse of country in front, through which the river moves in a clear, uninterrupted course, the Abbey rises in a scene of great sweetness and beauty. The building, like many other works of its kind, shows traces of the workmanship of different periods; but unlike similar structures in the same county, it is not altogether a ruin. The nave is still used as the Parish Church of Bolton, and it is an interesting fact that probably, without any interval, divine service has been performed in it since the foundation of the Abbey. The Abbey was dissolved in 1539, and the nave is said to have been spared for the use of the Saxon cure, which implies that a Saxon Chapel existed here anterior to the Priory. The style of architecture of the nave, which was restored by Sir G. E. Street, R.A., in 1864, is Early English, and the aisle, which was added early in the thirteenth century, is substantially the same, although the Decorated windows, inserted after the aisle was completed, would suggest a later period. The pillars which divide the north aisle from the nave are alternately cylindrical and octagonal. At the end of the nave is the Mauleverer Chapel, beneath which the ancient members of that family are said to have been always buried, standing upright. Underneath the south wall is a singular passage, which led to the dormitory of the monks.

The west front was built by Prior Moone, in the sixteenth century, and his inscription and rebus are still to be seen on it, with the arms of the Cliffords, and the sculpture of a pilgrim and dogs. The pilgrim may have been intended to indicate the hospitality that the Priory afforded to all weary travellers, and the hounds either commemorate the office of forester held by the builder of the tower, or they perpetuate the memory of the founders —the Meschines (from the French *mes chiens*, "my dogs"). The remainder of the church is now a picturesque ruin, including the piers of a central tower, north and south transepts, and a long but aisleless choir, with the remains of chapels on the south side. With the exception of the lower walls, the work here is of the Decorated Period, and shows many features of interest. North of the high altar is the canopy of a tomb within a recess of the wall, beneath which a skeleton was found, and part of a filleting of brass with the letters NEVI, from which it seems to have belonged to Lady Margaret Nevill. Another skeleton was also found, in the centre of the choir, more than five feet from the surface, under a thick covering of lime, enclosed by plain stones set on the edge, and a thin flag over the face. There were no remains of a coffin, from which fact it appears probable that the Prior or Canon was buried in the robes of his order.

Bolton was the burial-place of such of the Cliffords as died in Yorkshire. The remains of the chantry chapel opening into the choir by a richly ornamented arch on the south side, with a vault beneath, indicates their last resting-place; but when the vault was explored, many years ago, it was found to be empty. At a short distance from this vault, the base of the chapter house, which communicated with the cloister, was discovered. It is an octagon, twelve feet on each side; there appears to have been thirty-two stalls, the bases of which are adorned with quatrefoils and roses at each angle. The entire outline of the Close at Bolton cannot now be

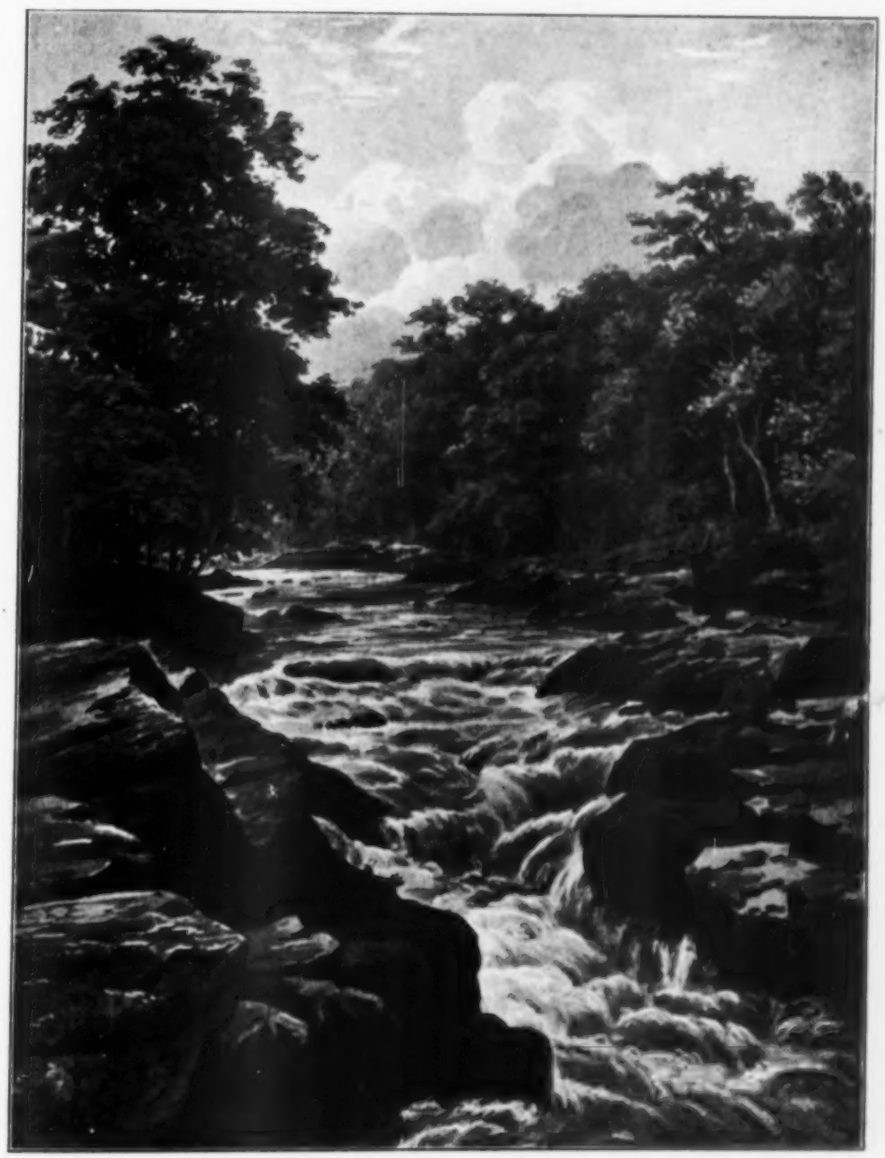
BRITISH MUSEUM

traced, but it probably extended from the great gateway (now forming the central portion of Bolton Hall), north and south, and touched upon the Wharfe, behind the churchyard at one point and near the Prior's Pool at another. Part of the wall, however, by the wayside, yet remains strong, and of well-constructed ashlar. Within this enclosure, as usual, were the apartments and offices of the house. Of the cloister court, containing the chapter house, refectory, kitchen, and dormitory, only a few fragments remain. It was in the churchyard, between the Abbey and the river, that Wordsworth placed his traditional story of the White Doe of Rylstone, which was always found here during service.

> "Now you have seen the famous Doe;
> From Rylstone she has found her way
> Over the hills this Sabbath day;
> Her work whate'er it be is done,
> And she will depart when we are gone;
> Thus doth she keep, from year to year,
> Her Sabbath morning foul or fair."

Whilst Wordsworth rendered the churchyard classic by his poem of the white doe, Landseer has done the same by his celebrated picture of 'Bolton Hall in the Olden Time,' which is at Chatsworth, the Derbyshire seat of the Duke of Devonshire, who makes Bolton Hall his quarters during the grouse season. In the square castellated tower, which forms the centre of the present hall, which alone escaped the wreck of the offices at Bolton, the records of the Priory were kept. The two outer arches having been walled up, a handsome groined and vaulted dining-room now fills the ancient gateway. The adjoining drawing-room contains a few portraits of some interest, the most notable of which are Lord Charles Clifford, eldest brother of the second Earl of Burlington, who died young in 1675, represented as a hunter with two dogs, and known as the "Boy of Egremond," said to be by Lely, and other members of the Clifford family.

Beautiful as Bolton may appear as a ruin, and interesting as it may be as a relic of a life which is past, the lover of nature will find a keener delight in the glorious landscape which forms so perfect a setting to the venerable pile. Green meadows stretch in front of the ruins, and behind them winds the broad Wharfe, bordered now by trees which dip into the stream, now by green banks, crowned with wooded hills, which rise one behind another to the distance veiled by soft mists rising from the valleys between. The river Wharfe has its origin on the slopes of the Cam mountain, in the north-west of Yorkshire, and traverses, in the sixty or seventy miles of its course to join the Ouse, almost every description of the scenery for which this romantic part of England is famous. Over woodland and meadow, rushing madly down precipitous rocks, and flowing placidly along fertile plains; shut up in some parts within deep gorges, and at other points spreading out to river-like dimensions, it has an ever-varying charm to those who trace its progress. It has been a fertile source of inspiration to both poets and painters. Turner found it yield subjects to him in generous abundance for his matchless drawings, and it is still a favourite sketching ground for the landscape artist of the present day.



Wharfedale—The Strid.
From a drawing by A. R. Quinton.

The portion of the river which it is now our purpose to explore extends from Bolton Bridge to Barden Tower, a distance of little more than four miles, but so replete with beauty is it that many days would fail to exhaust its charms. Before Bolton Bridge was erected a ferry served to convey travellers across the river, and a little chapel was attached to the ferryman's house for the benefit of wayfarers. On a beam in the room of a cottage at the west end of the bridge the following curious inscription is still legible :—

"Thou yat passys by ys way,
One Ave Marc here thou'l say."



Wharfedale—Bolton Hall.
From a drawing by A. R. Quinton.

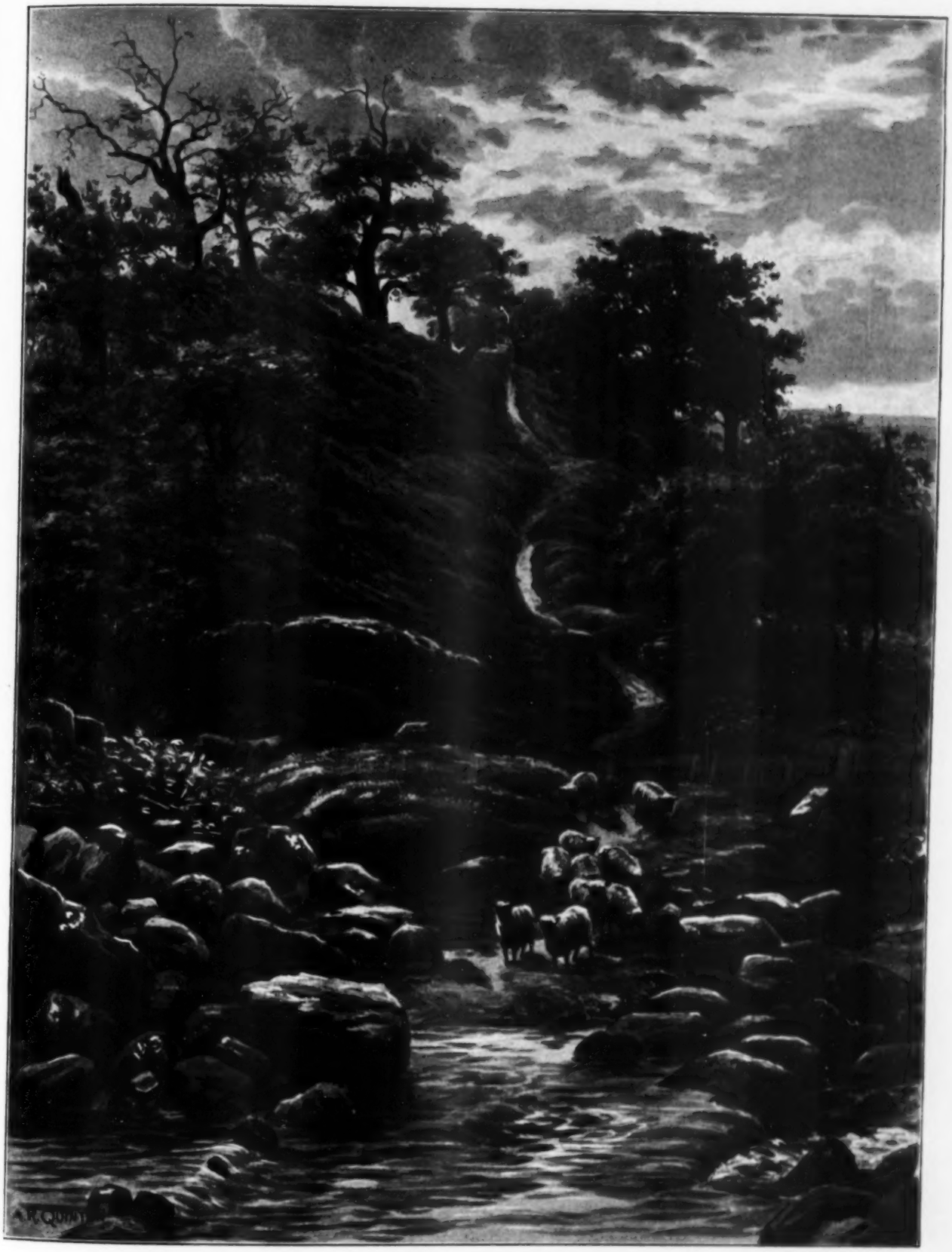
In the "Town-field," through which a footpath leads from the bridge to the Abbey, Prince Rupert is said to have encamped on his way to Marston Moor, in July, 1644. If, instead of following the beaten track through the trees, a divergence be made half-way across the field to the Holme Terrace, fine views of the Abbey, with the pastures in the foreground, the Wharfe and Scar on the right, the Nab Hill in the Deer Park to the north, and Hazlewood Moor on the east, will be the reward. The well-known Stepping Stones, which are in a line with the east end of the Abbey, have recently been superseded by a wooden footbridge on stone piles, but the stones have not been removed. When they were originally placed across the river is unknown, but their purpose appears to have been to provide easy access to divine service to inhabitants on the hills on the opposite side. In summer-time they are usually well above the surface of the water, but after heavy rain, or after a rapid thaw of snow, the river sweeps the pastures for many feet inland, and rises in great waves over the hollow trough made by the fall of water, through and over the stones, rushing on with much roar and disturbance against the foot of the scar, and rebounds to pour its way round the curve and down the reaches towards the bridge. So rapid is the rise caused by the continuous supplies of the numerous "becks" and streams on each side of the river which carry off the water absorbed by the surrounding moors, that instances have occurred when persons who, having crossed by the stones, have in a few minutes been unable to return; and a sudden overflow of the reservoirs above Barden has been known to overtake an unwary pedestrian in mid-stream, thus placing him in a somewhat perilous position. The shallow, clear water which one sees on a fine summer day, when no rain has fallen for some time, gives no hint that it can rise so rapidly and roar so fiercely, instead of rippling merrily over its stony bed, but the sunken broad ridges of pasture land and sandy strands show how it can widen its course and tear its way.

Bolton Woods are the private property of the Duke of Devonshire, and certain restrictions are necessary for the guidance of the enormous number of visitors who make pilgrimage to the spot on some days of the year. Although the riverside is in some places forbidden ground, there are many miles of paths through the woods which are always open to the public on weekdays; and many "seats" or rustic shelters have been erected at points which command the most attractive views. Hartington Seat is the first of these which is encountered on a ramble up-stream, the prospect from which is depicted in our sketch.

The great show place of the Wharfe lies higher up, where the whole river is contracted by a deep trench in the rocks about sixty yards long and but a few feet wide. Thus hemmed in between the ledges of rock the waters pour through the narrow channel with the velocity of a torrent. The scene is a very striking one. Either side of the river is overhung by solemn woods, from which huge perpendicular masses of grey rock jut out at intervals. Here a tributary stream rushes from a waterfall, and bursts through the wooded glen to mingle its waters with the Wharfe; there the Wharfe itself is nearly lost in a deep cleft in the rock, and next becomes a hurried flood enclosing a miniature island; sometimes it reposes for a moment, and then resumes its native character, lively, irregular, and impetuous. This is the Strid, which has been invested with so mysterious an interest by its association with the supposed fate of "the Boy of Egremond."

The spot where a stride is possible is marked by a huge rounded stone in the middle of the channel, a few yards lower than the fall of water. In winter the stone is often completely covered, and it is no unusual occurrence for the rocks on either side, as far as the trees, to be completely submerged by the tumultuous waves. So great is the fascination, amongst a certain class of visitors, to show their foolhardy agility, that a lifebuoy is kept constantly at hand wherewith to rescue those who find their skill unequal to their courage: in spite of which, however, not a few narrow escapes and several cases of drowning have occurred during recent years.

Some rough natural steps lead up the rocky hillside by the Strid to a point called Pembroke Seat, whence



Wharfedale—The Valley of Desolation.
From the original drawing for the painting exhibited at the Royal Academy.

the first sight of Barden Tower is obtained, all embowered in a forest of trees, with the rich moorlands above and on either side of it. The vast forest, which once covered the hillsides of the Wharfe Valley, stretched nearly four miles from the boundaries of Bolton to those of Burnsall, the adjoining village to the north, and was the property of the Lords of Skipton Castle. In the time of Edward IV. it had six lodges for the accommodation of the keepers, viz., Drebley, Barden, Laund, Gamsworth, Howgill, and Ungayne. These were small square towers, constructed for defence, and may be considered as castles of the lower order, and the occasional residence of the chief lord. Barden Tower is the only one left standing, although several of them are now represented by farmhouses, which occupy their sites. In this great extent of forest, extending from the Abbey to Burnsall, and far and wide on either side of the valley, roamed herds of the red deer, the wild boars had their dens, and the wild cat, the polecat, the badger, and the marten, had their hiding-places. But in the course of many years, as the land was gradually cleared, these rightful owners of the soil were banished by the inevitable advance of cultivation. It was about 1485 that the Barden Lodge was converted into a better residence by Henry, Lord Clifford, whose father had been deprived of his estates during the Wars of the Roses. Henry had been brought up from childhood in the family of a shepherd, but when a reconciliation between the rival parties took place, after the accession of Henry VII., the Cliffords were restored to their inheritance, and Henry, after twenty-one years' seclusion, with the manners and education of a shepherd, came into the possessions of his ancestors. Here "The Shepherd Lord" spent many years of his life, until, in 1513, when sixty years old, he was appointed to a principal command over the army which fought at Flodden Field. The Tower is now but a shell of its former self, but it is a spot about which memories of older days linger affectionately. A tablet on the south side states that it was restored by Lady Anne Clifford in 1658. This extraordinary lady was a great repairer of castles belonging to her house, and she also repaired seven churches and founded two hospitals. On being requested by one of the Secretaries of State to give her help to the Government candidate for the borough of Appleby, she sent the following characteristic reply:—"I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a Court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man shan't stand."

The Valley of the Wharfe above Barden has a good deal to attract the traveller: Simon's Seat rises to a height of 1,592 feet above Barden Tower, and affords a panoramic view of great extent and beauty; York and Ripon minsters, as well as Roseberry Topping, being visible when the weather is clear. Some of the small valleys that here open into Wharfedale, contain scenery striking enough to tempt an exploration of their depths, but we must limit our remarks to one or two spots on the eastern side of the river, by which route we may retrace our steps.

Posforth Gill is a lovely, wooded, deep ravine, through which a mountain stream, which has its origin in Simon's Seat, three miles away, pursues its rapid course to join the Wharfe. At two points in its journey it makes a leap from its rocky bed, and forms cascades of fifty and thirty feet in height. The first of these is called the Park Waterfall, the upper one is unnamed. Early in the present century a tremendous thunderstorm burst over these vales and moors, and in its fury large oaks and other forest trees were levelled to the ground or blighted, bridges were swept away, and a terrible scene of devastation followed in its train. The northern base of the Nab Hill, as far as the second waterfall, suffered most severely, and has since been known as the Valley of Desolation. Instead of Desolation, the Vale of Beauty would more aptly describe its present appearance. For nature is always ready to heal the wounds which she inflicts, and to-day the storm-swept oaks form a pleasing contrast to waving branches of transparent green and the dense undergrowth of the forest glade. Here the botanist and true lover of nature may observe her in richest garments, and revel in charms of untold beauty. On the opposite hill may be seen the forked antlers of the wild deer which still dwell on this romantic spot, a remnant only of the stately herd which once roamed over the vast forest from Bolton to Longstrothdale, and whose breadth reached from Skipton to Knaresborough—the hunting-ground of the illustrious chiefs of many a noble house.

A. R. QUINTON.

'An English Pastoral.'

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.

"THERE is no month in the whole year in which nature wears a more beautiful appearance than in the month of August." So wrote Dickens, and Mr. Fullwood's etching is an agreeable illustration to the words. Here is shown the country at its best. Nature has expanded under the invigorating conditions of spring until it offers matured beauty to the eyes of the whole world. By the bank of the river, and with rich pasture lands in view, the wanderer will find contentment in such a scene of peace. If he be inclined for sport he will find exercise for his skill in fishing; if he would seek rustic companionship, the ferry-boat will take him across the water, and, at the end of the barely defined pathway, in the village his wishes will be satisfied.

As a second title to this plate Mr. Fullwood suggested 'The Valley of the Avon,' "for the view is typical of the willowy land above and below Evesham." The Avon in Worcestershire is not so well known as it is in the adjacent county, for Warwickshire is a particularly interesting province to the Englishman. It is renowned for its picturesque scenery, and the river which flows through the land adds much to the attractiveness of the neighbourhood. That the beauties of the Avon were extolled by Shakespeare is not the least noteworthy of the records of the immortal dramatist's connection with Stratford. The legend of Lady Godiva, "wife to that grim Earl who ruled in Coventry," memorises the city of spires, and Birmingham is famous for its commercial activity. With the county town is associated the history of its castle; Leamington is named with the delightful inland watering-places; at the Public School at Rugby distinguished men have received their education; and Sir Walter Scott has told us of the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester, at Kenilworth, in such a way that the pageants of the occasion have a permanence in history which otherwise they would have lacked.

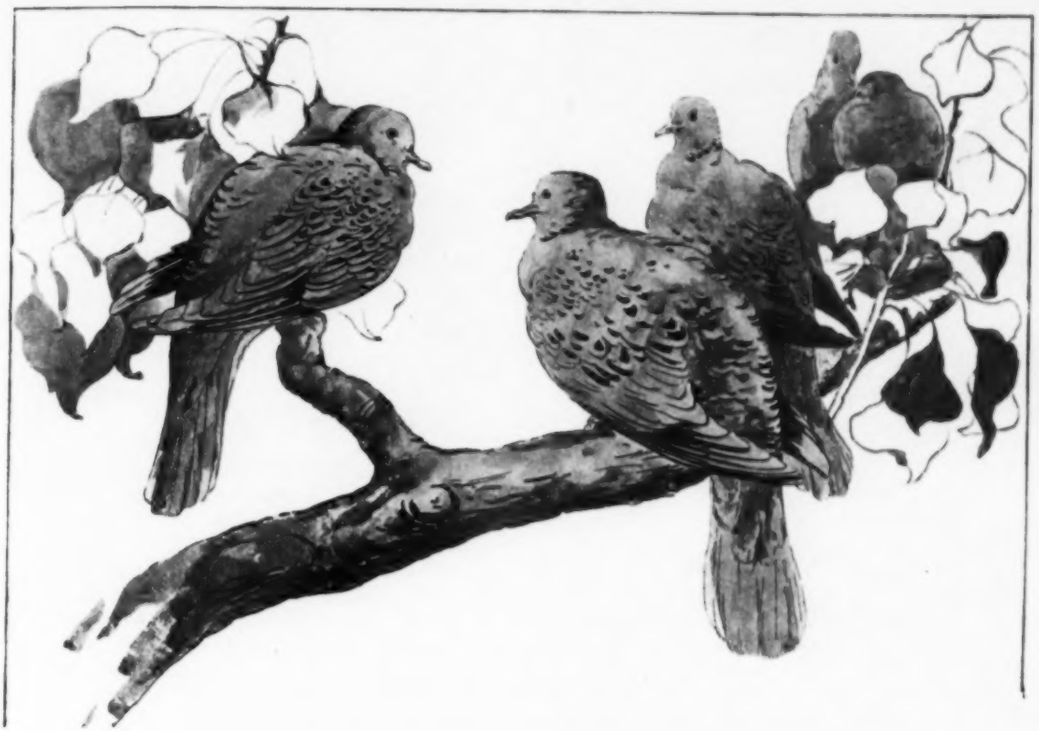
The Art Journal London: H. Virtue & Co. Ltd.



An Engraved Etching by John Fullwood R.B.A.

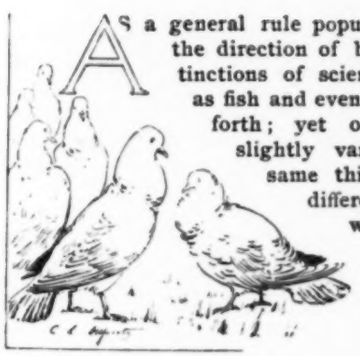
An English Pastoral

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Doves and Pigeons.

WITH DRAWINGS BY MISS C. L. ALLPORT.



As a general rule popular tendency runs in the direction of blurring the nice distinctions of science, classing whales as fish and even bats as birds, and so forth; yet occasionally we find slightly varying types of the same thing held in vastly different estimation, in a way to which science gives little or no support. Something of this kind has happened in the matter of doves and pigeons. The difference between them seems to be chiefly literary, a discrimination between two names, one poetic, the other commonplace. This is not saying it is none the less a vast one. If you consult people whose business lies in the world of sentiment—divines, painters, poets, scholars, lovers—to ask what difference they see between a dove and a pigeon, they will reply that it is radical and far-reaching. The dove is one of the most sacred emblems of our religion, as well as of heathen mythology; it is the symbol of the soul; the type of gentleness, purity and innocence; the example of domestic happiness and conjugal fidelity. It has been the theme of sacred and profane poetry from the earliest times; its very name has been the lover's most endearing vocative for thousands of years, right down from the sublimely passionate and gorgeously riotous imagery of the Song of Songs, to the petty, debased "lovey-dovey" of contemporary suburban courtship. And the pigeon? you ask. Ah, yes, the pigeon. A very pretty and pleasant domestic fowl, which can be trained very usefully to carry letters and so forth. Its flesh is very good eating, especially





in a pie, carefully seasoned and nicely browned; into the crust of which, by immemorable convention, its feet must be stuck reversed to form a decorative device.

Now let us hear what the unsentimental and unimaginative people say about the matter: naturalists, ornithologists and lexicographers. Dictionaries define "dove" as a "book name given to the smaller kinds of pigeon." Learned ornithologists, like Professor Newton, write—"no sharp distinction can be drawn between pigeons and doves, and in general literature the two words can be used almost indifferently, while *no one species can be pointed out to which the word "dove," taken alone, seems to be absolutely proper.*" The word "pigeon," the Professor further explains, is Norman, and simply the French equivalent of the Anglo-Saxon "dove," bearing much the same relation to it as "mutton" does to "sheep," "veal" to "calf," and "pork" to "bacon." Our conquerors considered their language more polite, and used its terms in preference to the vulgar Anglo-Saxon of the common people. No one now, of course, is so foolish as to consider the essentially commonplace and undistinguished word "pigeon" more polite, or preferable in any other way, to the soft, melodious and expressive "dove." It is around the Saxon word that all the beautiful symbolism, sentiment and poetic feeling have clustered, the "pigeon" (as a word, and as a class of bird, too) has had to step down and serve for practical everyday uses. Little or no poetry and very few poetical references can be found about him. The only figurative use made of his name conveys the idea of an easy and unresisting victim, from whom his money is soon parted. I have never heard of a lover addressing his sweetheart as "his pigeon," and am inclined to wonder quite what the effect upon the loved one would be if he did.

From a drawing by C. L. Allport.



From a drawing by C. L. Allport.

Serious naturalists brush aside with rising impatience the extraordinary moral qualities and virtuous attributes that have been foisted, so to speak, upon the dove. Waterton indignantly characterises as "lovesome nonsense" Audubon's description of his love-sick turtle dove, which listened with delight to her mate's "assurances of devoted affection," and was "still coy and undetermined, and seemed fearful of the truth of her lover," and, "virgin-like, resolved to put his sincerity to the test." One can, indeed, sympathise with the naturalist who found this kind of thing a little tiresome.

Referring to the matter of conjugal chastity, and the popular belief that doves pair for life, and remain celibate after the death of the partner, Waterton says—"All wild birds that go in pairs are inevitably attached to each other by Nature's strongest ties; and they can experience no feelings of what may be called mistrust or suspicions of unfaithfulness; otherwise we should witness scenes of ornithological assault and battery in every hedge and wood, during the entire process of their incubation. The soot-black crow is just as chaste, affectionate and constant as the snow-white dove itself." The whole basis upon which the amazing moral elevation of the dove rests appears to be the popular fallacy that those who are beautiful are good. He has a beautiful form, lovely plumage, calm, gentle and timid ways, and a pleasing voice. Poor old "Jim Crow" is just as admirable a husband and as devoted a mate; only, as he has a raucous voice and a black coat, virtue in him does not, somehow, seem so interesting or meritorious.

Fortunately, if all this seems unjust and unfair, it matters very little. It is as well, perhaps, to know exactly how matters really stand, but it is too late, some thousands of years too late, to correct the mistake. The conceptions, or misconceptions, that have grown up around and associated themselves with the dove are hoary with immemorial antiquity. In Chaucer's day the literary character of the turtle dove for unchangeable fidelity, life-long devotion and incurable grief when the domestic partnership is broken, was already fully blown and developed.

But ages before Chaucer, the dove's popular character for grief that refuses to be comforted was generally held. The prophet Isaiah's expression, "I did mourn as a dove," contains precisely the same allusion.

So, even if we find that the dove is in nowise specially distinguished above his fellows for moral qualities, and that the measure of the attribution of those he does possess has been vastly and even absurdly exaggerated, nothing can now be done about it, and it were better not to let it worry us.

The sacred emblem and the poetical image derived from the bird have their recognised meaning and accepted value, quite apart from their inherent truth. Metaphors of this kind are simply the tokens of language, and once in circulation, are kept there, because they are useful and convenient. Such tokens rarely survive a strict inquest of origin. Why, even in the matter of gentleness and tractability, much modification of the dove's popular character is called for. Many ferocious and unlikely wild beasts can be more or less tamed and domesticated, and bred in captivity, but some of the best-known of the wild doves, the ring-dove, or wood-pigeon, the largest of the species in these islands, and the stock-dove, a darker and smaller variety, remain absolutely irreclaimable by man. Waterton says: "As yet all attempts to reclaim this pigeon (the ring-dove) have been of no avail. I should suppose that it is not in the power of man to make it breed within the walls of a dove-cot." It comes with a certain shock to realise that the handsome bird, whose soothing and melodious *coo-roo-coo* adds deeper charm to the inviolable quietness of the summer woods, is as hopelessly untameable, as much a bird of freedom, as the eagle himself.

The dove of the Bible, as also the bird held sacred to Venus by the ancients, is believed to be the collared or Barbary dove. It is of a pale cream colour, with a black

ring round its neck, and is found in Palestine, Asia Minor and Greece. Our turtle-dove belongs to the same group, and here in England is a migratory bird, leaving us each September to avoid the winter's rigours.

From the earliest dawn of history, and in all countries, by Jews, Greeks, Romans, Mussulmans, and Christians, the dove has been associated with the idea of a messenger. The "pigeon-post" of the siege of Paris, and the carriers employed by Baden-Powell in Mafeking, are simply modern counterparts of Noah's messenger, sent out to report the progress of the abatement of the Deluge.

It will not do to suggest the authority of the Bible as an explanation for the remarkable unanimity of all mankind upon this question. No connection could possibly exist between Virgil and the Psalmist, yet both poets, profane and sacred, derived inspiration from the dove for some of their most beautiful thoughts. The Psalmist more than once calls himself the Lord's turtle-dove, and in a supreme outburst of tenderest yearning, sighed, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove!" As for its importance in the lover's vocabulary—at best a strictly limited and conventional one—most serious embarrassment would be caused the poetical lover and the erotic poet in search of superlatives if denied access to this familiar figure.

In Christian Art the dove is, of course, the emblem of the Holy Spirit, who, in Milton's invocation—

> "With mighty wings outspread,
> Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
> And madest it pregnant;"

and is constantly introduced in pictures of the Annunciation, Baptism of our Lord, and Pentecost. In Filippo Lippi's beautiful picture in the National Gallery a snow-white dove descends in a spiral of golden stars from the Father's hand above.

In the Trinities of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the dove is seen hovering between the Father and the Son, seated side by side, touching the lips of each with the tips of its wings; and as the pictorial emblem of the soul, it is seen in old pictures issuing from the lips of dying martyrs.

We will not pursue this well-nigh inexhaustible subject farther. Miss Allport's drawings accompanying these notes show all that feeling for the charm and grace of these beautiful feathered things that readers of this Journal would expect from previous acquaintance with her work. The studies given include turtle-doves, ring-doves, white Java doves, and pigeons. In the initial drawing will be noticed a representation of that curious practice common to all the male birds of the pigeon tribe in spring, when the birds are pairing, of puffing out their necks after the manner of pouters. More interesting to me even than identifying the various species in these drawings, which is a little difficult without colour, is to notice how Miss Allport uses to the full their superb decorative value, how she catches their lively and fluttering movements and the quaintness of their character when at rest. Truly they are lovely and attractive things, most aptly described by the lady-like word "sweet"; and one does not wonder that in the enthusiasm of admiration mankind has united in a vast and venerable conspiracy to give them, out of compliment, a sort of Honorary Degree in the university of morals. No doubt it is true that pairing turtle-doves do not really present bills and kiss like orthodox human lovers, yet, none the less, their ways are very pretty and delightful; and the combined appeal of their natural charm, of the antiquity of their extrinsic literary character and the sublime uses to which it has been put, and of their tremendous and profound import as a religious emblem, is irresistible. Nothing can ever impair the beauty of the precept: "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves!"

H. W. BROMHEAD.





Cerne Abbas.

WITH DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR TOMSON.

FROM Dorchester stretch forth in a northerly direction, like the fingers of a hand, some four or five roads. Every one of these ways will be of interest to a student of Mr. Hardy's novels. One, however, in particular, has a story to tell to the antiquarian as well, and will have a special charm for all lovers of picturesque scenery. On this road, about nine miles from Dorchester, lies Cerne Abbas—Cerne Abbas, once the abode of monks, then the centre of a now antique industry; to-day the chosen resting-place of the spirit of sleep.

Cerne Abbas lies surrounded by downs; not by downs that encircle it in regular array, as the mounds might of some gigantic fortification, but downs of greater individuality; of divers shapes and sizes, and lying towards this direction and that, so that from the windows of most Cerne houses you look up many a valley. Some of these hills are covered with dense wood, some are bare, some are fringed at the top by thin rows of trees. There is fine feeding for sheep on these downs, there are hill-sides, too, on which the rabbits can barely find sustenance; there are green downs and brown downs, and cultivated downs which vary in appearance according to the season of the year; and on one down—on a down rising from one limit of the little town—is carved a strange and fantastic image.

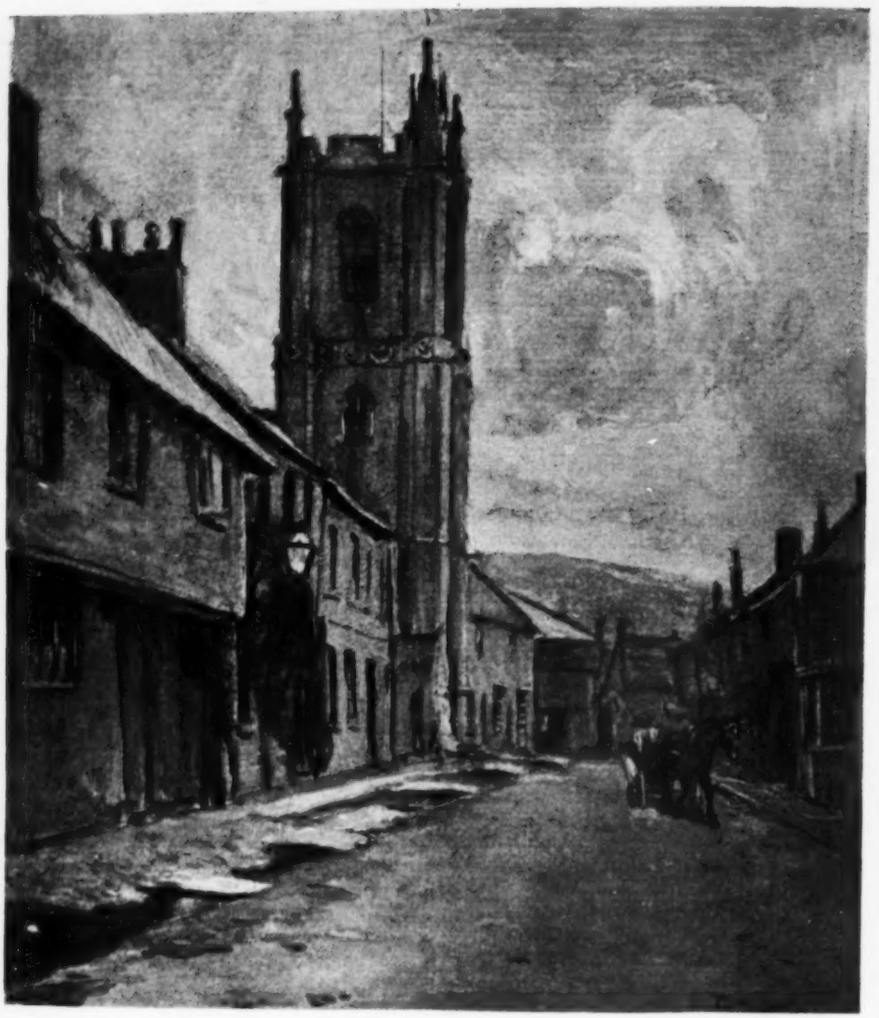
A river trickles through Cerne in a characteristic fashion. Being an undemonstrative river, it carries the name of the Cerne. Above and below Cerne Abbas it moves through flat pasture land which is flanked on each side by the downs; here its course is well marked. Its passage through the town cannot by any means so easily be noted. The water often appears among the houses in a manner difficult to explain; here it appears at the bottom of an old-fashioned garden; here it seems to rise up from under the foundations of a house; nowhere about Cerne does it seem to be freely enjoying its rights as a river.

Cerne must ever have had a sentiment about it that was very individual. When the monks possessed the place there are signs that they possessed it thoroughly; and we know that on one or two occasions Cerne wrote its name large in history.

To it came the boy, who was afterwards famous as Cardinal Moreton, soldier, Archbishop, Chancellor and Master of the Rolls, for his education. To it came Margaret of Anjou with her son for a brief refuge. To it came St. Augustine; and the Monastery of Cerne was



Cerne Abbas from the River.
From a drawing by Arthur Tomson.



Abbey Street, Cerne Abbas.
From a drawing by Arthur Tomson.

said to be of his founding. And from a Cerne family sprang George Washington. When people made parchment in Cerne, and it was the centre of a large traffic in skins, Cerne was of all towns among the Dorsetshire downs the most notable. Now in the days of its decline, Cerne shows its want of prosperity with equal wholeheartedness—in all Britain there can hardly be a town from which the vitality has so completely fled. There are even shop-fronts from which the names of almost forgotten tawers and parchment makers, followers of the dead industries of Cerne, have not yet been removed.

I remember my first visit to Cerne. It was on a late autumn day and all the land was telling of the coming of winter, and the air seemed full of the sentiment of farewells and of the ending of many things—of good things and disastrous things. Suddenly, without knowing at all what manner of place I was coming to, I was presented with a view of the town. The road—one deeply set in the chalk hill—took then a sudden turn, and a few minutes after I was in the main street of Cerne. Once there the spirit of the place laid its grip upon me; there was no escaping from it. Neither from the tavern, nor from anywhere in the grey streets came any sound or sight of human beings. Some sheep were feeding on the grey down that made a background to the town, but among them there was no shepherd. After a time a dog came through an entrance to a courtyard and looked at me, and went away down another courtyard and fetched another dog. Afterwards many dogs were brought together, but none of them brought with them their owners; and when they had looked at me they mostly went home with the air of beings who had great things to attend to. I remember wishing that I too could take a house in Cerne and have a dog to look after me: but having recently rented a house elsewhere in the neighbourhood, I decided to escape from the somewhat enervating atmosphere of the place with as little delay as possible.

When next I visited Cerne there was a suggestion of spring in the air, and far more life in the sky, and also in Cerne itself. Yet neither on that occasion, nor on the occasion of many subsequent visits to Cerne, have I ever discovered it in a festal mood, or in any moment of commercial activity, nor excited over an election, or wedding, or a birth, or a death, or in any of the paroxysms that are peculiar to any normal town.

Merely a stroll round Cerne Abbas and its environment provides the visitor with ample explanation for the habitual attitude of this quaint little Dorsetshire town. Cerne is like a man who is resting after long labours, who has gathered round him proofs of his work, and can therefore afford to be oblivious of public opinion. In every part of Cerne we find evidence of its former state, when railways had nothing whatever to do with the fortunes of men, when it was almost as easy to make a living in the middle of the Dorsetshire downs as in the centre of the great metropolis.

The most ancient of all the antiquities of which Cerne is most justly proud, is undoubtedly its Giant—the Giant carved on a great down which is from many points of view the most prominent feature in Cerne's hilly background.

Concerning this Giant's portrait—it is 180 feet in length, and even on the walls of the Royal Academy would make a distinct impression—there is an amusing legend, to which, I notice, little heed is paid by the county antiquarians. This portrait, say the local storytellers, is of an immense person, who in the Dark Ages came to Cerne to spoil and to ravage. Unfortunately for him, he ate too largely of the sheep that he captured

from the neighbouring farmers, and lay after his meal in a state of repletion, on the hill just above the town. While he was thus incapacitated the townsfolk came to him and slew him; and to commemorate the whole event, they drew upon the hill-side, just where they killed him, an exact presentment of the giant's enormous figure.

Antiquarians have nothing so definite to say about the picture. They all agree, however, that it is very old. One I have heard contend that the nudity of the figure, and its colossal proportions, mark it undoubtedly as the picture of a god, and that the shape of a camp near by, and one or two other facts, make it not impossible that the picture belonged to the Bronze Age. The portrait bears some sort of inscription; which, however, according to the same authority, is a proof only that it existed when the monks came to Cerne, who by these tokens made known to their new followers that an interest in the ancient image would at any rate not be prohibited by the Church. But whatever its history is, there can be no doubt that this vast graven image adds considerably to the sentiment of the place.



The Road between Lydling St. Nicholas and Cerne Abbas.
From a drawing by Arthur Tomson.

The monastic buildings in Cerne, of which there is at least one very beautiful remainder, belonged to the Augustine order. There are even records—vague, possibly, but very picturesque ones—that the saint himself visited Cerne. A spring in the churchyard, with some old stonework still standing about it, received, we are told, his blessings, and at this present day those who drink of its waters have a better chance of attaining their hearts' desires. Between the saint and his followers and the people of Cerne, matters, it is said, proceeded hardly so smoothly at their first meeting, when certainly there was between them no exchange of courtesies. The Cerne folk tied cows' tails to their visitors and drove them out of the town, and when the saint returned, which he seems to have done very promptly, he invested the rude Cerne people with fishes' tails which they were unable to remove at their pleasure—I have questioned the doctor of the place, and he has, he says, come across no existing remnants of the curse among his patients, which shows how thoroughly the saint must have taken the people again into his favour.

When the monks of Saint Augustine once settled in Cerne they proceeded to build for themselves what must have been a very fair monastery. Not the remnants of it, but the remains of a later monastery may be found without number; but, as a farm has been built on the site, much of the old stonework is at first not easily recognisable. One remnant, the Abbey Gate, has been preserved, and almost entirely preserved. It stands at the back of the farmhouse, in a small enclosure, in which there are also some very finely grown trees, and some eminently picturesque ones. In front, from the ground on which the old courtyard of the monastery stood, the gateway reveals all its wondrous workmanship. Here may be seen, overhanging an archway decorated with animals of evil shape, two oriel windows of singular magnificence; and as the eye is charmed on the outer side of the tower by the calm dignity and simplicity of the masonry, so here it receives delight from an infinite complexity of carving and emblazonment, which, in spite of all the frost and wind it has faced, has lost little of its elaborate detail and certainly none of its poetry.

Some little distance from the gateway on the south side of Cerne is the monastery barn, a structure of not quite its original size, and without its original roof and rafters, but still an object of great interest. This barn,

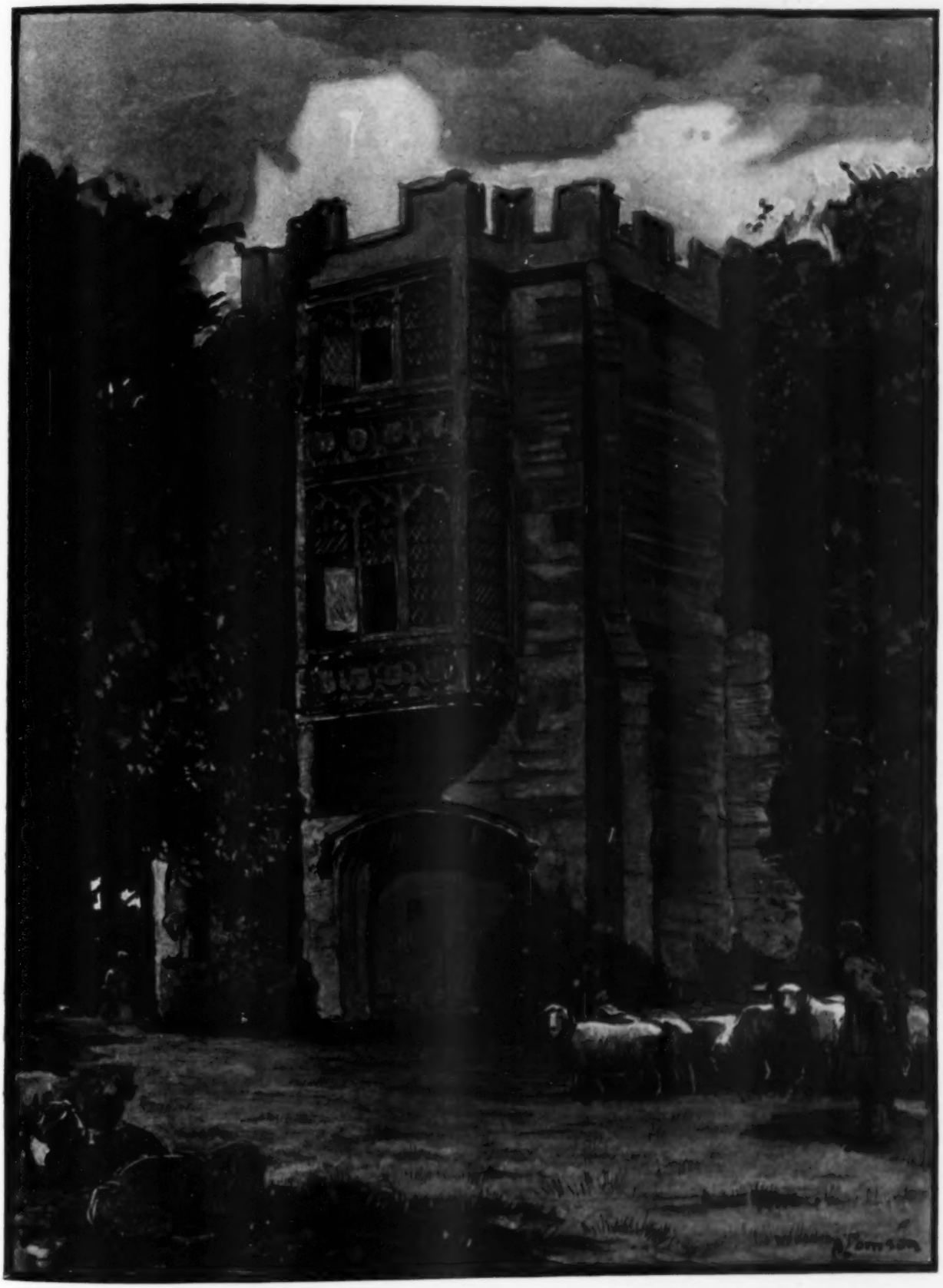


The Abbey Barn.
From a drawing by Arthur Tomson.

which dates back to the fifteenth century, is built of flint. Standing on the floor on a summer afternoon, with one of the huge doors thrown sufficiently open to admit a wide view of the great fields and downland beyond—a landscape steeped in the rays of the declining sun—one can picture in one's mind not a little of the early pastoral life that existed in this peculiarly pastoral country. What picturesque associations belong to the doorway itself and the massive stone porchway that protects it. Since the time of the monks how many waggons laden with grain have passed through that opening. On a summer afternoon, with the sunshine pouring through the doorway, and the bulk of the interior filled with a thick grey luminous atmosphere, the old barn tells its story in its own peaceful and remote way; but at night one feels it would be far otherwise. Then through the doorway would come the stamping of hoofs, and the crashing of heavy wheels, mingled with the vexed cries of the drivers, and of those even more interested in the waggons' freight. Through that porchway then would file a procession of tired men and horses hurried by the stress of time or by the importunities of some ever-recurring storm; and one would realise something of the toilsome lives to which that barn has been a sort of centre—lives full of little leisure and of hardly-won rewards, but wholesome lives enough notwithstanding—lives lived at least in pure air and beautiful surroundings and engaged in the most dignified and possibly the most poetical of all pursuits.

Of all the architectural beauties of Cerne, not one adds so much to the picturesque ensemble of the place as the Abbey church. Whether you enter Cerne from the peaceful valley which connects the little town with Dorchester, or from either of the steep down roads that stretch towards the east and west of it, it is the church tower always that gives the crowning beauty to the unique and romantic view. Although it is of the Perpendicular style, and of debased Perpendicular style, the tower looks as old as the hills that surround it. About it is the same atmosphere of mystery, from it proceeds the same atmosphere of peace, which must be resistless even to a turbulent mind. But within the church, alas! there is no such satisfying sentiment. It possesses a carved oak pulpit of the time of Charles I., but notwithstanding all one may gather from that, the inside leaves upon one an impression of uncommon bleakness. Injudicious restorations have possibly much to answer for this. Yet for the sake of its tower the church can only be regarded as a lovable one; for does it not pronounce to those near and afar off the sentiment of Cerne—the sentiment of this strange accumulation of relics of bygone ages, situated in the heart of the Dorsetshire downs: this seat of a religious order that will find a home here no more, this centre of a commercial activity of which the world has no longer any need, this home of great men, and place of education of another; and now a place only for a poet to dream over, for an artist to weave into fantastic pictures. The days of Cerne's magnificence are gone by, but is not its present almost as great as its past? For at no time was the country in so much need of Cerne as it is in the present day—of Cerne Abbas as it is now with its great message of Peace.

ARTHUR TOMSON.



Cerne Abbas—The Abbey Gatehouse.
From a drawing by Arthur Tomson.



By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

The Fireside Fairy. By R. Doyle.
From "The Lady's Companion" (1850).

The Best of Richard Doyle.

IT is not usual to attribute greatness to "The Tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson," or to the author thereof. In this case the popular verdict has its usual rough justice. Often it happens that a man of delicate genius gives himself to the public in a cheaper form than his best,—makes a hit with it, and goes on in the same style ever after, so far as the public is aware. Doyle did that very thing, very early in life, since the majority of the "Pips hys Diary" cartoons and some of the "Brown, Jones, and Robinson" appeared in *Punch*. Guided by the warm applause which greeted these, he came to work chiefly in that manner. And although the *Punch* cover is one of the best decorative designs ever placed upon a magazine which stares the British Empire in the face every week, Doyle has rarely been taken seriously as an artist. Mr. P. G. Hamerton (in "Etching and Etchers," first edition) praises Doyle's wit, but says that his etchings have no value as works of art. Other writers dwell on his delightful qualities, chiefly from a literary standpoint, as witness De Quincey, Thackeray, and the kindly French critic Chesneau. But, just as those who would know the best of "Phiz" must study Mr. Croal Thomson's fine monograph, so those who would know Doyle's true position must study the article by Mr. Austin Dobson in the "Dictionary of National Biography," which alludes to "Dick's Journal" as a marvel of fresh and unfettered invention. This, again, is only to be rightly understood by a sight of the original, which is in the Print Room of the British Museum. It is an MS. journal kept by "Dick" in 1840. That it was kept entirely in the family circle would appear from the fact that even Mr. Holman Hunt, one of Doyle's oldest and most valued friends, never saw the little volume during the artist's lifetime. It is now one of the treasures of the Print Room, and would be a remarkable work for anyone to produce at any age. For a boy of sixteen to have produced it is surprising. In 1885, after Doyle's death, it was reproduced in facsimile, with an introduction by J. Hungerford Pollen, but the reproductions, good though they are, cannot equal the delicacy of the originals. Some of the best are 'Beethoven's Concerto, performed by Liszt and Eliasson,' 'Braham in Masaniello,' and the street scenes at the time of Queen Victoria's marriage. Very lovely also are the portraits of his sister in the family groups. At that time Doyle had a fine, nervous style, rather like the work of the Parisian Tony Johannot, or certain early illustrations by Meissonier. It is a lively style, and often implies sunlight. He kept it on in *Punch* for a certain time, becoming paler and freer and more decorative by degrees. Just when he was between his earlier and his later manner he did some illustrations which are remarkable for simple beauty. These were the drawings for Leigh Hunt's "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," in 1848. And, with a curious

NOTE.—The writer's thanks are due to Col. R. Holbeche (of the Camera Club), and to Mr. S. J. Hodson, R.W.S.

return to this central manner, after a number of works in his looser style he illustrated "A Juvenile Calendar," by Mrs. Hervey, in 1855.

Mr. F. G. Kitton, in "Dickens and his Illustrators," has done a real service to Doyle's memory in pointing out the illustrations to the "Chimes" and the "Cricket on the Hearth." The "Battle of Life" drawings are in Doyle's cheaper manner, but nothing could be better than the scene of the estrangement between John and Dot. The attempted suicide of Margaret is almost as impressive.

Mr. Holman Hunt, to whose kindness I owe much information about Doyle, tells me that even in early struggling days the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood took pleasure in buying—when they could afford to do so!—the "Manners and Customs of Ye Englyshe" as they appeared in *Punch*, and studied with real appreciation the artistic arrangement of the groups, and the character. Later on, Doyle became their warm personal friend. For Ruskin, as is well known, he executed a very fine title-page, "The King of the Golden River" (p. 252). It is about the best of his looser manner; though simple, it summarises Doyle's finest fancy—all his freedom of line; as much of his irresponsibility as shall give lightness, but no more; a wealth of gentle suggestion. For another man's three lines he has put one; with the very fewest of these simple instruments of expression he has given the pure spirit of Ruskin's fine prose. It is a line-poem of a noble and smiling valley, with the glen of the Golden River seen behind its forests, placid kine straying across its breast, and fields of corn waving in the breeze; in the distance is an ancient farmstead, one of those mansions so hallowed by long years of rustic ceremonial, of spinning, of shearing, of harvest festival and Christmas gathering, that it has acquired a flavour of homely aristocracy. Far behind rise the shoulders and cliffs of a mighty mountain range, the light clouds lying by their peaks. All is golden peace and happy labour in the fresh air, a theme which has inspired some of the finest passages in Art and Literature. Perhaps it is small wonder that Doyle should have been inspired too. For, under this inspiration, Virgil wrote the "Georgics," Jean-François Millet painted the 'Sower,' his masterpiece of breadth and suggestion of rhythmic movement, and under this inspiration did Mrs. Barrett Browning pen that finest of all her stanzas, which describes Millet's picture with curious fitness.

> "His dews drop mutely on the hill,
> His cloud above it saileth still,
> Though on its slope men sow and reap.
> More softly than the dew is shed,
> Or cloud is floated overhead,
> 'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

Particularly in this "Golden River" drawing does the stragglesome tendency of Doyle's line help the spirit of it; even does it create a sense of atmosphere. Aided by the wild woody waving of the lettering, one can hear the fresh highland breeze go crooning down the vale. Whistler, in some of his later etchings, has used his lines in a similar spirit, to convey an impression of the blur of moving mill-sails, and we know that Rembrandt was a master who had this resource at command, when he was working without reference or deference to the stiff taste of his time.

The other drawings in Ruskin's book do not arise to so high a plane; to find others one must refer to the first edition of Frederick Locker's "London Lyrics." The gem of these illustrations is 'The Old Oak at Hatfield Broadoak,' in which Doyle's style appears at its very best, being simple and strong, like the pen-work of Millais in "Once a Week."



A Composition. By R. Doyle.
From "The Life of Oliver Goldsmith" (1848). By John Forster.
By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

The size of this Titan of old Britain is suggested by two graceful little figures on horseback, pausing beneath its masses of foliage, and a fleeting herd of deer; nor does the style anywhere destroy the breadth of the effect by any attempt at over-minute detail. The figures give an instant impression of refinement, but no more. Anything more would lessen the poetry of the sentiment into the prettiness of a vignette. Without hesitation one classes the work as large. The sensation of an ancient, stately forest is there. Such a tree creates a neighbourhood for itself, an historic neighbourhood, through which have passed the Roman legions and the hosts of the King-maker. And this again is a noble theme, which has inspired great workers, this of "the forest primæval, standing like Druids of old." Doyle's study of elves and squirrels in a tree has almost as fine a feeling ("A Jar of Honey"). His impressible nature seems to have been profoundly stirred on these occasions of meeting with these two great themes, the Mountains and the Forest, being brought to them by some mind more dominant than his own. When he has set himself to the themes one does not see an equal measure of inspiration, as witness "Brown, Jones, and Robinson on the Lake of Como,"—a nice but not great drawing, as it might have been. Evidently Doyle depended much upon the companionship and sympathy of his fellow men. They could depress him, they could inspire him. Without them his work flows tamely, and yet he cannot lose his manner in the rendering of humanity or of nature; he must be Doyle, not as are the

Realists. He goes to nature, but to a limited extent; he dare not take much from her, but only just so much as his gentle style can bear. There is one curious exception to this, which shall be noticed later. With the fanciful creatures of old legend and superstition he is at home; the Fairies he draws are quite convincing.

This brings me to another of his finer works, hidden away in the obscurity of an old periodical long dead, *The Lady's Companion* for 1850 (p. 248). It illustrates a very beautiful and touching story, which is all in the spirit of "The King of the Golden River," and such a noble fantasy has given Doyle just as strong an inspiration. I often wonder who wrote the tale. Perhaps Holme Lee, the authoress of the Tuflongbo stories, which have much the same dignity and sweetness, or Mrs. Gatty. For the Mrs. Loudon who edited the magazine was a remarkable woman, and commanded the best talent of her time.

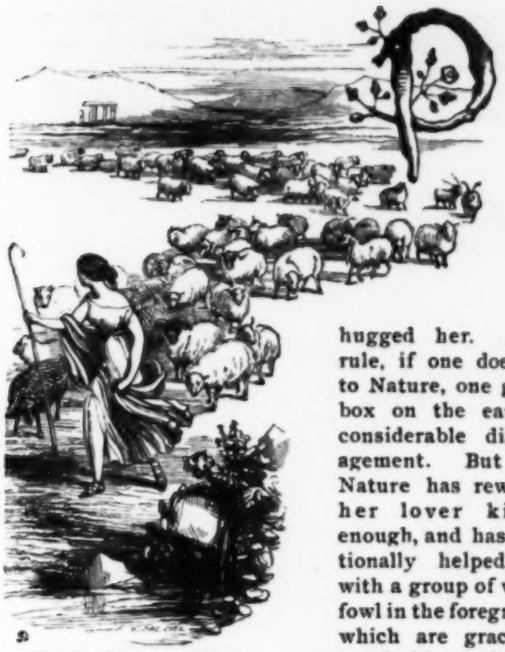


The King in disguise. By R. Doyle.
From "The King of the Golden River." By John Ruskin.
By permission of Mr. George Allen.

In water-colour, Doyle tends to be trivial and somewhat resourceless, and is frequently gaudy where he meant to be rich in hue. But in the National Gallery of Ireland is a very large composition of several hundred figures entitled 'The Triumphant Entry, a Fairy Pageant.' Dublin is rich in Doyle's work, in various media, one of the best being a drawing hung in a dusky corner—which suits it; the subject is a fairy form arising like mist out of a mountain tarn in the moonlight, and a knight on a scared horse. This is a very beautiful work, very serious in feeling, very fine in its simple treatment, though it does not quite entitle Doyle to rank as a master in the art. The Print-room of the British Museum has a similar work, which almost makes me place his technique in the first-class, it is so fascinating. But it is the business of the critic to speak proportionately, and for all the peculiar merit of this work, and of another very large dream of a Fairy Dance in a glen, one cannot seriously consider the craftsmanship as more than good second-class. The 'Fairy Glen' deserves description, being a very large water-colour, dated 1878. It is all foliage, with peeps of pale yellow evening light through, and a great slope of burdock leaves down to the water's edge. A crowd of dainty tiny figures is flittering around like a wreath of smoke; in the foreground a blue kingfisher flies up, his vivid hue giving a greyish look to the little blue wraiths beyond.

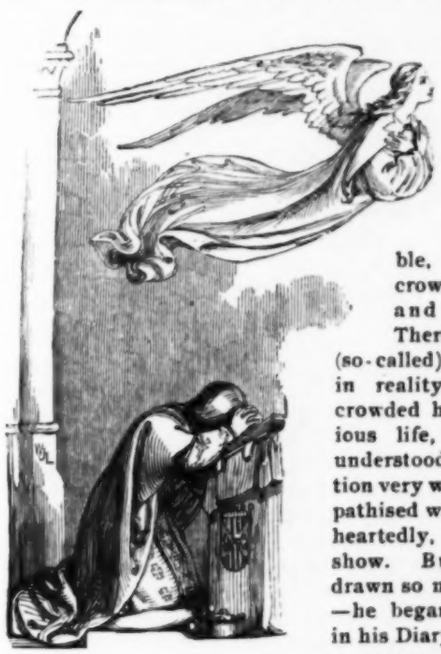
The composition is somewhat crowded, and rather clogs the great sweep of the Fairies' circling movement. Quite often Doyle has to fall back on body-colour for little bright touches of limbs and drapery, and so his work suffers the usual penalty of being a trifle chalky and garish in those places. Of course, Sir Nöel Paton's 'Oberon and Titania' pictures are supreme; otherwise this of Doyle's, and a large and much more artistic 'Fairy Dance' in William Allingham's book, are the finest renderings of Fairyland known to me by British hands. This latter fairy dance is of a tender grey, suggestive of young moonlight and poetic mist, and while the wholeness of the great circular movement is carefully kept, certain figures and groups are emphasised with real Greek beauty, and suggest that Doyle had cast an observant eye over Flaxman's 'Homer' designs before setting to work. There is a dryad grace about certain of these fairy maidens, such as one perceives in Flaxman's exquisite divinities (notably his 'Morning'), and it gives the whole a serious claim to high artistic rank. This, of course, is barring the strict technique of the full wash, for there Doyle so often fails—so often is he persistently dotty in his foliage, so streaky everywhere. The 'Fairy Glen' suffers thereby; but the Print Room has one study of a noble Scottish mountain range (Loch Quoich), all rich greens and dusky purples, which is not unworthy to rank with similar work by the great men, being broad and clean of colour, the strong tones hit off at once and not muddled with any after touches.

Caledonia in her wild stern moods has a way of exciting certain artistic fibres, as might the boom and twang of some gigantic harp. The artist has, so to speak, in his sudden eagerness to get right up close to Nature in this excitement of her strong beauty, absolutely cast aside his usual timidity, and flung his arms round her and



The Shepherdess and Flock.
By R. Doyle.
From "A Jar of Honey."
By Leigh Hunt.
By permission of
Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

hugged her. As a rule, if one does this to Nature, one gets a box on the ear and considerable discouragement. But here Nature has rewarded her lover kindly enough, and has additionally helped him with a group of waterfowl in the foreground, which are gracefully touched in and happily assist the sense of wild repose. Doyle has rather mistakenly inserted a modern piece of lawn and a lawn shrub, part of the property of his host; but then he was so absorbed in the study that he forgot the picture. Quite as often as not, this is a fortunate forgetfulness. In this instance it rather mars the effect of solitude. Possibly the beauty of Absolute Solitude was a theme which never did appeal overmuch to Doyle the sociable, who drew crowds so easily and effectively. There *is* a Solitude (so-called) which is in reality the most crowded hour of glorious life, and Doyle understood that condition very well, and sympathised with it wholeheartedly, as I will show. But he has drawn so many crowds—he began at sixteen in his Diary by drawing so many crowds, and drawing them so remarkably well for a man of any age—that one must always consider him an eminently social being. Life made him happy, evidently. He rejoiced in the whirl and sparkle of its stream, its quaintness, its prettiness, in the general shape of it. He had not been like many another man of genius, compelled to fight his way, to conquer opposition, to make the public accept and understand and finally approve of his Message. I use a capital M, for surely all originality is a Message of a greater or lesser sort. Doyle fitted in with the social taste very early—though he had a sufficient share of character, on certain occasions—and he seems very early to have felt that the best life for him was that of absorption in the simple art which happened to suit society also; he managed to live very sociably, and yet to be also of the life of J. J. Ridley in "The Newcomes." This is a good life all round, if a man can find its white light sufficient. A man of such temper is always likeable, and is always becoming more likeable, seeing that he is nobody's rival, nobody's enemy. . . .



The Repentance of King Robert of Sicily. By R. Doyle.
From "A Jar of Honey."
By Leigh Hunt.
By permission of
Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

But this is preaching, not criticism. I do not consider Doyle as a complete J. J. Ridley, and we are told that J. J. attained to high rank in the craft of painting, which Doyle did not. But Doyle could sympathise entirely with that character, as may be seen by his etching 'J. J. in Dreamland' (frontispiece of "The Newcomes," 1854).

It is suffused with poetry, and though Doyle's hand wavers at the task, that task is so pleasant that he cannot fail. J. J., that personality so near and dear to Thackeray's heart also, sits by the piano, listening to music played by a beloved hand, at whose touch his spirit is uplifted into a realm of romance. All round the dingy room floats the phantasm of fairy legend, terrible monsters, brave knights, beautiful ladies, joys of battle and festival, and true love triumphant. A pleasant and most noble palace of Dream! Happy they, the rare ones, who never have to quit it for the sordid world of greedy minds and mean streets. Happier they who can carry it always in heart, like the Perpetual Light of the Rosicrucians, who can guard its flame undiminished by the gust and buffet of common cares. Doyle's art was to him just such a sanctuary, despite his social tastes, and so he very fitly has used his own face as model for that of J. J.

Of the same tenor is a small initial drawing of a stricken knight, attended by his faithful squire and his lady-love. It would seem as if she has come too late, for she presses her hands over her eyes as if to shut away the harsh sight of the dear face suddenly gone cold to her. Much mute eloquence is in the simple study, and the insolence of Victory is symbolised in the crowing cock. Doyle is not often so tragic in fantasy.

The best drawing of this set is 'The Old Love again.' It hardly conveys the idea of a chance meeting of two persons, once lovers, separated by social destiny, who now, with outward calm and inward agitation, desire that if they cannot be friends, at least each shall think well of the other. Such is Thackeray's suggestion. Probably the thing is impossible to convey by any mere draughtsman's effort. Life itself does not show its own tale so, rather would it hide it carefully in a genuine case of such an anxious moment. The artist has not the means of the writer, who can state what is really felt. But the drawing is more in the spirit of Millais than the others, and it is a pity Doyle could not have conveyed the same truth into his studies of Ethel Newcome. Ethel is lovely, but not quite fully and rightly drawn, as Millais or Du Maurier would have drawn her. Colonel Newcome is well enough rendered.

Another man of genius whom Doyle illustrated to his own great profit is Leigh Hunt, as stated earlier. The initials of "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla" (p. 251) are marvels of beauty, but the severe style of the engravers, W. J. Linton and E. Dalziel, has added a Flaxmanesque quality which rather divides the honours. The 'Robert of Sicily' and the Arcadian scene are as dainty as a cameo, and the angelic figure does not seem to have come from Doyle's pencil, on a first glance. But the sentiment is his throughout, glowing with Leigh Hunt's sunny inspiration.

It is no discredit to the artist that he should be at his best with Linton's strong and skilful hand for partnership, any more than it lessened Doré's praise that he should be interpreted by H. Pisan and S. Pannemaker, those consummate masters of a school of engraving which has now withdrawn before the inroad of "process." One can only call such an artist a very fortunate man, for that occasion.

Doyle illustrated "Piccadilly Papers," by Lawrence Oliphant, and like its author, who chose to set up as Preacher, does not quite succeed in his attempt to be serious. The theme of a man tempted to suicide, and loathing the vision of the bubble Reputation and the Race for Wealth, is a strong theme in the hands of a strong man, but in "Piccadilly" it merely evolves as a fancy. Leech, or even "Phiz," would have made it impressive. Tenniel, in those Titanic days of his when he drew the 'Pythagorean,' would have produced a great work. Rethel, author of "Der Tod als Freund," would have produced a *very* great work. But gentle Doyle's pretty drawings are no more in grim earnest than the "Piccadilly Papers." To accomplish the bitter tragedy of Vierge, Rops, and Méryon, one must have some vitriol in one's composition.

Still, though not vitriolic, Doyle has once or twice accomplished tragic drawings of noble pathos. In Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth" (1846), the last design, illustrating the very painful misunderstanding between two good people, is extremely impressive. The sorrow is genuine—despite the fanciful figures, in which Doyle has excelled even his usual grace,—the carrier and his wife sit in real misery about each other. To look at the honest man's face is to understand that there is some sorrow of which one may die, if it endure very long. And the figure of the woman is full of silent eloquence too. Plainly she is innocent, yet plainly she is wretched. All the past happiness of these two cannot bring their hearts together just now.

One cannot often find a work of Doyle's so simply complete as this, perhaps one should not expect it. He can generally be sufficiently in sympathy with his author, if not required to be strenuous, grim, or realistic. Realism was impossible to one who had never had certain harsh experiences, such as the grinding-mill of the Schools and the heavy pounding of the Struggle for Fame and bare Life, such as Vierge and Méryon endured—and which crushed the latter.



Title-Page. By R. Doyle.
From "The King of the Golden River" (1851). By John Ruskin.
By permission of Mr. George Allen.

No, one must not separate Doyle too far from his style, which belongs to graceful fancy, not to awkward fact; you must not take him from his proper sphere of decoration, and set him to work at realism with its tones and values. Give him a gracious idea to put into decorative fancy, and he did it with a refinement peculiar in its simplicity. At the end of John Forster's "Life of Goldsmith" is a very remarkable example (p. 249). The stately statue of the childish but great-hearted author stands in the centre. Around are the varied incidents of his chequered life; his setting forth, poor and unknown, to trudge to London; his moments of sorrow in his lonely garret; his grave conversation with Johnson, to which Reynolds with his ear trumpet attends critically; his wanderings, his debts, his death,—the Wreath of Thorns is woven around them all, even round the feet of the great central Figure. But the figure rises away out of the thorns of this world, and stands serene, with laurels arching its noble head—Laurels and Sunlight.

LEWIS LUSK.



The Osprey at Loch-an-Eilan Castle.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Rothiemurchus (IV). Loch-an-Eilan*

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.SCOT.

THE little island which gave the loch its name was originally a crannog or artificial lake-dwelling. After affording a secure retreat for ages to the primitive inhabitants by its wicker huts built on wooden platforms, it finally formed a foundation for a Highland feudal stronghold of considerable dimensions, covering all the available space, and appearing as if rising out of the water. Tradition asserts that it was originally built by the red Comyns, who once owned all the country round about. The lands of Rothiemurchus having been granted by Alexander II. to Andrew, Bishop of Moray, in 1226, the Earl of Buchan, son of Robert II., better known on account of his ferocity as the Wolf of Badenoch, took forcible possession of these lands, and was in consequence excommunicated. In revenge he sacked and burnt the Cathedral of Elgin. For this sacrilegious act he had to do penance by standing barefoot for three days at the door of the Cathedral, and was restored to the communion of the church on condition that he would return to the Bishop of Moray the lands he had wrested from him. This castle was one of the possessions which the Wolf gave up. During his occupation we may well suppose that it was the scene of many bloody deeds and crimes. It was afterwards bestowed on lease upon the Shaws, whose chief dwelt there for more than a hundred years without molestation. From the Shaws it ultimately passed to the Grants of Muckerach, who have continued to hold it ever since. One event only has been recorded since they took possession. In 1668, after the disastrous battle on the "Haughs of Cromdale," which has so long been sung and danced to in Scotland, the remnant of the defeated adherents of James II., the followers of Keppoch under General Buchan, fled to Loch-an-Eilan for refuge, and made an attempt from the mainland to seize the castle, which was defeated by the Rothiemurchus men under their valiant laird. A smart fire of musketry greeted them from the walls of the castle, the balls of which were cast by Grizzel Mor, the laird's wife, and they were repulsed with great loss. Since then the castle has become a roofless ruin, whose time-stained walls, mantled with a thick growth of ivy, adds greatly to the picturesque appearance of the loch. The stumps of the huge fir-trees from which the timber for the roofing and flooring of the castle was obtained, may still be seen on the margin of the peat-bogs behind the loch, from which the people of the neighbourhood obtain their fuel, preserved as hard and undecayed as ever after the lapse of all these centuries. It has been persistently said that a zigzag causeway beneath the water led from the door of the castle to the shore, the secret of which was always known only to three persons. But the secret has never been discovered, and the lowest state of the loch has never given any indication of the causeway. On the top of one of the towers, the osprey or sea-eagle, one of the rarest of our native birds, has built its nest. For several seasons the bird abandoned the locality, as



Old Door-Key of Loch-an-Eilan Castle.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

* Continued from page 114.



Loch-an-Eilan Castle.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

it was not only persecuted by the crows, which stole the materials of its eyrie, but also frightened by the shouts of visitors on the shore starting the curious echo reflected from the opposite walls of the castle. But recently the pair came back; and I was fortunate enough last summer in seeing the male bird catching a large pike and soaring up into the sky with it, held parallel to its body with one claw fixed in the head and the other in the tail. After making several gyrations in the air, with loud screams, it touched its nest, only to soar aloft again, still pertinaciously holding the fish in its claws. A seagull pursued it, and rising above, attempted to frighten it, so that it might drop the fish; but the osprey dodged the attacks of the gull, which finally gave up the game and allowed the gallant little eagle to alight on its nest in peace, and feed its clamourous young ones with the scaly spoil. The fish in Loch-an-Eilan are principally pike, which often attain a large size, especially in the eastern bays, being there so little disturbed.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder realised the capabilities of Loch-an-Eilan for figuring in romance, and has given us a vivid description of its picturesque features in his story of "Lochandhu." It combines within the small area of three miles in circumference all the elements of romantic scenery. There is no monotony, but on the contrary an infinite variety along its shores, which form coves and inlets, and low rocky points and gravelly beaches, and open green banks. On the east side the rocky precipices rise almost immediately from the water and fling a dark shadow over it. The path here is seldom used, and one rarely meets a visitor in the solitude. On the nearer or western side there is a large promontory of green meadow-land, standing out against the richly-wooded background of the Ord Bane, on which is situated an ornamental cottage with a red roof, which in summer is frequented by crowds of visitors, who come from all parts of the country in carriages and on bicycles, and make delightful picnics on the shore. The site of this ornamental cottage was first occupied by a cottage which was built for the Widow Grant by her son, General Grant, in accordance with her own wishes. This general was originally a turnspit in the kitchen at Doune. Quarrelling one day with the cook, she came crying to her master that the boy had cut off her hair with his knife. He then ran down the avenue at full speed. His master shouted after him in Gaelic, "Come back, you black thief, and get your wages." "Wait till I ask for them," was the reply. He then enlisted as a soldier and rose rapidly from the ranks to the highest position in the Indian army and amassed a large fortune. He never came back to his native glen, but he provided for all his relations and gave his mother a pension, on which she lived happily for many years, not priding herself very much on her son's wonderful career, nor held in any high consideration by her neighbours in consequence. On the promontory below the cottage stands a rough granite monument intimating that at this point General Rice, who did a great deal of good in the locality during his sojourn in it, and whose portrait may be seen in almost every house, was drowned by the breaking of the ice while skating on the loch on 26th December, 1892.

The southern end of the loch is formed by precipitous grey rocks in the background, crowned with dark woods, the haunt in former times of the wild cat, and surmounted at the highest point by a monument now almost entirely concealed by the trees, erected by her husband to the Duchess of Bedford, whose favourite look-out was from this place; and on the shore by magnificent moraines



Southern End of Loch-an-Eilan.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



The Polchar, where Dr. Martineau died.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

covered with green grass, heather and bracken, which produce in their autumnal fading the most gorgeous effects of colour. Beyond these immediate boundaries the open country reveals itself, taking into the horizon the round peaks of the Boar of Badenoch and the Sow of Athol, and so completing the magic picture of the loch by the ethereal blue colours of the far distance. The quieter bays are white with whole navies of water-lilies; and when the hills and open parts of the woods are crimson with the heather in full bloom, almost changing the water of the loch, by the enchantment of its reflection, into wine, contrasting with the rich blue-green of the fir-trees, there is not a finer sight to be seen in all the land. It was feared at the time that the terrible conflagration which ravaged the wooded shores on the eastern side two years ago would destroy for ever much of the beauty of the loch. But while a vast portion of the luxuriant undergrowth of the woods was burnt down on this occasion, the loss was more than made up by the revelation of the varied rocky features of the scene, which this undergrowth had hidden by a monotonous covering of uniform vegetation; and now after the rains and storms of two winters have washed away the charred and blackened wrecks, the recuperative powers of nature have already spread over the naked spaces a healing mantle of tenderest green. The woods at the head of the loch were left altogether untouched; and here by the side of the charming path, which at every step discloses some new combination of beautiful scenery, there is a number of very ancient firs, whose gnarled exposed roots form the banks of the path, and whose venerable trunks and branches overshadowed the spot long before the castle on the island was built. They are the relics of the great aboriginal Caledonian forest; their huge red boles, armoured from head to foot with thick scales like a cuirass, nature's own tallies, record in the mystic rings in their inmost heart the varying moods of the passing seasons.

Beyond Loch-an-Eilan is a much smaller loch where the conflagration began, and which therefore suffered greater havoc in the destruction of its woods. It is called Loch-na-Gamha, or the Loch of the Calves, on account of its old connection with the creachs which used to take place along its shores. On the eastern side there is a path through the forest called Rathad-na-Meirlich, or the reivers' road; because along it the cattle stolen by the Lochaber marauders in Speyside were driven to the south. There is a tradition that Rob Roy himself took part in such raids, and was no stranger in these parts. An old fir-tree to which the Speckled Laird of Rothiemurchus, as he was called, tied a bullock or two during these forays, in order to procure immunity for his own herds, was standing until it was burnt down by the recent forest-fire. I possess some fragments of this old tree, so surcharged with turpentine that they act like torches, and burn down to the hand that holds them with a steady bright flame. Several of the Macgregors, whom Rob Roy took with him from the south to aid in one of these expeditions, remained behind and settled in Rothiemurchus, and became allied with the laird's household. A tombstone preserves their memory in the churchyard. The laird, Patrick Grant, who got the name of Macalpine because of his friendliness to the unfortunate clan Alpine or Macgregors, was greatly helped by Rob Roy in a time of sore need. Mackintosh, the nearest neighbour of Grant, built a mill just outside the west march of Rothiemurchus, and threatened to divert a stream of Grant's lands to it. A fierce quarrel arose between the

two lairds on this account, and Mackintosh threatened to burn the Doune to the ground. Marching for this purpose with his men, he suddenly encountered the forces of Rob Roy, and fled precipitately. Rob Roy set fire to Mackintosh's mill, and sent him a letter in Gaelic in which he threatened to kill every man and burn every house on the Mackintosh estate, unless he promised to abstain in future from molesting Rothiemurchus. A song was composed on the occasion, entitled "The Moulin Dhu," or Black Mill, the tune of which is one of the best reel tunes in Highland music. The Street of the Thieves is the most celebrated of the forest-paths of Rothiemurchus; but the whole district is full of paths, used for more innocent purposes. They are most intricate and bewildering to one who knows not the ground, but easily traversed by a native—they are so dry and comfortable to the feet, being covered with russet carpets of pine-needles, as if nature herself had made them, and not man. What heavenly lights and shades from the branches overhead play upon them; and how the westering sun with its level rays brings out the red hues, until the forest paths glow in sympathy with the splendid *abend gluhen* on the sunset hills!

The dense mass of vegetation in these forests strikes one with astonishment. Not an inch of soil but is covered with a tangled growth of heather, blaeberry and cranberry bushes and juniper; and feeding parasitically upon the underground stems are immense quantities of the yellow *Melampyrum* or cow wheat, and pale spikes of dry *Goodyera*, that look like the ghost of an orchis. Here and there in the open glades the different species of *Pyrola*, or winter-green, closely allied to the lily of the valley, send up from their hard round leaves spikes with waxen balls of delicate whiteness and tender perfume. The one-flowered *Moneses grandiflora*, exceedingly rare, is found in some abundance in the woods at the south-west end of the loch. And it may chance that in some secret spot the charming little *Linnæa*, named after the father of botanical science, may lurk, reminding one of the immense profusion with which it adorns the Norwegian forests in July. The mosses are in great variety and extraordinary luxuriance, especially the rare and lovely ostrich-plume feather moss, which grows in the utmost profusion on the shady knolls. The Rothiemurchus forests have always been famous for their rare fungi, especially for their *Hydna*, a genus of mushroom, which has spikes instead of gills on the under surface of its cap. One species, the *Hydnum ferrugineum*, is found only in these forests, and exudes when young drops of blood from its spongy substance. There are innumerable ant-hills of various sizes, some being enormous, and must have taken many years to accumulate. You see them at various stages. Some are fresh and full of life, crowded with swarms of their industrious inhabitants. But many are old and deserted, either half grown over with the glossy sprigs of the cranberry, or completely obliterated by the other luxuriant vegetation.

All through the forest you see little mounds covered with blaeberry and cranberry bushes, which clearly indicate their origin. They were originally ant-hills. Each particle of them was collected by the labours of these insects. If you dig into them you will find the foundation to be composed exclusively of pine-needles, and you can trace the tunnels and galleries made by the ants. It is a curious association this—of plant and animal life—a kind of symbiosis. The struggle between the two kinds of life is seen here in a most interesting way. The wave of the undergrowth of the forest, in its slow, stealthy, irresistible progress, encroaches upon the ant-hills, and forms at first a ring round their base. Gradually it creeps up their sides, and you see one-half of the ant-hill covered with cranberry bushes, and the other half retaining its own characteristic appearance of a heap of brown fir-needles with the ants swarming over them, busy at their work. But the vegetable wave still advances and finally extinguishes the last spark of animal life on the mounds, and rolls its green crest over their buried contents. In this remarkable way the soil of the forest is formed by a combination of the labours of plant and animal life. Looking at the vast mass of animal and vegetable life, you feel that there is something almost terribly impressive in this rapacious, ever-splendid nature, tirelessly working in its unconscious forces, antagonistic to all stability. You have an overpowering conception of vital energy, of individual effort, upreaching to the sun and preserving the equilibrium of nature!

One has no idea from the uniform clothing of the fir-forests of the extraordinary irregularity of the ground, except here and there in the open parts and places bare of timber, where the ups and downs of the landscape may be seen to perfection. Huge moraines and heaps of river-drift show what elemental forces were at work, in the later geologic periods, in moulding the aspects of the scenery. Volcanic forces first piled up the gigantic granite masses of the mountains on the horizon, and great glaciers planed down their sides and deposited the débris over the low grounds where the



By the Loch-side: Loch-an-Eilan.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

forest now creeps. The past here seems to be all nature, a theatre where only the physical powers have been operating. Human life at the beginning must have been on too small a scale to contend with the mighty natural forces, and was soon wiped out and effaced. In a fir-forest, with its heather and juniper, man could find almost no subsistence in his primitive state—no kind of scenery could have been so inhospitable to him. And yet over the green upland slopes of Tullochghru, where the ground has not been broken for centuries, great quantities of burial cairns and circular dwellings, and artificial mounds or places of popular assembly show that there was here in far-off times a large population. At a place called Carn-rhu-Ænachan, near the Croft, where evidences of glacial action are most striking, there is a green hill-side which must have been the earliest clearing in the great aboriginal forest, on which lies a half-hidden stone with three cup-marks rudely hollowed out on its surface by a flint implement, surrounded by faint traces of human habitation. These cup-marks are as significant as the footprints which Robinson Crusoe saw on his lonely island. They are the only ones I have been able to find in all the district. They people the past for us, and give it that human interest without which the grandest scenery becomes desolate and uninviting. They show that where man had made a home for himself in the primeval forest, there beside it he prepared an altar for the unknown god of his unconscious worship. Older far, and of happier memory than the castellated lair of the Wolf of Badenoch on Loch-an-Eilan, these primitive cup-marks speak, not of man's inhumanity to man, but of man's reverence and upward look of soul, and of the peace that binds heaven and earth. The eternities of the past and the future are associated with these rude symbols. We feel that the persons who scooped them out with their flint tools were men of like passions with ourselves; that they had similar experiences and similar fears and hopes. Their dust has utterly disappeared, their memories have altogether perished, but what they dedicated to religion has survived, has shared in the immortality of religion; and nature has here preserved the first feeble steps of primitive man along the upward path with sacred inviolability amid the inhospitable waste.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

A Theory of Art.

BY J. W. NORTH, A.R.A.



From a drawing by James Fitzgerald.

"AND yet it is conceivable that the drawing might be there without the artistic excellence."

To explain this, my theory is, that all good art (and there is no other) is a consequence of the finite power of perception possessed by individual human beings.

Art is an involuntary exaggeration of some aspect of Nature, not necessarily, only, or wholly, external nature, which appeals to a fine and sensitive nature; this seems to me to explain why a great picture, or poem, or statue, or any work of great Art, in Music or Drama, impresses one more than the actual original would; and why mechanically accurate scientific reproductions do not excite enthusiasm; there is no human exaggeration, love and admiration (adoration if you will) displayed in them, and each Art seems to me to have exactly this same basis, it all rests on Involuntary exaggeration and Love; love of the thing is the primary cause of Art, a long way second to this is love of the Art; though a combination of the two, together with the executive faculty, must always exist in a great master of any Art.

Although I believe the finite character of the perceptive power of the human being is the cause of Art, yet the greater the intelligence and strength of Heart and Brain, the greater the master, because he appeals to a worthier, wider circle, and to a greater range of emotion.

The true worker in any Art is a minister of the very oldest form of religious worship—a worship which has never caused blood to be shed, or cruel deeds to be done, a worship which is the essence of humility before the Great Creator, and of which the ministry ceases to exist instantly that humility is lost. Unreasoning people, although aware that the Arts have existed from the very earliest ages—Music, Painting, Sculpture, Poetry—and existed separately, and without any change of importance, carelessly fail to understand the significance of these divers tongues, and turning matters upside down, claim the arts as an appanage of some form of what is usually known as religious worship.

The fact of these distinct forms of Art always existing, proves that one does not, and cannot take the place of the other.

To put it in another way, originality in Art is the expression of unaffected emotion, and is inevitably individual, because of man's limitation: those countless fairy tales told in trees, and hills, and streams, and skies by our Father, which we try to spell to our little brothers more or less painfully.

All Arts are complete in themselves, not interchangeable, and have been in their essence, complete from the creation of man, as man is known to us. No Art has changed its nature through all the ages. No age has been without Art. No other form of religion has existed unchanged, even in the short space of time of which we have record.

Each Art is an expression of worship, of an infant's desire to imitate, however feebly, something of its parent.

The sum of it is, that Art is a consequence of the finite capacity of man, and a proof of the existence of a higher power.

J. W. N.



Approach to the English Section from the Rotunda d' Honneur.
From a photograph by Sig. Edoardo di Sambuy.

Decorative Art at Turin:* Notes upon some of the Sections.

BY WALTER CRANE, R.W.S.

(A DELEGATE FROM ENGLAND.)

WHEN the present writer left Turin, immediately after the opening of the exhibition, comparatively few of the sections were really complete, and therefore anything like detailed criticism is not possible. Of the sections practically complete at the opening, besides the English and Scottish, were those of Holland, Sweden, Hungary and America.

The German Section, under the artistic direction of Herr von Berlepsch, promised to be both in extent and variety, as well as in novelty and boldness of decorative effect and elaboration of detail, the most important of all our neighbours at Turin.

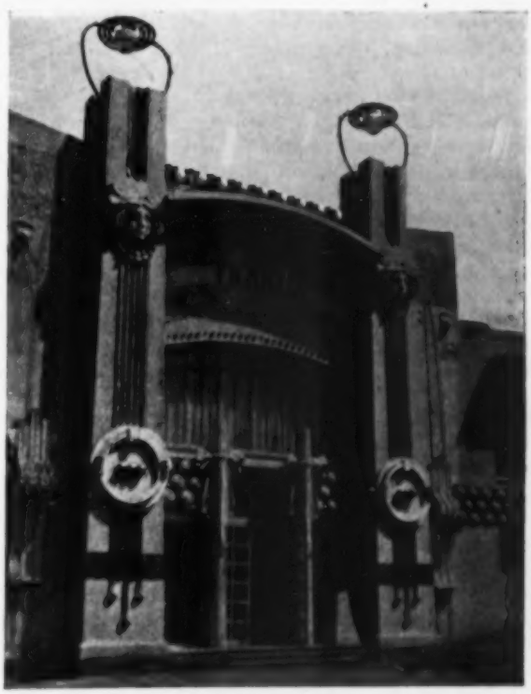
The entrance to the Section is very impressive. A massive semicircular arch, decorated upon its soffit with isolated wreaths in bronze, encloses a shouldered arch of novel form, and upon its keystone appears the inscription in bold square block letters, in relief and gilded, 'Germania,' while on the crest of the enclosing arch is boldly emblazoned the black eagle (p. 261).

Entering, one finds a vaulted court or vestibule, lighted from above, the light falling softly through the green leaves of hanging vines; in the centre a sunk fountain presided over by two mysterious sphinx-like nymphs of a pensive aspect.

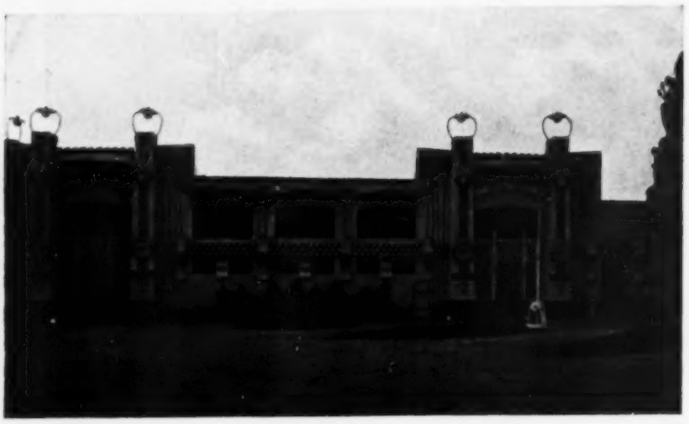
The design of this court or vestibule is due to Herr von Behrens, the distinguished architect of Hamburg.

Under the shadow of vaulted arches, one may pass from the grey and green quietude of this vestibule to other courts and salons right and left, in which other

* Continued from page 230.



Entrance to the French Section.
From a photograph by Sig. Edoardo di Sambuy.



Exterior View of the English Section.
From a photograph by Sig. Edoardo di Sambuy.

leading States of the great German Empire are represented each by distinctive designs, both as to the design and arrangement of the courts and rooms themselves and also as to their details—furniture and decorations. Thus, in turn, we may see Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Baden, Würtemburg, Hesse and Hamburg, and gather a sense of what their leading decorative artists are capable. We find a chapel painted by Herr Wichtendahl of Hanover, impressive in its "dim religious light" and primitive feeling. A striking mural painting of a knight in complete steel, side by side with a nude lady, in a background of green leaves and flowers, meets the eye as the decoration of the end of another salon, but the stained glass, in new art patterns in the windows each side, seem too distracting and emphatic while mural work of this kind occupies the stage, so to speak.

Returning, we enter a vast vaulted chamber lighted from the top, the vaulting supported by four large pilasters at the four corners. This is the Kaiser Wilhelm Raum, designed by Herr Von Billing, and a bust of the Emperor is placed in an arched recess to face the visitor on entering. Further on we enter the wonderful Majolica Salon designed by the architect Kreis, and the distinguished room of Herr von Olbrich of Darmstadt, and, as the heart of the whole German Section, the delightful German house designed by Herr von Berlepsch, with its charming court and arcaded balconies, and gaily painted and decorated walls—the decoration of the latter pleasantly and poetically recalling a sense of the deep grass of green meadows, with their flowers prankt against the sky-line, by way of frieze. All suggests thought and fantasy, and the invention displayed in the design and decoration of these courts and rooms of the German Section reflect the highest credit upon their originators, as well as upon the skill of the craftsmen who have worked so well under the genial direction of Herr von Berlepsch.

It was, indeed, instructive and pleasant to see the fraternal and kindly way in which all the German artists and workmen co-operated towards the common end, meeting together in the evenings at the board at the Castello Mediaviale, drinking toasts and exchanging ideas. As one who enjoyed their hospitality I wish to pay them this tribute.

I had but little opportunity of seeing the bulk of the exhibits in the German Section, which were not then fully arranged, owing to the very extensive buildings not being complete for the opening, but it was intended to have a large and important show of recent German work in book decoration and printing of all kinds. I did see some very remarkable lithographs in colour by Herr Karl Biese, the subjects being wild landscapes with storm-blown trees and tumbled boulders, rendered in a broad decorative way with much romantic feeling. Herr Biese (one of the German delegates) seems to be one of a group of painters and lithographic artists who abide and work together in an ancient castle in Baden. Others of this group who showed lithographs were Herr Volkmann and Herr G. Kaupmann—green woods in sunlight and in twilight, also snow scenes treated with much feeling and selective sense from the decorative point of view. By means of such lithographs, original autograph work of good artists may be acquired by the public at very small prices.

Looking at the German Section as a whole, with its elaborately designed architectural features and extensive and costly schemes of decoration, one feels that these works could never have been undertaken without substantial financial support, and such, indeed, one learned was the case. A sum of 50,000 marks was, I believe, in the first instance granted by the German Government, and this sum was afterwards largely supplemented by private contributions, so that the German Government and people, it would seem, quite recognised the importance of enabling their decorative artists to make a strong and representative show at this first international exhibition of decorative art at Turin.

In fact, all the nations except England (including Scotland) are *officially* represented at Turin, and their sections are supported by Government grants. In the absence of such important aid we can only console ourselves by the thought that in an unofficial show the hands of the organisers, however they may be restricted by monetary considerations, are not tied by official regulations, and are not bound to exhibit anything but what they themselves select on the ground of artistic merit.

Turning from the German to the Dutch Section, one



Façade of the Austrian Villa.
From a photograph by Sig. Edoardo di Sambuy.

is struck with a certain kinship in the feeling of greater reserve and simplicity in the design and decorations which characterises the exhibits of Holland as a whole as compared with other nationalities other than English.

M. Sluyterman, the eminent architect of the Hague, was the directing spirit of the section, which is remarkably well and effectively planned in an interesting way, attracting one rather by its quiet corners, harmonious rooms, and the character of its exhibits and workmanship in detail rather than by any striking or dramatic *ensemble*. One is conscious of a pervading domestic feeling, and the influence of a practical sense which has designed and constructed things to live with, and has concentrated its attention chiefly upon the home of the citizen.

The furniture designed and exhibited by M. Sluyterman is of a refined type, extremely reserved and simple in its design and construction, mostly rectangular in line, both as to its construction and decoration. The latter consisting principally of ivory inlays emphasizing the constructive or functional features.

The drawings and designs exhibited by the art schools of Holland contained some interesting work, and some delicate and artistic studies.

The work of the painter-etcher, Professor Zilcken, should be noted, and the stained glass of Jan Schouten of Delft, which utilises the decorative character of the Dutch peasant type and costume in a somewhat bold and original way.



Entrance to the German Section.
From a photograph of Sig. Edoardo di Sambuy

It was also interesting to note the revival and modern application of the old Japanese method of dyeing patterns upon textiles, in which use is made of wax to stop out the plain parts, the wax, cracking irregularly, allows the colour to run into and variegate the ground with veins which give a certain curious richness and unity to the design and colour of the dyed stuff. This method, well known as giving the peculiar effect to the old Java cottons, has been revived by the Dutch and applied to hangings of various materials, often with remarkable effect.

Our English title, "Arts and Crafts," seems to have been borrowed by manufacturers of furniture and household decoration in Holland, who exhibit in the Dutch Section, notably Messrs. John Th. Uiterwijk and Co., of The Hague, who have a remarkable hall, designed, constructed, decorated and furnished completely by them. It has a heavy timber beamed ceiling and massive timber supports of considerable boldness and character, and, barring a tendency towards eccentricity in the patterns of the hangings and some of the furniture, forms an agreeable and quiet interior. The somewhat vague and impressionistic mural pictures occupying the large panels of the walls, however, scarcely seem to accord with the severe character of the wood-work. The type of design adopted in the furniture and metal work shows the influence of Mr. Ashbee and his Guild of Handicraft, where I believe Mr. John Uiterwijk studied for a time.

The furniture-makers "Unter St. Martin's" also exhibit a well-appointed room filled with well-constructed and modestly decorated furniture.

The Austrian Pavilion, a separate building from the main building of the Exhibition, I did not have an opportunity of seeing—that is to say, its contents—before leaving. The building itself is in what is now known as the "Secession" style—"Secession" being in Austria and Hungary another name for the New Art.

The London public, however, have a fair opportunity of forming a good idea of the current modes in furniture and decoration favoured at present in Austria in the Exhibition at Knightsbridge, at Prince's Skating Rink.

Hungary makes an elaborate and sumptuous show at Turin, and she also has taken ardently to the new art forms. Her designers, one would be inclined to say, love them "not wisely but too well," and we will hope that the bold traditional decorative art of the country, with its suggestions of an Eastern origin in many of its forms, will assert itself as a corrective, and prove sufficiently inspiring to new development.

The most remarkable exhibit in the Hungarian section is the pottery of Izolnay, with its wonderful iridescent glaze, amazing in its brilliancy and variety, though more charming when softened to the suggestion of the bloom upon a ripe plum.

The Scottish Section really exemplifies the taste and resources of the Glasgow school, the scheme of decoration throughout being designed by Mr. Charles Mackintosh. It is quite characteristic in its somewhat austere refinement, but plays out its motive in attenuated form and



Side Door of the Austrian Pavilion.
From a photograph by Sig. Edoardo di Sambuy.

restricted range of colour very consistently, and, what is always effective in an International Art Exhibition, remains quite distinct in character from other sections. Mrs. Mackintosh contributes some of her remarkable coloured and jewelled gesso panels, and there are other works—designs in furniture, glass, stencils, black and white design, and embroidery—which are characteristic of this very distinct school of decoration, which has been fostered under Mr. Francis Newbery.

The American Section was arranged and decorated under the superintendence of Mr. John Getz, and forms an interesting and characteristic show. One of the features is a collection of recent designs by American architects. Also a collection of the celebrated Tiffany glass, as well as silver work of the same and other makers. The quality of the opalescent pot metal used in the samples of leaded glass shown was very wonderful, and the small jewels of glass very fine in quality; but the kind of design adopted did not appear (to English taste) to be quite appropriate to the material, the decorative beauty of which is apt to be lost in the attempt to get the effect of pictorial planes or too minute detail.

Of the French Section one is sorry not to be able to give more than a passing mention, as its completion was so late, and one had so hasty a glance; but one's general impressions was that l'Art Nouveau had taken entire possession, and one met with the various manifestations of its spiral and restless lines applied to all kinds of design—painted decoration, furniture, metal work, textiles, pottery—anything. As craftsmanship, the cleverest things appeared to be some inlays in which various woods were used to express certain textures and pictorial values on natural facts—misapplied skill and ingenuity again, from the English point of view.

I did not see any works of M. Mucha, M. Grasset or M. Boutet de Monville, but M. Besnard and Mme. Besnard were in evidence to represent the talent and artistic resource of their gifted country.

England has no *official* show, and there was no British Commission, and no money forthcoming for "merely decorative" art—so an exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, and a collection of the works of the present writer, by the special desire of the Turin Committee, do duty for the English Section, to which was most courteously assigned one of the best and most important galleries in the building. We had a mixed collection to show, and judged that the simplest setting would be the best. Therefore plain white has been kept to for the walls, relieved by the black and the red in the friezes, inscriptions, and curtains at the entrances—so that the national red and white of St. George's ensign is at least displayed at our portals.

WALTER CRANE.

(To be continued.)



View in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society's Gallery looking towards the Walter Crane Collection adjoining.
From a photograph by Sig. Edoardo di Sambuy.

Some London Exhibitions.

THE PASTELLISTS, BRITISH COLONIALS AND OTHERS.

EVEN since the opening of the New Gallery and the Academy, there have been innumerable art exhibitions. Mr. A. G. Temple is to be congratulated on having brought together at the Guildhall a fascinating collection of works by British artists and by well and lesser-known Frenchmen of the eighteenth century; in Ryder Street was an important picture by that rare master Piero di Cosimo, well fitted for the National Gallery; Scotsmen, such as Messrs. George R. Halkett, James Paterson, and Grosvenor Thomas, arranged interesting "one-man" shows; portraits by the late Benjamin Constant, and a hundred delightful pencil studies by the Marchioness of Granby could be seen at the Grafton Galleries; Mr. Byam Shaw's series of cabinet pictures, illustrative of various texts in Ecclesiastes, testified to his inventiveness; the cartoonists of *Punch* and "F.C.G." were "At Home" in Bond Street; nor must we forget the pleasure-giving little exhibition at the Dutch Gallery, where, for the first time, Mr. Charles Ricketts appeared as a painter. In general, the Surrey Art Circle succeeds in procuring from its President, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, one or two pieces of sculpture. This summer, unfortunately, Mr. Gilbert went unrepresented alike at the Continental Gallery and at the Academy. Among prominent contributors to the Surrey Art Circle, however, were Messrs. Montague Smyth, E. Reginald Frampton, W. Tatton Winter, and Sidney Moore, the Hon. Sec.

In the re-arranged galleries of the Institute a dual exhibition took place. The Pastel Society, reducing the number of exhibits from the 312 of 1901 to 189, was content to occupy the spacious central room, to west and east of which the British Colonials were provided with wall-space. The Society aims at a certain cosmopolitanism; hence, not unfitly, the most daring exhibit is by a young Frenchman, two of the finest—gold-point portraits by Professor Legros, which do not strictly come within the scope of the Pastellists—from the hand of a naturalised Englishman. M. Simon Bussy's group of Mlle. Moreno, of the Comédie Française, and M. Marcel Schwob, naturalistic almost to the point of cruelty, compels attention. At Mr. Van Wisselingh's he was recently represented by a number of pictures of remote Alpine heights, at hour of radiant sunrise or sunset, of church towers solemnly dominating ancient roofs, of solitary moorlands. His pastel at the Institute, if less dignified of purpose, is a swift and succinct transcript of a characteristic page from life. Nor is he by any means the only foreigner who could profitably be studied. Pictorial perils beset M. Josselin de Jong when, in 'The Foundry,' he essayed to show a great bar of molten iron, dragged from the furnace by two stalwart workers; but he achieves unity and beauty in the issue. M. Réné Billotte, albeit of the many who use pastel as though it were oil colour, gives, in the 'Bords du Clain,' a finely-felt interpretation of an old hill-town seen beyond a river through golden poplars, at whose base cattle graze; M. Raffaelli sketches with marked ability the old gateway of St. Denis, past which flows the tide of Parisian life; and M. Nico Jungmann's 'The Woman,' red-haired, is a departure from his familiar themes. Of native artists who show to advantage, Mr. Henry Muhrman is one of the chief. May be



Frosty Noon. By Arthur Streeton.

his reserved and excellently-toned 'View of Hampstead Heath,' and even the little still-life, 'Shells,' owe something to the inspiration of Matthew Maris; in any case they are among the best pastels at the Institute. The medium appears eminently well suited to the art of Mr. Clausen, whose small studies of field labourers possess charm of colour, a certain litheness of form. For the rest, Mr. H. M. Livens' child in green frock and white pinafore, Mr. Edward Stott's 'Harvest Moon,' akin in sentiment to Mr. Watts' sunset landscape at the New Gallery, Mr. J. R. K. Duff's procession of black-faced sheep, and, not to go farther, Mr. William Padgett's wind-swept 'Marshlands,' warrant notice.

The British Colonial Art Exhibition is an experiment in a right direction; an experiment, too, whence has issued a Society, members of which must have resided for at least ten years in the Colonies. Those responsible for this initial effort, of necessity somewhat tentative, are to be congratulated. Over-sea Premiers have visited the Mother Country for the purpose of consolidating the material interests of Britain and her Colonies. It is no more than just that the art products of Australia, New Zealand, Jamaica, India, Cape Colony, Natal, Canada—and examples from each were to be found among the 170 pictures, miniatures, pieces of statuary, arranged in the eastern and western galleries at the Institute—should at regular intervals be exhibited in London. Several of the contributors, Messrs. Rupert Bunny and Abbey Altson, for instance, won Australian scholarships, and familiar as are many of the names in the catalogue, a majority of the artists are either born in or closely associated with one or other of the colonies. A critical estimate must be postponed till the recently-formed Society has had time to organise a genuinely representative exhibition, in which, without doubt, Messrs. Homer Watson and Horatio Walker should be of those who send from Canada. We reproduce the 'Frosty Noon' of Mr. Arthur Streeton — Trafalgar Square, water and wet pavement a-gleam with golden light from a stormy sky, most artistically observed from the north-east corner—one of several Australians who successfully practise their art in this country.

FRANK RINDER.

Passing Events.

THE dangerous illness of the King was a calamity to the nation which was only modified by the hopeful news of His Majesty's speedy recovery of strength. The possibility that the British empire at any moment might have been deprived of its Chief brought to mind King Edward's continuous association with art and artists. Now that His Majesty's life has been preserved, it is not our intention to refer in detail to the many occasions on which his presence has conferred support and dignity to public ceremonies in connection with the arts, to the many private artistic engagements which have been fulfilled by the King, to the pains he has taken to give his portrayers every facility to produce a faithful likeness, to the patronage he has given to various institutions and projects. It is only an occasion to loyally pray that Edward VII. for a long time to come will remain our King, and that national affairs will give him sufficient leisure to preside over the fortunes of the arts.

NOTWITHSTANDING the postponement of the Coronation ceremony from the 26th June, the Honours List which was published on that day commemorated the occasion, although it was robbed of its chief incident. The Honours which have fallen to artists are chiefly in recognition of the position in the country held by the ancient institutions with which the gentlemen are connected. The President of the Royal Academy (Sir E. J. Poynter) has received a Baronetcy; the President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours (Mr. E. A. Waterlow) a Knighthood; and the outgoing President of the Royal Institute of British Architects (Mr. William Emerson), a Knighthood. The Art Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum (Mr. C. Purdon Clarke) has also been knighted, and one of the Trustees of the Wallace Collection (Mr. A. B. Freeman-Mitford) has been created a Peer. The most noteworthy honour is the inclusion of a painter among the dozen famous men of the time who have been appointed to the new Order of Merit. Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who has repeatedly declined the honour of rank, is well fitted to be enrolled with the distinguished few of the Order.

IT may be mentioned that monographs have been published, as extra numbers of THE ART JOURNAL, of the Life and Work of Sir E. J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A. (by Cosmo Monkhouse in 1897), and of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. (by Julia Cartwright in 1896).

SUPPORTERS are being sought for a petition to the Secretary of State for the Colonies to cause an amendment to be made in the Copyright Act. It appears that, while in the United Kingdom the law is respected regarding the copyright of paintings, drawings, and photographs registered in Canada, there is no reciprocal protection in Canada, without re-registration, for things registered in the United Kingdom. This state of affairs has been confirmed in the Court of Appeal of Ontario by the case Graves *v.* Gorrie. The petition may be signed at the galleries of the principal art publishers.

LONDON proper, within its limited area, is rapidly becoming stored with pictures for the permanent Corporation collection, and the inadequate hanging space has developed a problem which has become more difficult of solution by the recent rich bequest by Mr. C. Gassiot, a well-known City wine merchant, of a remarkably fine series of works by distinguished artists. Alien pictures occupy the walls for some months each year, and the permanent collection is not visible; but still there seems to be a wish on the part of the City to acquire examples of the work of modern artists. 'The River Bank,' by Arnesby Brown, and 'Ruby, Gold and Malachite,' by H. S. Tuke, A.R.A., have been purchased from the Royal Academy Exhibition. We hope it will be possible to find space to display them permanently and continuously.

THE collection of primitive Flemish paintings and artistic decorative work of the same period at Bruges is of an interest altogether unique. Of the 200 paintings brought together from all parts of Europe every one is of fine quality, the majority are pictures of the first rank, these including the celebrated Memlings belonging to Bruges itself. Of the other works by Memling the two superb examples belonging to Mr. Leopold Goldschmidt, of Paris, are first, while the collection of over a dozen examples of various painters belonging to M. de Somzée, of Brussels, form a group such as only collectors who began buying years ago can hope to form.

IN our March number (p. 93) we had the satisfaction to reproduce Mr. Ridley Corbet's Chantrey picture 'Val d'Arno: Evening.' Accompanying this illustration was a note concerning his election in January to the Associateship of the Royal Academy. We regret that he has not lived long to enjoy the honour or to secure further promotion, and it is our sad duty to record his death: "On the 25th June, at 54, Circus Road, after pleuro-pneumonia, Matthew Ridley Corbet, A.R.A., aged 52 years."

IN a recent lawsuit the Court was informed that a picture by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., had been altered—a flash of lightning, at least, having been painted out. It is aggravating to the artist and it excites our warmest sympathy that the work on which special knowledge has been bestowed should be tampered with by a hack painter. Meteorological effects are best left to Mr. Wyllie, who has had uncommon experience in such subjects. He accompanied Sir Norman Lockyer on an expedition, and recorded the conditions prevailing, though he looked at things as an artist and not as an astronomer.

PENDING the erection of new premises in Southampton Row, the L.C.C. School of Art will be situated in Regent Street for another three years. An interesting exhibition of students' work in many departments was on view there for the first five days in July.

AN oil-painting entitled 'The Charcoal-Burners,' by Mr. John Fullwood, R.B.A., has been presented to the Walsall Art Gallery by Mr. E. J. Shaw, J.P.

IN the Woodbury Gallery there are to be seen examples of the work of Sir William Newton, miniature painter to William IV. and Queen Victoria. The Royal Portraits have an additional interest from the fact that they were painted on ivory, so skilfully pieced together that no join is discernible.

BRITISH 16 OC 1902



Forest Ponies.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Rothiemurchus (V.)—Glen Eunach.*

By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.Scot.

ROTHIEMURCHUS is essentially a sporting estate. More than three-fourths of its lands have no agricultural or pastoral value, and are fit for no other purpose than a deer forest. The vast upland regions and luxuriant fir-woods would hardly yield any subsistence for sheep or cattle, and the climate is too bleak and cold for them. But they are admirably adapted for the antlered denizens of the forest, frequenting in large herds the mountain corries, which have patches of grass of a peculiarly fattening quality, and afford much sport in stalking them. The deer forest of Rothiemurchus has always occupied a high place in the estimation of sportsmen, and has commanded a large rental. It has often been held season after season by the same tenant, and the result has been uniformly satisfactory. For the accommodation of the deer-shooters, a very elegant and commodious lodge, Drumintoul, has been built on the other side of the Druie, not far from Loch Pityoulis, from whence access is obtained to the high grounds by a capital driving-road through the woods. Glen Eunach forms the principal part of the deer forest, and from this circumstance its magnificent scenery is not so well known as it ought to be. It is the object of the proprietor and tenants to keep the glen as secluded as possible, in case of scaring the deer. But before the stalking season commences, parties are allowed to visit the place with certain necessary precautions. To the vast majority of visitors to the district, however, it must obviously be a sealed spot.

Entering by a gate at Loch-an-Eilan, over which the Scottish Rights of Way Society has fixed a board, indicating that this is the commencement of the public road to Braemar by the Larig Pass, you skirt the northern shore of the loch, which you soon leave behind, and proceed through old fir forests around the base of the bare mountain mass of Cadha Mor, one of the outer spurs of the great Cairngorm range. This hill is well worth ascending, for the sake of the splendid view which the top commands of the whole region. A pathway leads to the summit, the fir trees becoming more dwarfed and stunted the higher up you climb. Near the top of the first height there is a gully where the deer often resort, and the ground is torn up by their combats during the rutting season. In this place I have several times found a curious moss which grows only on the droppings of deer, a species of *Splachnum*, which has a very fine appearance with its large red capsules and bright green foliage. Developing only on animal substances, it seems to reverse the great rule that plants precede animals in the scheme of creation. On the highest ridge the ground is remarkably bare and storm-scalped. The winds rush over it with almost irresistible fury, even on a comparatively calm day, and sweep everything before them. The vegetation that clothes this bleak altitude is Polar in its character, rising only an inch or two above the soil, or creeping along and holding firmly by its roots. Arctic willows and azaleas form the only patches of verdure among the large heaps of white granite *débris;* and over the tangled masses of dark mosses and lichens that cling closely together for mutual help against the common foe, a curious stringy lichen of a straw colour, the *Alectoria Sarmentosa*, unknown except in such Polar situations, forms tortuous knots. A bit of ground with its characteristic plants from this ridge would remind one of a spot in Greenland or Spitzbergen.

The Cadha Mor, though looking like an independent summit over Loch-an-Eilan, whose sky-line it forms, is in reality the elevated foot of the Scorran Dhu, a lofty hill opposite Braeriach, and only two or three hundred feet lower in height. The easiest way to ascend the Scorran Dhu is over the long-extended ridge at the back of Cadha Mor, rising higher and higher by gentle elevations to the sharp conical summit. On the sky-line, not far behind the ridge of Cadha Mor, is a huge boulder left by glacial forces on this exposed point called the "Argyll Stone." After the disastrous

* Continued from page 258.



The Hut and Waterfall near Loch Eunach.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

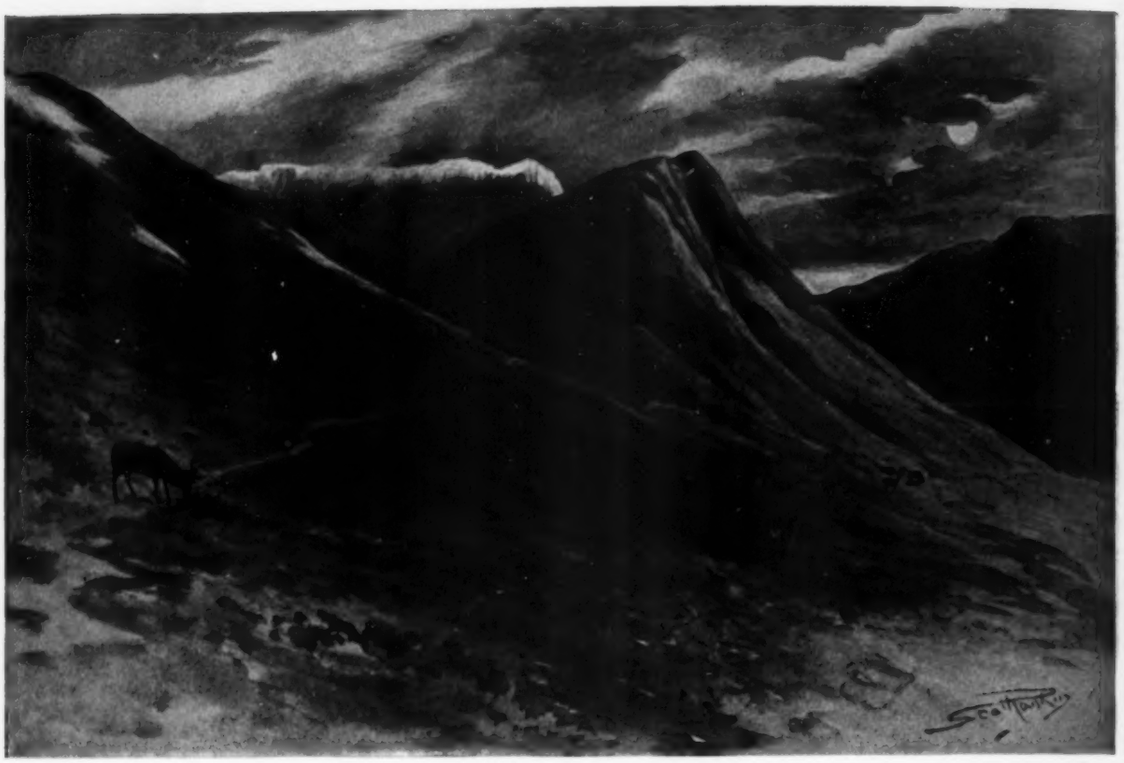
battle at Aberdeen, Montrose fled across the country to the Spey, intending to make use of the ferry-boats on the river to pass over to the other side. But finding them removed and an armed force waiting to oppose his passage, he marched his army back through the forest of Abernethy, where he remained for several days, and then proceeded through the forest of Rothiemurchus over the hills down into Badenoch. Argyll followed fast upon his heels, and caught sight of the vanishing host at this point. Learning that many of the natives had joined the standard of Montrose, Argyll took vengeance upon the whole district, which he laid waste with fire and sword. Not far from the Argyll Stone there is another large boulder called Clach Mhic Allan, or the Duke of Atholl's Stone. The Duke was taking refuge behind it, when he was set upon and killed near the summit of Inch Riach.

At another index board of the Scottish Rights of Way Society in the heart of the forest two ways meet and cross each other. The one to the left leads through the Larig to Braemar, the other to the right is the path to Glen Eunach. Near the point of divergence there is a small shallow lake, which in hot summers is often dry. For a mile and a-half the well-made road proceeds in a straight line on a uniform level through the well-grown plantation which has superseded the old aboriginal forest of giant trees. In this wood I have several times seen and heard the crested tit—a bird which is now almost wholly confined to the Rothiemurchus forest and is becoming more rare, though once it was abundant wherever the ancient Caledonian forest extended. By-and-by you come to the pass of the glen, where the precipitous banks on either side contract, and the stream, deep down below, forces its way with considerable difficulty, roaring and foaming, over the great boulders that fill its bed. Directly opposite on your left hand is the bare, elegantly-shaped cone of Carn Ilrick, which rises to an imposing altitude from this point. It is the "sanctuary" of Rothiemurchus, where, in former times, the deer escaping into it were not allowed to be shot. This humane practice, however, no longer obtains. This hill, like a grand, solemn sphinx, is set to guard the portals of a mountain region of mystery and romance. The murmurs of the stream in its bed are all-pervading. You hear them a good way off—filling all the air like the voices of a multitude. The steep rocks on either side, according to the folk-lore of the place, are inhabited by two different "brownies," perpetually quarrelling and shouting at one another. Wild shrieks and mocking laughter are heard, especially when the belated pedestrian approaches the pass at twilight, and recalls, with fear and trembling, its uncanny reputation. No mortal was ever the friend of the one "brownie" without deeply offending the other, who manifested his anger in very offensive ways. The sound of many waters at the pass accounted for a good deal of this supernatural superstition. Beyond the pass, the last solitary firs of the forest contend with the elements, and are twisted and dwarfed by the severity of the struggle; but you hardly notice them, for they are extinguished by the universal magnitude of the inorganic masses and forces around. From this point the pass opens up a wide treeless waste of utter solitude. Terraces of moraine matter, broken and gleaming white in the sunshine, indicating the different levels at which the stream formerly ran, bank up its course; and little rills coursing down the mountains from both sides, fall into it to swell its volume. This region has never been animated by human life. It is above the zone of cultivation. No ruins of hamlets, with nettles growing

BRITISH MUSEUM



Entrance to Glen Ewnark.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



A Deer Path near Loch Eunach.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

round the cold hearth-stones, cluster on the spots where the turf is softest and greenest among the heather, to testify of forcible evictions and heart-broken farewells, and of the new homes of exiles far away across a world of seas. The peace here is not the peace of death, to which man's works return, but the peace of the primitive untamed wilderness. From time immemorial the region has been dedicated to the noble pastime dear to the old kings and chieftains of Scotland. Large herds of red deer frequent the corries; but you may wander for days over the boundless waste without seeing a single antler, when all at once you may behold on the ridge over your head a score or two standing motionless, gazing at you with their horns piercing the sky-line like skeleton boughs. It is a grand sight, but it is only momentary, for, scenting danger, they disappear over the shoulder of the mountain, noiselessly, like a dream, into the safe shadows of another glen.

On the right-hand side, shortly after the pass is traversed, a solitary pine may be seen on the high ground isolated at a considerable distance from the last straggler, which marks the spot where the old inhabitants of Rothiemurchus used to take leave of their friends when they went to the summer shielings. This was considered an important occasion, and several old-world ceremonies were performed in connection with it. A large company helped to lead the cattle, and to carry the dairy utensils and household bedding of the women who were to stay behind and occupy the rudely-constructed bothies, where they carried on the manufacture of butter and cheese for winter consumption. After seeing to their comfortable settlement in the huts, usually constructed in some green sheltered place beside a mountain rill, the friends would depart to their own farms down in the low grounds, and at the end of three or four months, the women of the shielings would return home laden with the products of their summer industry. Glen Eunach, as I have said, was never inhabited. It had no agricultural capabilities, but here and there beside the streams there were green spots that grew very nourishing grasses, which enabled the cows to give large quantities of milk, and the shielings of Glen Eunach in ancient times were justly celebrated. On the left-hand side of the stream there is a large extent of ground principally covered by moraines, which is hid from the visitor along the road by the elevated terraces forming the banks of the stream. Among these moraines is a small lake, marked on the ordnance map by the curious name of "Loch Mhic Ghille Caoile," which means the *loch of the lean man's son*. It obtained this curious name from the circumstance that a native of Rothiemurchus was killed beside it long ago, in connection with the raiding of the cattle in the summer shielings of Glen Eunach one Sunday morning by the Lochaber reivers. The herdsman in charge of the cattle, as the Rev. Mr. McDougal graphically tells us, rushed to the church of Rothiemurchus, where the people were met for worship, and informed them of the robbery. Mac Ghille Caoile, who was the fleetest of foot, because of his hereditary leanness, outstripped the men who went off at once in pursuit, and came up alone with the marauders at the little loch in Glen Eunach, where he found the cattle gathered together in one spot ready to be removed. Here a fierce altercation took place, in consequence of which Mac Ghille Caoile was slain. Taking up his body and hiding it in a hollow near at hand, called "Coire Bo Craig," the raiders decamped, so that when the rest of the pursuers arrived they saw

no trace either of their companion or the reivers. Some five or six weeks later, a Lochaber woman visiting Rothiemurchus told the people of the manner of Mac Ghille Caoile's death, and of the spot where his body was concealed, as she had been told by the reivers; whereupon his friends brought down his remains, and laid them devoutly in the churchyard. The loch after this became associated with his name; and the discovery in recent years of an old rusty dirk beside the loch, with which probably the ruthless murder was committed, gave confirmation to the story.

Crossing the stream by a wooden bridge you come to the first bothy, built of timber, for the use of deer-stalkers. Here it is customary to leave the road, and climb Braeraich, over heath and peat bogs, by a foot-track by the side of a tributary burn that comes down from the heights. From this point you do not see the full proportions of the mountain; you see only a part of its long extended sides rising tier above tier to the sky. You must go farther away in order to take in the whole view. Perhaps the best point of observation is the railway station at Aviemore, where you see the huge mountain rising up from the extensive fir forest of Rothiemurchus in a long swelling massive slope, with immense rounded shoulders, catching alternate sunshine and shade from the passing clouds, and exhibiting, even under sudden gleams of light, a peculiarly grey barren aspect. About a thousand feet from the summit the uniformity of the slope is broken up by two great corries, divided from each other by a narrow neck or ridge, connecting the shoulders of the mountain with the top. One of them is occupied by a bright green transparent tarn, perhaps the highest lakelet in Britain, into which a streamlet trickles down the face of the cliff in a series of waterfalls, a mere slender thread in dry weather, but presenting a magnificent sheet of unbroken foam when swollen by a storm. The corries look at a distance, when filled with the afternoon shadows, like the hollow eye-sockets of a gigantic skull. In the rifts and shady recesses patches of snow linger almost throughout the whole year, and appear dazzlingly white by contrast with the dark rocks around.

The loneliness of the wooden bothy is oppressive. I have rested in it in times of storm and calm. Even on the brightest summer day it is desolate in the extreme; and the stream that murmurs past has a forlorn sound, as if it missed the cheerfulness of human habitations. This one bothy emphasises the solitude, as a single tree does in the treeless wilderness. It reminds you of social instincts and companionships for which there is no gratification in this glen. I remember spending an hour or two in it along with the Master of Balliol and Professor Jones, having been compelled to take refuge from a wild storm which shrouded all the mountains in a dense leaden mist, and soughed in fierce gusts among the corries, and raised the voice of the stream that flowed behind to a loud upbraiding. A cheerful fire of wood dispelled the gloom, and made us warm and cosy. In one recess there was a rude bed, with a shelf and candles and tea-cups, proving that the hut was often occupied at night. You can imagine the eeriness of the solitary tenant, especially if he had a superstitious mind filled with the ghost stories of the district. The very coldness of the night would give him a sensation of the supernatural, such as might precede the advent of a spectre, and the wailing of the winds would seem like the voices of the dead. A feeling of expectancy would take possession of him as if some mysterious being were coming out of the vast darkness to hold commune with him. The very room itself would be filled with some unknown presence, some one of the powers of darkness. It is a wonder that anyone can be found hardy enough to pass through such an experience. One must be matter-of-fact and unimaginative indeed to do so. But a summer day in such a spot is a delicious sensation, when the whole glen is filled with a subdued and softened light, and the mountain sides seem as if a blue smoke were rising over them like a veil, giving them a spectral charm, and the ripple of the streams is musical, and the purple heather just beginning to bloom, and to tint the bogs, has a faint odour, a "caress of scent," the very soul of perfume.

HUGH MACMILLAN.



Storm-stayed in the Hut.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Poetic Ornament.

A FRIENDLY DISPUTE BETWEEN WALTER CRANE AND LEWIS F. DAY.

L. F. D.—How comes it, I wonder, that I, who am at least as much interested in Ornament as you, am satisfied with design which you would dismiss as merely commonplace? I think you are too much afraid of the commonplace in ornament—what I fear is its self-assertion.

W. C.—It is probably on the question as to what is, or what is not, commonplace in ornament that we differ.

> Tell me what is commonplace,
> The obvious, devoid of grace?

Well, we know it when we see it. What is trade but an organised system for its production? Some artist starts a fresh idea in ornament, straightway it is made mincemeat of, for universal supply, and applied to all sorts of unsuitable purposes. We shall soon have ornament (for outward application only) in digestible quantities, provided in tins "ready for use" at a small charge!

L. F. D.—Aren't you confounding the common with the commonplace? Yes, we know it when we see it; but I can't accept your suggestion towards its definition. The obvious is often absolutely the right thing. And, as for grace, what more devoid of it than the art determined to be anything but commonplace? You talk of trade. If it is artistically in a bad way, that is perhaps because artists abuse it instead of trying to help it.

W. C.—The difference between the common and the commonplace is quite distinct in my own mind; and I was endeavouring, as I thought, to define the difference—but "language was given us to conceal our thoughts" (especially on art). We seem to understand the use of the word "obvious" in different senses; at any rate we are certainly using it in different senses. What to an accomplished and tasteful designer is obviously in its right place is by no means so to the inexpert and tasteless. Certain basic lines may be common to all ornament, but it does not follow that ornament on such lines need be commonplace. The question of trade influence is wrapped up with the whole system of modern production; a subject too big for a digression.

L. F. D.—We don't appear to get much further in our definition of "commonplace." Can we agree upon its opposite, the quality which you must have in ornament and which I look upon more or less as overweight? Would "fine" do for you?

W. C.—What? You consider an *essential* quality in ornament as "overweight!" Fineness of some kind it is, no doubt, which makes the difference we are discussing, but what you call "overweight" I should probably consider as a saving clause. It seems to me we shall have to have two labels—one for useful ornament and the other for ornamental ornament. Regarding ornament, as I do, as a sort of language or song, I think what it says or sings should be to the purpose, and not tedious; otherwise, give me plain surface.

L. F. D.—Definition seems to be hopeless. We still misunderstand one another. Perhaps our difference is that I regard ornament as language only, not necessarily as song, and do not find it tedious when it speaks prosaic common sense.

W. C.—I think the most beautiful ornament does "sing." It fills something of the place of music, is perhaps an equivalent in some sense. Sense of harmony, fitness, proportion, taste in colour—can you produce ornament without these, or some of them? These form, perhaps, the "common sense" of ornament, or are at least important ingredients. Prose may have its place in ornament, as in literature, but in neither need it be commonplace. Words are common, just as the forms or types in ornament; but there seems no limit to the variety of their possible recombination.

L. F. D.—I will not say the most beautiful ornament may not be likened to song; and I am not contending for the commonplace. I am only trying to get at what it is which reconciles me to ornament you will not tolerate, I suppose I do think ornament—sing as it may at its happiest—on the whole more prosaic than fine art; of which the only justification is that it *is* fine. Ornament is more modest. It may have a quite practical purpose, and very often it makes no claim to intrinsic interest apart from its use just then and there.

W. C.—To decide what reconciles you to what I cannot tolerate can surely only be settled by some concrete instance. Put me to the test. I am rather surprised at your use of the term "Fine Art." I think beautifully designed decoration is as fine as any so-called fine art, and I consider the distinction misleading nowadays.

L. F. D.—My personal preference, as you know, is all in favour of ornamental art. I quite support your contention that it may be as fine as anything. But I think it convenient to have some term by which to distinguish art claiming independence of any useful or practical purpose, and I don't grudge it the title it has assumed.

W. C.—I do not see that Ornament (or decorative art) is necessarily more prosaic than "Fine Art" (or pictorial art); all depends on the designer and his resources and powers of suggestion. Not that I wish to underrate Fine Art—I would rather say Fit Art. The qualities that go to make painting are out of place in a wallpaper. Yet both may be fine in their own way.

L. F. D.—Great part of ornament has to fulfil some *not poetic* purpose; and it is that humble, and perhaps prosaic, but most fit ornament which you seem to me, in your higher appreciation of the poetic, to undervalue.

W. C.—It seems to me every art has its natural limitations whether it is called "fine" or anything else, just as all kinds of art have their purpose and relationship to some human need. A picture, after all, must be decorative, just as a gem is, and both want their setting.

As to the non-poetic purpose of ornament, I am afraid I do not agree. Ornament can have no purpose unless it be to give some touch of joy or beauty to a thing—which seems to me, to put it much in the same relationship to practical purpose as poetry bears to life. But it must be absolutely fitting to its purpose all the same. I would say with Carlyle "Let the Devil fly away with the fine arts," with this qualification—if they are not *fit* arts.

L. F. D.—I insist upon the non-poetic purpose of much (not all) ornament. Take an instance or two. Who wants poetry in a carpet, or joy in a wallpaper? The purpose of either is fulfilled if it forms a pleasantly broken background of restful colour.

W. C.—Your "pleasantly broken background of restful colour" no doubt is a sufficient purpose for wallpaper or carpet, and I do not expect quotations from Shelley or Chaucer on either—albeit I was once guilty of

inscribing the refrain from "The Flower and the Leaf" all over a wallpaper. Don't shudder. The Arab comforted himself with texts from the Koran on his carpets and wall tiles, and they made beautiful ornament. Surely the pattern of a wallpaper or carpet is all the better for some charm about it, in addition to meeting technical requirements and a severely utilitarian purpose? You seem to grant this, indeed. The reason we see so many "stodgy" patterns is probably that they are turned out to order without any "joy," in a very unpoetical factory, simply to meet "shop requirements."

L. F. D.—Neither of us wants stodgy, shoppy, spiritless ornament. But I find "joy" enough in trying to solve a problem in design, and satisfaction in the solution of it. A touch of poetry is all to the good, so long as it is not at the expense of ornament; but it is no part of the bargain, and does not make amends for any shortcoming in technical or practical requirements. You seem to want all ornament to be attractive. I am satisfied with the modest ornament which is content to be (what much of it should be) background.

W. C.—I could sign your articles, I think, only I am not sure that we yet have the same idea of the meaning of what I call poetry, or charm, in ornament. I do not see how it could be at the expense of the ornament, for it ought to be an essential part of it, just as poetic idea should be inseparable from the mechanism of verse. Background is most important, and is often indeed the most attractive part of a picture or interior. By "attractive" I don't mean assertive; but I don't see how ornament can be really good unless it gives pleasure, unless it possesses some beauty—*is* attractive, in short.

L. F. D.—We seem to be on the way to unanimity. Whether ornament gives pleasure, or is in your sense attractive, depends upon the onlooker. Something appears to give me pleasure which is not enough for you; for example, a pattern which ingeniously and perfectly fulfils its purpose of breaking up the wall or the floor space of my room, without any charm of novelty, or poetry, or symbolism.

W. C.—It may be so; but I cannot understand how such a pattern, while perfectly fulfilling its useful function and meeting its technical conditions, if it is the product of a sensitive and intelligent human being and not of a machine, should not have also something besides in it—something *human*, in short, which speaks of character or individual (or racial) feeling behind it, in however still and small a voice. Modern conditions of trade and factory production do not favour this quality, and I suppose but few would ask for it, or expect to find it, or even recognise it if there!

L. F. D.—I am disposed to endorse all that; but I still feel that you want something more than I do. Probably I should find that "human" character you speak of in the intelligent solution of a decorative problem. With regard to the personal element in art, its interest is not to be denied; a strong personality writes, so to speak, always under its own signature; but I am not sure that I want anyone's personality to call out to me from the walls and the floor of my room.

W. C.—You are satisfied with the scientific or technical solution of a pattern problem, the evidence of intelligence alone. I look for a spark of imagination or touch of human sympathy as well. This seems to be the little difference between us—a distinction perhaps rather than a difference? It seems to me that the personal element gives the dramatic interest to all forms of artistic expression, but it need not necessarily be clamorous—indeed, if it is, it is in danger of becoming inartistic.

L. F. D.—I, too, am thankful for a spark of imagination, and appreciate individuality when it does not assert itself unduly. How nice it would be if we could have everything! But it does not work out so. I ask for surface pattern, and they give me something which, even if it were a poem, would not be what I wanted.

W. C.—I do not know who "they" may be who thus dispense their gifts regardless of your requirements; but we none of us appreciate the exchange when offered (metaphorically) serpents and stones, say, for bread and fish. You will have to "insist on seeing the label." It would be a terrible thing to be offered Kipling instead of a useful Kidderminster, I should agree; but who nowadays would hide his poetical light in the meshes of a textile or the pattern of a wallpaper? There is more surface pattern than poetry about, and there is always plain surface to fall back upon if neither suit.

L. F. D.—Who indeed would nowadays hide poetic light under any practical purpose? It glares, a naked incandescent lamp! I think I want it doused. As to the preponderance of surface pattern, I am not so sure. There is no great plenty of adequate surface decoration; but of the kind of pattern which supports itself on some crutch of sentiment, there is more than enough.

W. C.—Rather a Will-o'-the-wisp, from your point of view, this poetic light, isn't it? I confess I see more "shop" than "sentiment" in our surface pattern, as a rule. I don't object to sentiment if it is genuine; but really I was under the impression that the present age had stamped it out, and gloried in having done so—walking through dry places seeking rest.

L. F. D.—And yet it rather seems to me as if you sometimes found sentiment where I do not—for example in decoration evincing a faith in the all-sufficiency of nature—which, on the part of an artist, seems to me *naïve* almost to the point of childishness.

W. C.—I have never seen any decoration "evincing a faith in the all-sufficiency of nature"; can you refer me to a sample? Decorators would often be better, it seems to me, if they had rather more faith in nature—in line and colour arrangements, for instance. *Naïveté* and childlike directness are very charming qualities in art; but, of course, one must beware of their affectation. Very self-conscious "grown ups" sometimes masquerade in pinafores.

L. F. D.—That they do. I refer you, not to a sample, but to the whole bulk of that section of modern work, I won't call it art, which disclaims artistic precedent. Surely an artist must put his faith in art! The necessary relation of his design to nature is obvious; but design implies something much more. He cannot trust nature. She does not show him the way out of artistic difficulties—leads him into them rather.

W. C.—Is *l'Art Nouveau* your bogey? I see rather a kind of convention in this than a new interpretation of nature, for the most part; and I think one might trace the elements of even the most modern precedent-disclaiming work to certain germs or forms in historic or prehistoric ornament—differently compounded of course. In the practice of design I think *we learn everything from nature, and then we have everything to learn.* Of course we learn from art as well as nature, but an artist is neither an archæologist nor a naturalist; and there must always be some unenclosed country for the fancy or imagination, beyond grammars and dictionaries—at least, I hope so.

L. F. D.—It is not the "new" art but the naively

natural I had in my mind; and I said nothing about enclosing the fields of imagination. I like your paradox; but, tell me, if, having learnt everything from nature, we have still everything to learn, where else do we learn it but from art? That is just my point.

W. C.—I have already granted your point, that we learn from art as well as nature. It is a matter of course and goes without saying; but there are also such things as experience and the complex processes of the individual mind, through which all facts, impressions and influences, whether from nature or art, must pass, as so much raw material (or cooked material) before any new form of art is reproduced. The forms of art, like the forms of nature, are the result of evolution.

L. F. D.—I agree to all that, if I understand you aright, and it is precisely in that naturally, and necessarily, and inevitably, human and personal quality of art (no matter how simply it sets out to solve its perhaps most practical problem) that I find the human element on which you lay stress; and, finding it, I do not ask further for poetry in pattern.

W. C.—Humanity is quite enough for me; though I don't admit there is anything necessarily inhuman or undecorative about a suggestion of poetry—which, after all, is only another name for feeling.

L. F. D.—Nor did I say there was. And I have never quarrelled with poetry. What I do say, is—first, that there is a deal of modern work in which we are expected to excuse shortcomings of design and workmanship on the plea of poetry, real or pretended; and—second, that poetry is no part of the business of ornament.

W. C.—Well, I really was not aware that poetry was so plentiful, or was thought so much of, that it could cover bad design and workmanship. I suppose it all depends upon the point of view, and what we mean by poetry. Certainly it is "no part of the business" of an ornamentist—only his pleasure. That is my point—that you must have some sort of evidence of *pleasure* in the design or work on the part of its producer, or it will not give pleasure to the beholder.

L. F. D.—Poetry real or pretended, I said. I grant you it is mostly pretence. And you grant me all I claim when you allow that poetry is no part of the business of ornament. As to pleasure, art is not play; but the very pleasure of a workman in his work has a fair chance of pleasing.



'Giorgione at Asolo.'

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY CHARLES HOLROYD, R.E.

"AN Allegory of the Renaissance." The print is almost that in its intention, Mr. Holroyd tells me—the artist seen between heavenly and earthly beauty, between Christian and Greek art. Unless one is content to take it simply for its pictorial effect—and one would have a right to take it so, undoubtedly—it wants a "legend," and Mr. Holroyd, and no other interpreter of his own vision, should be its writer. I will not attempt to be its writer; yet a thing or two I will say. It was suggested, as I happen to know, by the reading of Mr. Herbert Cook's agreeable, studious book on Giorgione; and often, ere he read that book, had the etcher of this plate pondered over the lives of those Venetian painters, in which the sense of human beauty and of human dignity was developed so much. Is it *De Civitate Dei* that is being conned in this print, by one who, with mouth firmly set, has yet the will to glance at the implied—I will not say the realised—loveliness of the lady who has been worshipped not alone by the lover with the lute? Anyhow we are reminded, even if it be but faintly, of the two calls—the appeal of sex and of charm, and the appeal of graver things and austere destinies. And so, of the Italian Renaissance, it is, in a certain way, an allegory, even if we do not definitely say or feel that the grave elder is Gentile Bellini, the lover Giorgione, and the lady Catarina Cornaro.

It is a dozen or sixteen years, I may believe, since Mr. Holroyd at the Slade School, where he obtained the travelling Studentship, began to etch. It was in the later days of Legros at that Slade School, and from Legros Holroyd has learnt much. There was a natural sympathy between them. The dignity and reserve of the master commended themselves to the pupil and influenced him, and later Holroyd was influenced by the great bygone artists who had affected Legros himself—rather, however, by the Italians than by Rembrandt. In the art of Holroyd there is much derived from the former; little from the latter. In the art of Legros there is much derived from, or at least suggested by, both. Perhaps it was Legros himself who gave to Holroyd his characteristic love of the life and functions of the priest, so that the etcher of 'Communion dans l'Eglise de St. Médard' is reflected in the admirable Holroyd prints of the *Monte Oliveto* series. But Holroyd has not been by any means only an etcher of the life of the Church. The Italian Pastoral fascinates him—the making of grave music in halcyon weather; the ordered splendour of the garden; the "Borghese" or another. Italy, in fine—or, I would rather say, the dignity and refinement of the South; for at Nimes, at Arles, at the Provençal Aix, why should he not be as much at home, and as entirely satisfied with high beauty as at Asolo in the Trevisan, or in the Campagna of Rome? Nor has Mr. Holroyd neglected England, or been insensible wholly to its charm. Only it must not be "pretty," it must not be small. Some rolling Yorkshire country will do for him, even if it be only a 'Farm behind Scarborough.' He is a man of ideals. He will hold his own, and rightly. His work may be imperfect at times. At times the limit of its sympathies may seem to be narrow. He is exclusive. He does not accept everything. But of one thing you may be sure: Whatever he *does* accept has dignity.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

The Art Journal, London, H. Virtue & Co. Ltd.



Giorgione at Asolo.
An Original Etching by Charles Holroyd R.E.

BRITISH
16 OC 1902
MUSEUM



No. 218.—*Pig-faced Bascinet.*

The European Armour and Arms of the Wallace Collection, Hertford House—II.*

By

GUY FRANCIS LAKING,

M.V.O., F.S.A.,

KEEPER OF THE KING'S ARMOURY.

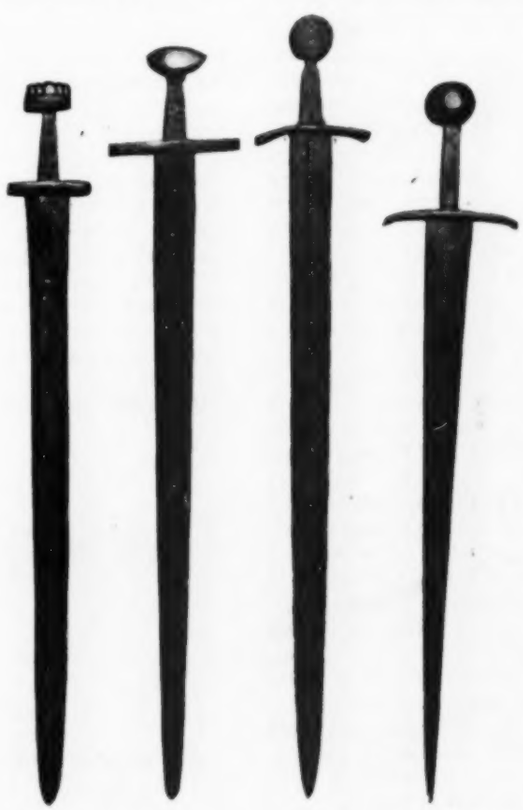


No. 213.—*Barbute Bascinet.*

IN the arrangement of the armouries at Hertford House chronological order has given way to the method employed by the late Sir Richard Wallace, that is, the grouping over the walls of the galleries various panoplies of armour and arms, but with the difference that formerly the entire European section was crowded on to the walls of the comparatively small gallery on the first floor (now numbered 17), whereas it at present occupies three of the most spacious of the ground-floor galleries, numbered respectively 5, 6, and 7, but with this addition, and, I may add, improvement, that the more perishable examples have been enclosed in glass cases. The numbering of the various pieces follow consecutively from No. 1 in Gallery 7 to No. 1,343 in Gallery 5.

It will facilitate to a certain degree my criticism if the objects under notice be taken chronologically and irrespective of their number in the catalogue, so the irregularity with reference to the numbering will therefore be excused.

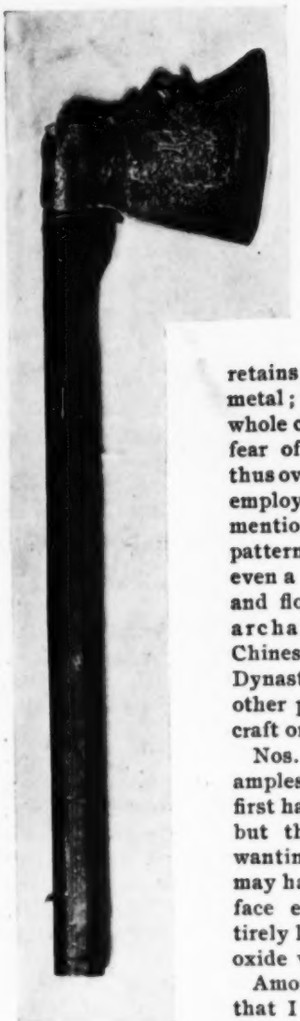
A sword of very early form, possibly dating from the ninth century, may justly claim to be first as starting our chronological list (No. 12). This most rare form of sword was one of the early series, obtained from the collection of the Count de Nieuwerkerke. It has been admirably illustrated and described by the late M. Viollet-le-Duc in his "Mobillier Français," vol. v., p. 365. The chief characteristic of this weapon lies in the formation of the pommel, for its crown-like finial has given rise to many theories as to its origin, one of these being the supposition it might have represented a sacred relic bound to a flattened oblong bar, pommel, occasionally seen in the tenth-century swords, as, for instance, in a specimen found in the river Thames at Bray, and now in the collection of Mr. Edward Barry, of Ockwells Manor.



No. 12. Sword, Ninth or Tenth Century. *No. 19. Sword, early Thirteenth Century.* *No. 18. Sword, early Fourteenth Century.* *No. 13. Sword, Middle of the Fourteenth Century.*

Another interesting specimen of this same type of sword is in the British Museum collection, found in the river Witham, and another exactly similar in the collection of Mr. Morgan Williams, of Aberpgwm. These two swords only differ from the Wallace example in the formation of their quillons or cross guard. In both these specimens the cross guard droops over the blade, whereas in the Nieuwerkerke-Wallace sword the quillons are quite straight and of square-shaped sections. The surface ornaments applied to these early swords will be found in nearly all cases worked in that manner which is known in Italy as *azziminia*, in Spain as *ataujia*, and in France as *tauchie*, which in execution closely resembles the *Koft-gari*

* Continued from page 134.



No. 357.—An Axe, Fourteenth Century.

work of India. The method of workmanship of such decoration is as follows:—The surface of the article to be decorated is finely cut with a delicate cross-hatching; the design, whether it be in gold, silver, or even copper, is then hammered on to the surface, which, being thus roughened, retains a hold upon the applied metal; it is then polished, and the whole can then be finished without fear of removing the ornament thus overlaid. The ornamentation employed on the two early swords mentioned consists of geometrical patterns, monsters, masks, and even a stiff arrangement of scrolls and flowers, recalling the formal archaic ornaments found on Chinese bronzework of the Sung Dynasty more closely than any other particular past-metal handicraft ornament.

Nos. 13, 18 and 19 show fine examples of fighting swords of the first half of the fourteenth century, but they may appear somewhat wanting in interest, as whatever may have been their original surface enrichments, it is now entirely lost beneath the thick rust oxide with which they are coated.

Among the very few weapons that I have dared to place within the fourteenth-century category is No. 357, an axe with a straight-cutting blade, deeply stamped with the sacred initials I.H.S., and the monogram M.A. It may be a mistake to assign it to so early a date as the fourteenth century, but certain technicalities of manufacture, together with its excessively early form, strengthen the supposition.

To merely mention the fine serving-knife, No. 755 in Case 6—the companion of which may be seen in the Louis Carrand bequest to the Bargello of Florence—will be sufficient, for it brings to a close the extremely short list of offensive arms that can safely be ascribed to the fourteenth century. The handle of the knife is composed entirely of ivory—probably walrus—carved at the pommel with the figure of a lion holding in its claws a small dog. The workmanship is careful, and the animals rendered with a certain freedom characteristic of their Italian origin, recalling to a great degree the carved ivory saddle-plates purchased by the Louvre at the Spitzer sale of 1893. Curiously enough the Spitzer saddle-plates and the Wallace serving-knife came both from the already mentioned Carrand Collection.

The items of *defensive* armour that can be placed in the fourteenth-century list number only three examples, and of these three Nos. 215 and 216 in Case 4 may be considered the earliest. They are a pair of gauntlets, probably French, of the last quarter of the fourteenth century. In form the cuff is extremely short and bell-shaped, a very characteristic feature of that period, and familiar to us in the beautiful effigy of the Black Prince in Canterbury Cathedral, in the statuette of St. Michael at Dijon, or in the less known, though very interesting, effigy of John, Lord Montacute, on his monument in the nave of Salisbury Cathedral.

In the Wallace gauntlets the steel is of close, fine texture, and of that peculiar black lustre which is met with only at this period. They are "trimmed" or furnished with applied ornaments of brass or latten, which was, in all probability, originally gilt, and possibly enamelled. On the cuff is the word AMOR, twice repeated. These fine and rare gauntlets are very successfully illustrated in Viollet-le-Duc's "Mobillier," vol. v., p. 456; but are drawn, however, with fingers, which are now wanting, and which I am inclined to think were supplied by the versatile imagination of that clever illustrator and writer. However, they are of the greatest interest as a document of costume, and are certainly unique in this country. The only other pair that can compete with them for quality and preservation are those left by that eminent connoisseur, the late Mr. Ressmann, to the Bargello of Florence, to which museum he also bequeathed the greater part of his fine collection; on comparison with the Wallace gauntlets we are reluctantly obliged to admit that those in the Ressmann collection are finer as regards form, ornamentation, and preservation. A left-hand gauntlet of the same period and manufacture, but without the brass enrichments, is to be found in the Stibbert Collection, also at Florence.

For examples in England the gauntlets hanging over the tomb of the Black Prince, which I have already referred to, resemble the Wallace examples in form, but they are entirely of latten, and of but very indifferent workmanship. In the Tower of London there is a gauntlet purporting to be of the same date, but it is a comparatively modern forgery.

It may suggest itself to the reader we have passed without notice the various mail hauberks of fourteenth-century fashion, in particular No. 82, an example furnished with mail mitten gauntlets, supposed to be of late thirteenth-century work. But as the history of chain mail is interwoven with much mystery, and great uncertainty of date and nationality, it is safer to pass no comment on these specimens than by an unjust criticism to give a biassed view of their authenticity.

The next specimen of defensive armour which is



No. 755.—A Serving Knife, Fourteenth Century.

worth consideration is—following the chronological list—the beautiful helmet No. 213 in Case 4. It is familiarly known to all lovers of armour as a "bascinet," derived from the old French of "bacyn," a bowl or basin, which shape this so-called helmet in its primary state of the twelfth century must have somewhat resembled, but which now, as in the bascinet or



Nos. 215 and 216.—A Pair of Gauntlets, late Fourteenth Century.

barbute under discussion, has developed into the graceful headpiece of late fourteenth-century fashion. This, the Wallace example, retains a fine black "patina" or surface, so preferable to its over-cleaned, though none the less rare, case companion, No. 218, the vizored bascinet from the Meyrick Collection.

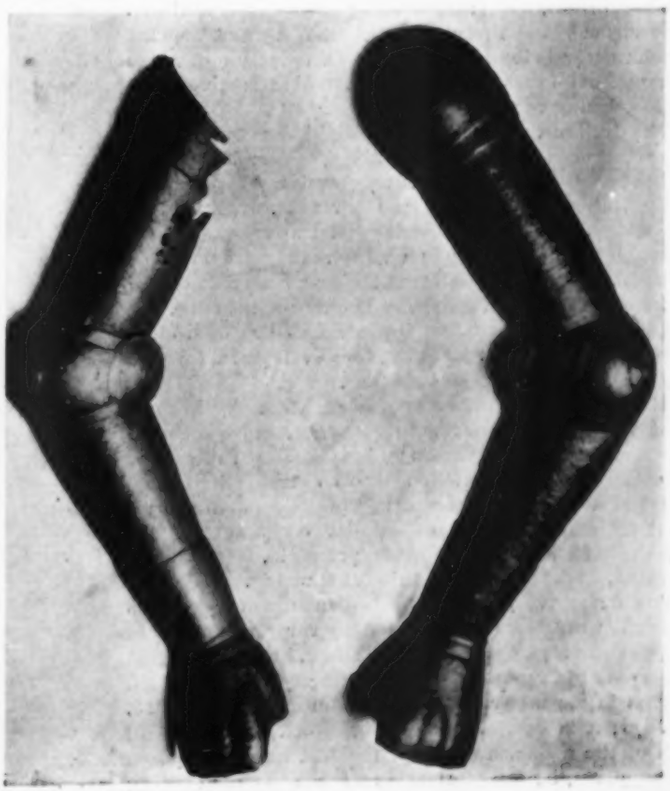
The bascinet No. 213, like the gauntlets already described, is illustrated in M. Viollet-le-Duc's "Mobillier," vol. v., p. 187. It came in the first place from the collection of the Count de Nieuwerkerke. In the "Mobillier" its nationality is given as Venetian, but in all probability Germany is more likely to have been the country of its manufacture, as an almost similar form of headpiece appears in the effigies of Albrecht von Hohenlohe, also on that of Urich Landschaden. In the Poldi Pizzoli Museum at Milan are two bascinets of nearly similar form, but both presenting the peculiarity of applied ridges around the lower portion of the skull-piece, an additional defence, the use of which has never been quite satisfactorily explained.

The second bascinet referred to in this same case, No. 218, is a good representative helmet of the first years of the fifteenth century. It is in the form almost universally known as "pig-faced," on account of the acute-snouted vizor so humorously represented in the missals, carvings, etc., of the period. Although this example is of great rarity and archæological interest, it cannot rank as an absolutely first-class specimen, having, like the Tower of London bascinet, suffered from vigorous and ill-advised cleaning. It has, however, the additional interest of having been a part of the well-known collection formed in the first quarter of the nineteenth century by Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick. This specimen has been engraved and illustrated by Joseph Skelton in his "Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Armour," plate xiv., pp. 3 and 4, which illustrations fully show off, I am afraid, its want of form as compared to the superb bascinet now in the Dino Collection, late from the Londesborough or the Hefner Alteneck example; or even that somewhat grotesque bascinet in the fortress of Coburg.

Nos. 133 and 134, a pair of "brassards," are curious and full of interest, owing to a certain mystery which attaches to them. Are they true pieces? Are they as early as they appear by their form? Or are they a sixteenth-century revival of a past fashion? To the first question one is inclined to give the benefit of the doubt, for although there are certainly small technical defects, their general appearance of age is eminently satisfactory; but as to their being of as early a date as I have ventured to place them in the catalogue—*circa* 1420—on further consideration one is doubtful, choosing rather to date them within the first years of the sixteenth century, for in the delightful series of engraved figures in "The Wedding Feast" of Martin Schongauer, an almost identical vambrace with a curious sliding gauntlet is to be noticed on one of the figures.

With the really fine and complete series of helmets of the "salade" type in the collection it is difficult to discriminate, for each has its own special points, either of beauty or interest; but for anyone seeking examples of such helmets, Case 4 in Gallery 7 holds the most attractive series to be found in the armouries.

No. 201 is a salade in one of its more primitive, if less graceful forms. No. 208 is a tilting salade, superb in condition, and wholly satisfying as regards proportions. No. 210, a Venetian salade, fashioned on classic principles, fine in condition, and stamped with an armourer's mark, probably that of Antonio Missaglia of Milan: it came from the Vendramini and Meyrick Collections. No. 202, a Barbute salade, the form even more



Nos. 133 and 134.—A Pair of Brassards, Fifteenth Century.



No. 765. No. 749. No. 750.

No. 765.—A Serving Knife, bearing the arms of Philip-le-Bon, 1396—1467.
No. 749.—A Serving Knife, bearing the arms of Rollin, Chancellor of Burgundy.
No. 750.—A Serving Knife, bearing the arms of Sire de Dancourt.

closely copied rom the antique Etruscan, obtained from the Juste and Nieuwerkerke Collections. No. 214, a salade of German make, of the second half of the fifteenth century, familiar as the form of headpiece worn by the knight in Durer's "Knight, Death, and the Devil," also from the portraits of the brothers Stephen and Lucas Baumgartner in the old Pinacothek at Munich. This salade is from the Louis Carrand and Nieuwerkerke Collections, and has been described and illustrated by Viollet-le-Duc in his "Mobillier," vol. vi., p. 265, but he was probably in error when he pronounced it to be French.

A delightful little helmet of the salade type (No. 91) which is likely to be overlooked owing to its somewhat lofty position on one of the walls of Gallery 7, is of French origin, and most pleasing in its simple outlines. The surface is entirely russetted, and a great amount of character is lent to it by the introduction of large pyramidical brass-headed rivets, which retained the coif or lining in position.

The Italian Salade (No. 200) should be noted, for it is a further advancement towards the complete closed helmet of the sixteenth century and is characteristically Italian. In one of the portraits, attributed to Giorgione, of the great Stefano Gatta-Melata, such a salade is seen resting upon a balustrade in front of the general. It will be noted that the lower portion of the vizor curves inward, following the line of the chin, and that the back of the skull-piece has the additional hinged plate—all parts showing the development towards a more complete form of headgear.

This example is in every way satisfactory—in form admirable, the workmanship excellent, and the condition as regards preservation and surface fine; like other salades already mentioned it was from the Louis Carrand and the Nieuwerkerke Collections. No. 203 is another salade-helmet of similar construction, but although formed on the same principle, is distinctly German, both in fashion and workmanship.

The defensive arms of the fifteenth century in this collection are represented by many varying forms. In a great variety of cases they are fine, but it is almost safe to say that none are of superlative quality. A sword that is in most ways satisfactory can be seen in Case 6, No. 676; it is an Italian fighting sword of the second half of the fifteenth century, the hilt being composed of copper gilt, the formation of the pommel being continued to the grip, which is fashioned of horn, the blade is stiff and tapering; but this fine weapon has one drawback from the collector's point of view—it has been over-cleaned.

In the Musée de Cluny, among the fine swords left by the late M. de Beaumont, there is an almost identical weapon, but finer in the quality of the blade, as it bears the arms of the Visconti family; it has, too, the advantage of being in better condition.

In Case 6 is a replica of the magnificent Donatello sword of the Royal Armoury of Turin. The age of the hilt seems somewhat dubious, but being taken from so fine an original it is thoroughly satisfying as a decorative note. Fitted to the hilt is a blade also of uncertain date, but in all probability belonging to the seventeenth century, judging from the style of the etching which forms its surface ornament. Marcel Reymond, speaking of the Turin Donatello sword in "La Sculpture Florentine," states that the sword, from the character of the decoration, must have been made towards the latter period of the artist's life. The original sword has a grip of cocoanut wood, upon the bronze ferrule of which is signed in full the artist's name.

One of the strongest features in the series of fifteenth-century weapons is the extensive exhibit of that curious form of short sword known in Italy as the *cinquedea Veniziana*, for which in England we have no name, but which has at various times been erroneously termed the anelace, the braquemart, or langue-de-bœuf. The name serves to describe its formation, the word being derived from *cinque*, five, *dita*, finger, *i.e.* the breadth of five fingers, which will generally be found the width of the blades of these weapons at the extreme hilt. In the finer examples the blade was utilised as the field for the richest ornamentation; Fineguerra, Baldini, and Barbari deigning to execute the designs



No. 676.—A Sword, Italian, second half Fifteenth Century.

No. 673.—A "Cinquedea," Venetian, Fifteenth Century.

No. 669.—A "Cinquedea," Venetian, Fifteenth Century.



No. 201.—A Salade, early Fifteenth Century.



No. 200.—Italian Salade, last years of Fifteenth Century.



No. 210.—A Venetian Salade, middle of the Fifteenth Century.



No. 208.—A Tilting Salade, Fifteenth Century.



No. 202.—A Barbute Salade, Italian, middle of the Fifteenth Century.



No. 214.—A Tilting Salade, German, late Fifteenth Century.



No. 91.—A Salade, French, middle of the Fifteenth Century.

either in fine aquaforte engraving, or in the more beautiful gold niello. In this collection there are thirteen examples, all choice specimens, but alas! four of them almost ruined by the vigorous over-cleaning of the past.

The finest of the series is No. 673, which, by the introduction of gilt Roman coins, produces an effect of richness that it would be difficult to improve. Had the cinquedea No. 669 been in a less corroded condition, it would have surpassed any in the collection for beauty of design and workmanship. Unhappily, from the centre of the grip downwards, the surface, and even part of the outline have perished from rust oxidisation, due, no doubt, to long immersion in water; but notwithstanding this the outline of the pommel and grip scarcely fail to convey an idea of its past beauty.

The duration of the fashion for the *cinquedea* may be roughly estimated at from forty to sixty years, or from about 1440 to 1500.

In our appreciation of the last-named weapon we may have passed over a few objects of high interest, although they can scarcely be called defensive weapons; in particular the three superb little carving-knives, Nos. 749, 750, and 765 in case No. 8. The last-named deserves to be first described; for it is of the greatest importance, as upon the silver-gilt mounts that adorn the hilt are emblazoned the shield of the arms of Philip-le-Bon, Duke of Burgundy (1396-1467), four times repeated, worked in the most delicate translucent enamels, and produced at a period when the enamels of Limoges were at their zenith, causing them to be of almost universal European demand. In this case the shield of arms is surrounded by the collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece, which was instituted by Philip in honour of his marriage with Isabella of Portugal, in 1430. Down either side of the grip is introduced the motto of the same Order, "Autre N'a(u)ray." This little serving-knife was formerly in the collection of the Count Alessandro Castellain, passing into that of the Count de Nieuwerkerke, with whose collection it was exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, in 1877.



No. 10.—A Suit of Armour, German Fashion, late Fifteenth Century.

Identical in form, and varying very little in decoration, are the two other knives, Nos. 749 and 750. The former emblazoned with the arms of Rollin, Chancellor of Burgundy under Philip-le-Bon, the latter charged with those of the Sire de Dancourt, Grand Master of Artillery to that same monarch; they both come from the collection of M. Louis Carrand and the Count de Nieuwerkerke. No. 749 also formed one of the gems of M. de Meixmorans' Collection at Dijon, brought together in the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

We have now arrived at the last quarter of the fifteenth century. Embracing the defensive arms of that period, No. 10, a cap-à-pie harness of German fashion (date about 1470-90), makes a brave display, but from a true collector's point of view is far from satisfactory. The backplate, part of the helmet, the left arm, and almost the entire legs, being modern additions. The original plates, however, are stamped in places with various armourer's marks; the only one recognisable being that of Adrian Trietz, of Insbruck, impressed upon the cuff of the gauntlet.



Water-Colour Sketch.
Drawn with the Aerograph.



Stencil Work in Three Colours.
Drawn with the Aerograph.

The Aerograph.

AN ingenious instrument which has advantages over the brush for distributing colour has recently claimed some attention. The device is called the Aerograph, and it consists of a receptacle in the form of a fountain pen, through the end of which, governed by a regulating stop, colour is forced by means of power generated by the use of a treadle. The brush will not be readily abandoned in favour of this invention, but for certain purposes, as, for instance, the rapid application of colour in stencilling, the apparatus merits consideration. The instrument is well adapted for use in extensive decorative schemes, and for such a purpose it is specially recommended. In the hand of a skilful manipulator the Areograph can be utilised to produce considerable differences in effect, and it is possible to obtain with equal facility a delicate line or a spray, the amount of colour to be applied being under instantaneous control.

Applied to the imitation of crayon work a satisfactory result can be achieved in a minimum amount of time. The device is useful in such work as the completion of coloured areas in charts, the particular colours in each section having been slightly indicated by the draughtsman. For duplicating purposes it is a workable invention.

It is urged by the inventor that it is of much importance to the professional artist, as the drawing can be made before the idea becomes "dulled or lost in the drudgery or toil of slower processes." We do not endorse this particular statement in favour of the instrument, for a pencil always must be unchallenged as the best medium for briefly recording the bare notion of an



Portrait in Water Colour.
Drawn with the Aerograph.



Ten-Minutes' Sketch.
Drawn with the Aerograph.

idea. The inspiration which passes so quickly that the mind retains no permanent quickening, is scarcely worth classifying with the flights of the imagination which induce serious application to his craft on the part of the artist, who is unworthy of his profession if he will not submit himself to drudgery and toil unceasing. This is perhaps a quibble at an expression which is well meant in intention, but which is not entirely convincing.

The Areograph is extensively used in colouring pottery, and to several eminent manufacturers it has proved a satisfactory appliance. The precise and various purposes to which its application has been found practicable may be ascertained at 30, Memorial Hall Buildings, Farringdon Street, London. Our reproductions from drawings made with the instrument give some idea of the results obtainable; but the somewhat woolly appearance of these illustrations is one only of a variety of effects we have seen accomplished.



Portrait in Water Colours.
Drawn with the Aerograph.



Ten-Minutes' Sketch.
Drawn with the Aerograph.



Ten-Minutes' Sketch.
Drawn with the Aerograph.



Dantesque Madonna.
From the Campo Santo, Pisa. Painter unknown.

The Influence of Dante upon the Art of his Century.

NO one, I suppose, will deny to each of the arts its especial province. Music represents emotions beyond the compass of words, words have a wider scope than any external art. Painting, in her turn, can represent more vividly and more forcibly the facts of the external world.

It is dangerous, perhaps, as a matter of theory, to go farther than a few plain words like these. But if we take two pieces of painting, and find that, though they show equal command of materials, one instinctively pleases, and the other as instinctively repels: if, again, we take the same story in a book and in a picture, and find that in one case it is noble, in the other merely repulsive, then, I suppose, there is no harm in our stopping to ask why. The task is easier, the discovery will be more profitable.

To all who know anything of Tuscan art, the names of Cimabue, Giotto, Orcagna, are household words. Yet the ideas connected with them are apt to be merely scattered and vague, or else the over-emphasised perceptions of some strong mind which has made one of them its especial study. Let it be allowed us to particularise in a general way.

Cimabue was a painter of purely religious pieces, with no attempt at naturalism, but a very definite seeking after beauty. Giotto was both much wider in scope, and intensely realistic in aim: striving by all his powers—imperfect though they were—to paint life as it is. His symbolism, when it comes, is plain and direct, usually expressed in single figures. Next after him comes Simone Memmi. He has made no advance as a craftsman, and has only become more introspective and thoughtful. Then comes the period with which we propose to deal.

There is a spirit very clearly visible to the visitor in Florence: and though he may connect it with no very definite time, he does with one name: viz., that of Orcagna. It is a spirit, suggestive but unmistakable; betrayed rather by change of mood than change of subject: though it has to a large extent introduced, instead of the painting of life actual, the symbolical treatment of all that connects it with things beyond. Even subjects of a more ordinary kind, however, are given a mystic turn. We notice strange beasts about the fringes of the picture, stray uncouth demons intruding here and there, giving us the feeling that there are gentlemen of their kind in abundance lurking outside. What is the cause of this new and hardly wholesome atmosphere? Where are we to realise it? Whence are we to trace it? As an artistic influence, how admirable is it? These are the questions to be investigated here.

There is much to be seen in Florence herself, as in certain other places in Tuscany: but its effect is damped to some extent by other influences round. To find it in perfectness let us go to Pisa, to that Campo Santo which is at once so beautiful, so curious, and so famous.

Although this little burial-ground is well known



Giottesque Madonna. From the Church of St. Francis, Assisi. By Giotto.

enough, a few words describing it can do no harm. The whole place is an oblong, pretty far removed from the square. There are high unbroken walls all round, within them broad arcades, and within again a comparatively small space open to the sky, in which the bodies of the dead rest. The slope of the roofs is steep, and they rest on the inner side upon graceful traceries of geometrical gothic set in round-headed openings, through which the pictures on the long walls can be easily seen from the other side. The whole place has so much wall, roof, and tracery as to give it the appearance of an annex to some great institution, rather than of an open-air burial-ground. The sense of peace is beyond description.

We would fain linger over this, but we are come to see the pictures. Those that concern us cover the whole of one long wall and part of another; they are by various painters; but three at the left end attributed to the brothers Orcagna may claim our attention. We choose them out of the others, not because they are the only ones exhibiting the spirit we speak of, but because they indicate its source. The reader may, taking the description given, re-discover it in many paintings at Florence, in those of Spinello at Arrezzo, and others besides those in the Campo Santo itself. The attribution to the Orcagnas has been questioned, and, though I am not here to quarrel with or defend it, I cannot forbear a word on the subject, as it does throw light indirectly on something which concerns us now.

Dante died in 1321, Andrea Orcagna in 1389, *i.e.*, sixty-eight years afterwards. If his life overlapped with Dante's he must have died an old man. There is no precise record of his birth, but the question of his style may throw some light on the matter. The tendency of artists is towards longevity; and in old age we often notice a change: always, with men of character, tending to inspire them with a restless and troublous spirit. Now the grounds on which these works have been doubted as those of Orcagna are, so far as I can understand, the presence of such a spirit as this, as contrasted with more tranquil paintings in Florence. Put the date of Orcagna's birth at 1310, and you have him aged somewhere between fifty and sixty years old at the time when these paintings, by common consent, were executed; the very time when we should expect the change referred to to be beginning to take hold on him.

With this preface, let us examine the paintings. The first compartment is, on the whole, the best known and the most praised. We must agree that it is very vigorous and full of incident, abounding in ideas, and therefore to be examined carefully. In the lower part at each side is portrayed the life that is of the world, worldly; on the one side, in the lazy joys of shade and song; on the other, in the more active exercises of the field. On the company beneath the trees Death is sweeping down with a huge scythe; in her course the cripples, the poverty-stricken, call out to her for a merciful stroke, but she passes them without a sign. So Death comes on the idle. The more active have warning of her by the way. The riders find in their path corpses on whom the worms fatten, consuming them one by one. If a glance at the bodies is not enough to tell us the state of things, the attitude of one rider, with his fingers to his nose, hints it significantly enough. Above these images of death a hermit's life is set forth, with all the attendant pastoral doings. In the middle of and to the right of the upper part of the panel rise up the spirits of the dead; angels and demons contend for them in the air, and they are

borne, some to bliss on high, some to torment in the depths.

A glance is enough to assure us that the painter has no real care of beauty. This is not the result of archaism as some may be tempted to suppose. Others who went before showed much more sense of it, though none of them had the power to enable them to draw that magnificent figure of Death sweeping through the air. This ugliness is a necessary attendant on the painter's purpose and frame of mind. He gives the ugliest details, as in a hideous checked garment in which one of the bodies is clothed, chooses the ugliest moments in a chain of events, making the souls, represented as fair-sized children, pass through the mouths of the bodies they inhabited, straining them as they go. The fiends who claim them are as hideous as fiends need be, the angels who rescue them are unlovely; and below that foul stench rises up continually, to remind us that poor human nature decays and grows rank if not put away decently and quickly into the ground when its ill-starred spirit has left it.



Madonna of the Liberation. From a picture in the Accademia, Florence. By Fra Filippo Lippi.

Let us pass now to the last of the three. Although it can hardly be said that here there is anything more revolting to the physical sense, yet from it we understand how utterly the painter has descended into hell, to rise up, not purified and cleansed, but ready to glut the fancy of men with foulness and fury. The incidents of the representation are horrible enough, every imaginable torture goes on, all the resources of the elemental and reptile world are pressed into the service of punishment, while in the middle sits a huge giant—a crust of armour with a belly of fire—holding two victims in his hands, while others, like parasitic vermin, crawl about his body and torture themselves in its jutting flames.

He has descended into hell, but he cannot stay there. He comes out, and corrupts every sweet, every lovely thing. The strugglings of the earliest art have yet left us with the idea of a Virgin sweet, patient, and reverent: with some grace of motherhood; with some sense of the descent of a divine thing upon her; with some memorial humility and hopeful aspiration. Look at her now! Gaunt, hard-featured, arrogant. All earthly charm taken from her, and no heavenly light infused. Mary, truly in bitterness; the bitterness of her own hard, unforgiving spirit. Christ's mother in nothing: rather, the woman sterilized into the judge, she sits enthroned. Honoured by ministrants whose service she accepts, whose love she terrifies, whose worship she disregards.

Indeed, it is a consummation sad enough; but sadder, almost, to think that it was all due to the influence of one of the greatest works that ever came single out of the mind of man: the Divine Comedy of Dante. The Inferno, I might almost have said, since it was thence that the painters really drew their ideas: but let me, albeit with some diffidence, examine into the general characteristics of the poem in so far as they concern the matter before us.

In the first place it is taken up almost entirely with beings of the shadow world; Dante himself being the only living man who figures there.

In the next place the poem describes for the greater part painful scenes, not pleasant ones. It is true that the third book is full of thoughts of the utmost comfort and loveliness: but, as in the case of most ideas of the like nature, they are too slight to be treated in plastic form: for example the moving of a star-like spirit along the arm of an illumined cross. (Paradiso, XV.) Moreover the poet has warned his readers generally to fall back and not follow him here ("o! voi chi siete," etc., Canto II.), a command in which they have, for the most part wisely enough, obeyed him.

Horrible as are the images used to bring guilt home to sin, they are not of Dante's own devising. There is hardly any great writer but found much of his materials ready-made: and the poem would never have made the profound impression it did in its author's lifetime had he used images with which his readers were not familiar. Fires there were before Dante, but he first confined them to lakes on the banks of which men might walk and watch the souls burning. Devils there were, but he lengthened and sharpened their claws. The instruments

of torture which tradition had left vague he ordered and specified; thus filling the mind with awful concrete images, which endure to this day.

In the third place the poem is charged with thought like a storm-laden sky with electricity. Not only religious thought, but the hates and loves of the time; often commonplace, sometimes unworthy: and, even though Dante wrote a prose work to explain it, in any respectable edition the commentary exceeds the text.

We have then these three things. Scenes in which spiritual persons are the actors; scenes mainly of horror or pain; and, lastly, so fully charged with meanings that the author's own text is insufficient to convey them.

There is one other characteristic which deserves a separate consideration. People are not treated in the mass, but individually. It needed a longer pedigree to get into the Inferno than to enjoy life on earth in high places. The actors in the comedy, then, are few and distinguished: every one who speaks is known to Dante and should be known to the reader.

Now, of all the characteristics mentioned only this last is certainly of any value to the painter. One can conceive that, other considerations being waived, fine subjects might have been made of, for instance, the meeting of Dante and Virgil with Cato. But this is not the aspect which struck on these painters. They were profoundly impressible with the influences the poem brought to bear on them. They realised and applied to their own souls its awful threatenings if not its sublime rewards: and in the midst of terror and excitement they missed those great figures that might have been of value to them.

It will be said, "How is it certain that the paintings are inspired by the actual poem and not by the general spirit of the time?" That they do reflect that spirit is evident; but they none the less draw it out of the poem itself. Dante once for all put the teaching of that school of theology into a form that there was no gainsaying and no amending. He defined what was vague before, and anyone who wished to represent it in concrete form must and did go to him.

The interval between the poem and the paintings may strike us as a second objection at first sight; but really it is only what we ought to expect. In the first place there was in Dante's lifetime a very strong influence at work in the field of art: viz. that of Giotto. He outlived Dante by fifteen years, and though a close friend of the latter, was not in any way dominated by him. He was widely employed in Padua, at Assisi, besides in Florence herself; and when he died, he left a strong body of workers brought up under his influence: Memmi, Gaddi, and the rest. The nature of this influence, we have already sketched; and all this would be enough to account for the delay, were there not another and a more general cause.

Living arts deal only with figures familiar and established. A Tuscan painter of Orcagna's day had no leisure to be reading yesterday's novel or studying the latest print. It is only where the stock-in-trade of one art has passed into men's minds, when its figures are familiar—when it has become part of life, in a word—that another art has any business to treat it seriously. The forms of architecture do not appear in contemporary paintings, but only in those done after an interval of some years. The story of Faust as made manifest by Goethe in verse found its expression in music after just such another interval as we are contending for here.

The conclusion is, then, that the same subject has made a noble poem and a depraved school of art. How is this to be accounted for?

Partly, of course, because the painters did not read the whole poem, but of reality only in a very small part. There is a more essential reason. The same things are not food for both arts. In painting much thought may oppress, continuous incident will be troublesome; things of the spirit world are unsatisfactory: the ugly or obscure is impossible. All these assertions may seem dogmatic, but they are founded on reason and the reason is not hard to find.

The function of sight is to realise actual and apparent things, beyond all other senses. *Seeing* is believing we say: and exactly as its power to realise the visible is mighty, its power to realise the invisible is restrained.

Secondly, that thought oppresses the painter must be evident to all who think. Heavy brows make idle hands, or at least confine them to some mechanical occupation. All paths are free to thought, the unlovely often, the invisible by tendency and choice. Moreover, historically the proposition has been found true: and this in spite of the fact that some of the greatest painters have been the most thoughtful men.

In the case of Michelangelo the profound thought was controlled and kept at a distance during his prime, but in old age it burst out and overpowered his fingers. His art lost its natural grace and became a tempest of ideas until finally the plastic power dwindled into the drawing of crucifixes for his friends. Much the same thing happened to Botticelli in old age, only in him the art power failed suddenly and altogether. Dürer did not live to be an old man, or the same thing had certainly happened to him. Great men tend towards abstract thought in old age; but if it tend to choke a painter's productions then, plainly it cannot be wholesome for his art at any time.

Lastly, why is it that art may never be by intention ugly? Ought she not to try and influence moral ideas, and must she not use all means needful for this?

I think all her acts must be ordered with reference to one great end, which is to inflame our spirits by the presentment of what is noble or beautiful. To lead us on by pointing to the heights above, not to the gulfs behind; to encourage us with the waving banner of hope, not flog us with our iniquities; by showing us the best, to inspire us to become the best. It is at once her limitation and her glory. We do not seek out physical ugliness in life: we tolerate it if need be, but we do not seek to perpetuate it, to people the Isle with Calibans.

Dante himself was not a happy man, and I sometimes wonder whether the world is happier for all he has written. But this is not the point. Perhaps the world ought not to be happier for him; but it ought to be happier for its pictures; and it is because of this that men like the Orcagnas have failed.

It is because of this that modern art has failed too. She has forgotten that straight lines are for the carpenter, lamp-light for the romancer, rioting and drunkenness for the Exeter Hall lecturer, wraiths for the theosophist. In aspiring to teach, she has forgotten how to praise. Her eye has fallen from the star of beauty that used to lead her, and her feet are floundering in muddy ways.

Watch again, O mistress, for the loveliness of things; lift up your eyes and we will trust your feet. Lead us among the flowers, and we will be gentle; show us majesty, and we will be strong; paint for us, as of old, the gate of the heavenly city, and we will enter and be at peace.

ADDISON MCLEOD.



"Music" Frieze.
Designed by J. Scarratt Rigby

New Designs for Wall-papers.

CUSTOMS and localities change, and amid the general evolution of things, the neighbourhood of Berners Street has come to be one of the recognised centres of the wall-paper industry—not, that is, of the actual manufacture, but of exhibition and distribution. Messrs. Jeffrey, therefore, whose factory in Essex Road has hitherto been the only site of their show-rooms also, are to be congratulated on having opened fresh premises for the latter purpose in the more accessible position of Mortimer Street.

It will be remembered that this firm have, for a number of years past, made a speciality of decorations from designs by Mr. Walter Crane. It requires a hand thoroughly accustomed to the artist's style of treatment to be able to interpret it for mechanical reproduction; and it is indeed astonishing with what skill and fidelity Mr. Crane's drawings are rendered. His patterns and scheme of colouring are often of such a complex nature as to strain the capacity of process and material to the uttermost. And yet the result never gives the impression of their having been thinned down from a more elaborate composition in the original to a modified and impoverished version of the same.

The above remarks apply, for instance, to a recent design of Mr. Crane's, "The Cornfield," the *motif* whereof its name appropriately indicates. The composition is of many colours, from the yellow of the corn to the blue and red of cornflowers and poppies respectively. It is an involved pattern and somewhat lacking in the bold masses and leading lines upon which most of Mr. Crane's decorative designs are based. On the other hand the artist's "Fruit" frieze, for those who admire this particular kind of ornament, could scarcely be excelled. It consists of a pronounced swag of brilliantly contrasting colours, with delicately outlined ribbons and scallop shells. Yet another design of the same artist's is the "Olive" filling, which, while meeting the taste for a French stripe, offers, in the adaptation of natural forms, something of greater interest than mere abstract perpendicular bands.

It is always a clever achievement to employ the human figure satisfactorily in repeated ornament, the general rule being that the higher the organism, the less readily it lends itself to mechanical reduplication. There is, indeed, a sense of artificiality in the aspect of a man or woman recurring, line for line, in one identical attitude, although, of course, in any process like wall-paper printing or machine weaving variation is out of the question. Experiments which involve this problem cannot fail, therefore, to furnish a profitable object-lesson to the artist. Three cases in point occur among Messrs. Jeffrey's more recent wall-decorations.

First comes Mr. Walter Crane's "Dawn," a design in



Peacock Wall-paper.
Designed by W. B. Macdougall.

which an allegorical figure, enclosed, cameo-fashion, within a medallion, is repeated at set intervals; but the whole is of such conventional, nay, even architectural, character, as to lose all effect of disagreeable monotony. If the difficulty here is rather avoided than overcome, Mr. Scarratt Rigby, in the second place, fearlessly encounters the situation. In his "Music" frieze he introduces three female figures, which repeat in clear silhouette and with a regularity that no artifice seeks to temper nor disguise. Beautiful and decorative though these be as units, how far it would conduce to rest and contentment to live with such a closely recurrent sequence all round one's room could only be proved by experience. Thirdly, is a design by an artist of the Birmingham school, Miss Dorothy Hilton, which offers perhaps as good a treatment of figures as could be desired. Intended for a nursery paper, the subject, the game of "Oranges and Lemons," comprises a number of children at the foot of an orange and a lemon tree, with intertwined branches. The figures, while they fall into a perfectly balanced group, form a graceful undulating line, and, taken one by one, present a marvellous variety in pose as well as in costume; notwithstanding that for the exigencies of the block-cutting, nearly all their faces are shown in profile. Their print frocks are rendered with a directness and a simplicity in diversity that is particularly effective. The whole is a harmony of somewhat pale tints. This



The "Bray" Wall-paper.
Designed by A. F. Vigers.



"Olive Stripe" Wall-paper.
Designed by Walter Crane.

young artist, if she follows up her present success, should have before her a brilliant career as a designer.

In contrast to the last-named work, though, like it, also a machine-printed paper, is Mr. Macdougall's "Peacock" decoration. The drawing of the peacocks perched on stiff-clipped yew trees is very quaint and decorative, while a bright and strong combination of colours carries out the ornamental scheme to perfection, and demonstrates how rich a result may be obtained by judicious use of the inexpensive mechanical process.

Less ambitious, no doubt, but for practical purposes more generally useful, are designs based on the lower organism of the vegetable creation. Among the foremost designers in this branch is Mr. Heywood Sumner, who, like Mr. Walter Crane, made his reputation first as an illustrator of books. His stained-glass design and his sgraffito decoration have become so well known in the artistic world that his remarkable gift of ornamental rendering of floral forms has scarcely received the amount of attention that is its due. So powerful, indeed, and so individual is his manner that one can practically without hesitation recognise this artist's hand whenever one meets anything that he produces, albeit there is no sort of sameness either in his range of subject or method of treatment. Mr. Sumner's "Columbine" wall-paper is an admirable instance of naturalism confined within the strictest limits that ornament need prescribe. The exquisite form of this most picturesque of flowers—likened by the Latins to the eagle and, in the gentler imagination of our mediæval forefathers, to a cluster of homing doves—is reproduced with a fidelity to nature almost vividly real. The spurred petals, become detached and floating like



The "Columbine" Wall-paper.
Designed by Heywood Sumner.

birds on the wing, carry out the graceful fancy of a flight of doves, at the same time that they impart a welcome feature in the main lines of the pattern. The excellent effect of the design itself is heightened by printing in wash tints or blended tones of colour. But, agreeable as broken surfaces are in the single piece, there is no denying they have a tendency, when the paper is hung, to produce an abrupt transition of colour at the junction of two breadths. It requires, therefore, the exertion of special care on the part of the manufacturer, in dealing with these processes, to provide against any such contingency.

Another artist, whose work seems likely to attract an increasing degree of notice, is Mr. A. F. Vigers. Able as he is, perhaps it would be more correct to describe him as a draughtsman than as a practised designer of ornament. He certainly exhibits much skill and taste in rendering the details of plant form in a manner that recalls the illustrations of some old Herbal; but judged by the standard of strict decoration, it is not to be claimed that Mr. Viger's designs are invariably successful. In the first place his lavish wealth of incident is apt to degenerate into overcrowding and confusion. A closely filled surface such as results from this treatment might be suitable enough in a textile—for example in cretonne for covering an arm-chair or sofa—but it lacks breadth and dignity when spread over a flat wall-surface. And, further, Mr. Vigers sometimes omits to execute all the several parts of his composition, as it were, upon one uniform plane of ornament. That is to say, some parts are much conventionalised, while others are almost literal transcripts of nature to the life; and these, combined in one single composition, cannot be relied on to constitute so congruous a whole as if all elements introduced had first been reduced to one common denominator. Now the above criticism is not meant to depreciate Mr. Vigers in the least. His faults are such as the best and greatest of our designers, including even William Morris himself, have at one time or other been known to commit. But there is no reason why, with his accurate powers of observation of nature and his keen appreciation of its charms, added to a colour sense ranging from the most audacious combinations to the softest and tenderest blendings of hue, Mr. Vigers should not attain to very high eminence and proficiency as a designer. But he must learn to exercise more rigid censorship over himself, eliminating all superfluous detail and the tangle that results from its presence, and cultivating on the contrary greater definition and boldness in the mass—in a word, he must have regard solely to the appearance of the work as finished and placed in position. The "Bray" pattern, composed of arrow-heads, marsh-marigolds and forget-me-nots, is a fair average example of Mr. Vigers' design. It exhibits his too-favourite practice of making parts of the pattern overlap one another, while at the same time it is not altogether deficient in symmetrical arrangement of line and contrasted spaces of dark and light.

Mr. Ingram Taylor's "Laonda" design is intended to supply the want of those who require a wall decoration to harmonise with French furniture. It provides, by means of a band of rose sprigs printed across the top of each length of paper, the rather novel effect of a frieze and field combined, without the sharp horizontal line that usually divides the former from the wall-space below.



The "Laonda" Wall Decoration.
Designed by Ingram Taylor.

The latter is covered by an unobtrusive pattern of abstract diaper work.

It remains only to mention Mr. Haité's characteristic designs of heraldic lions and oak leaves, obviously conceived as appropriate souvenirs of the Coronation.

AYMER VALLANCE.



1 2 3

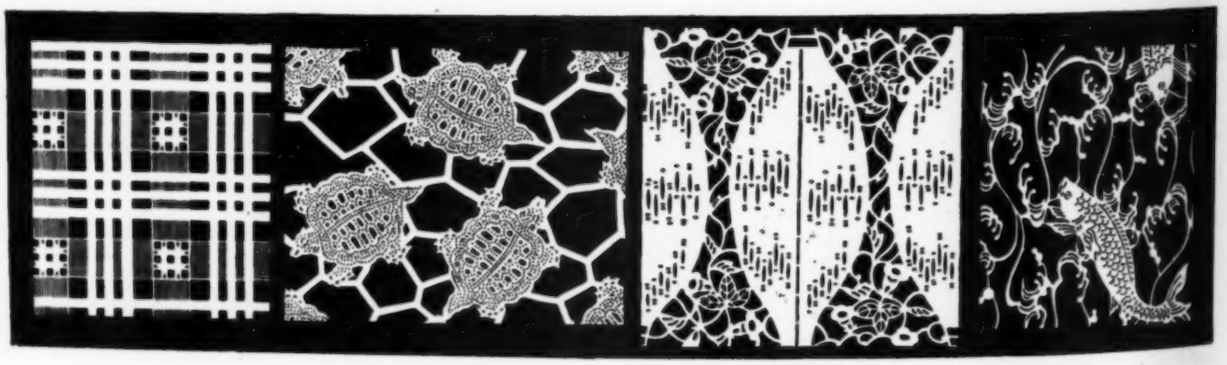
Miniature Reproduction of old Japanese Stencils, showing decorative treatment of Leafage and Birds.

A Plea for the Stencil.

TO contend that the value of stencilling as a method of decoration is not appreciated in this country to the extent that it might and should be, is to repeat an old cry, but nevertheless it is still true as when the question was first raised a number of years ago. If any advance has been made at all in this regard, it is unquestionably due to the labours of some few enthusiasts who have studied the works of Oriental artists, and have done their best to make their beauties known over here, to the end that examples so excellent might be followed by the Western artist and craftsman. The publication of Mr. Andrew W. Tuer's book on Japanese stencils, followed by that of Mr. Hiatt, and supplemented by the practical work of Mr. Rottmann, Mr. Arthur Silver, Mr. Aldam Heaton, and one or two more, has certainly aroused some degree of interest in this particular method of enriching flat surfaces; indeed, even our Science and Art Department has been moved to offer awards in national competition for designs capable of being rendered in the manner under discussion, and the results have, in many cases, been extremely good. But, for all that, much has yet to be done before the stencil plate is employed in the embellishment of our homes as much as its peculiar claims to respect and favour demand that it should be.

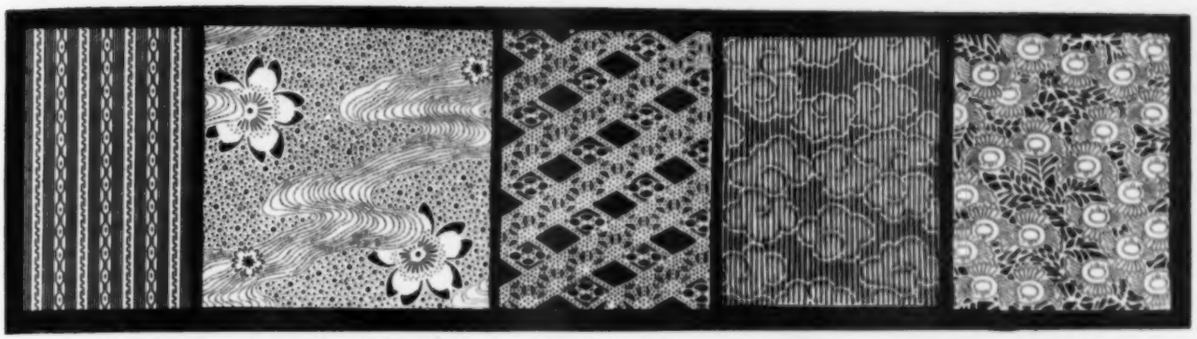
The stencils illustrated here are from the collection of Mr. Frank Jackson, whose rare old pewter formed the subject of two articles in these pages in 1899; some of them were purchased by him in Japan, and others were formerly the property of Mr. Ernest Hart. Mr. Jackson is a member of the Japan Society, a keen enthusiast on all matters Japanese, and I feel exceptionally favoured that he should place so many of his treasures at my disposal, that readers of THE ART JOURNAL may share the enjoyment associated with their examination.

It is not necessary for me to give a lengthy description of the method by which the Japs make their stencils, for that is by this time pretty well known. Suffice it to say that the bolder patterns are cut from a single sheet, but in those where very fine detail, too fragile to resist the strength of the brush, is introduced, two sheets are cut simultaneously, across one of them are laid fine strands of silk—human hair is sometimes employed—and then the fellow is laid on top, and the two become one, a very strong adhesive being used to keep them together. The presence of these connecting strands is clearly apparent in the fish design, Fig. 7, in Fig. 10, and Fig. 11, but in actual stencilling they would not be seen, as they are too thin to prevent the colour from the brush circulating beneath them. The paper selected by the Japanese stencil-cutter is of a very lasting character—generally manufactured from mulberry fibre—and its



4 5 6 7

Miniature Reproduction of old Japanese Stencils, showing decorative treatment of Fish, Shields, Tortoise, and other Forms.



8 9 10 11 12

Miniature Reproduction of old Japanese Stencils, illustrating the comparative effects of "punching" and "cutting."

powers of resistance are often increased by a coating of hard-drying oil or varnish.

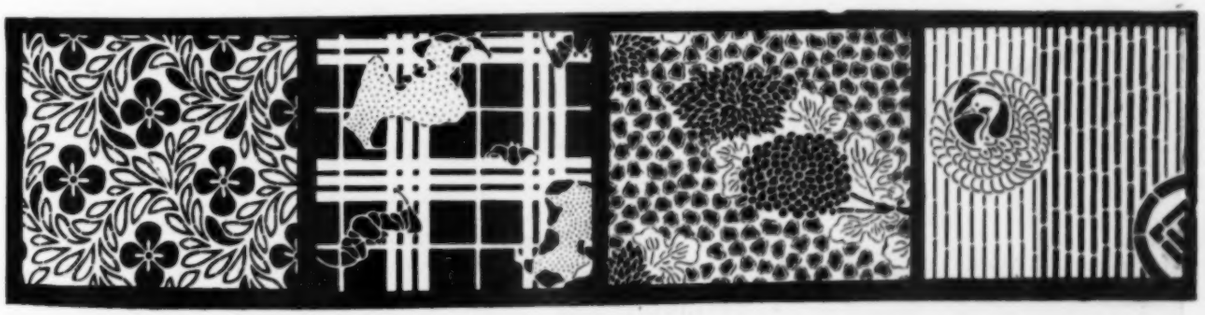
The designs are cut by means of knives as sharp as razors, and punches of different sizes. Most of those shown here are knife-cut only, but Figs. 5, 9, 10, and 12 illustrate the skilful employment of both knife and punch. True! the craze for all things Japanese is over, but the influence of the work of the artists of the Land of the Sun upon that of our own less inviting latitudes has been greater than many people imagine. For instance, it is only necessary to glance for a moment at Figs. 2, 12, and 13, herewith, to guess where some of our designers of wall-papers and textile fabrics have been for inspiration. Fig. 3, with its twigs, leaves, and birds, is extremely delicate in conception and execution; the tortoise comes into Fig. 5, in which it is interesting to note how the lines of the connecting network roughly accord with the shape of the animal named; hide shields form the *motif* of Fig. 6, while the principal feature in Fig. 9, to which attention should be drawn, is the vigorous sweep of dots swirling between the blossoms. Fig. 11 is, I think, unusually clever, even though not particularly decorative, the effect being obtained almost entirely by the thickening and thinning of parallel lines. Fig. 14 is a quaint treatment of bats, and in the last design presented, Fig. 16, we have a conventionalised bird which, judging from recent work of theirs, some of our school-of-art students must have studied pretty closely.

It must be remembered that "one stencil one colour" is not the rule. Many colours, in all manners of graduating shades, are often employed upon one and the same plate, and then it is that the greatest possibilities of stencilling are revealed. Indeed, to obtain variety of effect, it is no uncommon thing for two or more plates to be employed on a single pattern, which afterwards may be further touched-up by the skilled artist, with the result that it is very difficult to discover that stencils have been employed at all.

In answer to the question, "What articles does the Japanese artist decorate in this way?" the reply must be that their name is "legion." The silks, cottons, and crêpes of which the native apparel of the Japs principally consists are rendered beautiful in this way, the men's loose flowing robes and the women's *kimonos* coming in for a special share of attention. Then, the *kakemono*, or wall-picture, is sometimes stencilled, and so, too, are the panels of screens; the artist in lacquer requisitions the stencil plate to transfer the design upon which he is to work, and the embroideress avails herself of it for the same purpose. One may safely say that there are few branches of Japanese applied art in which the stencil-plate does not play some part or another, though in many of the results obtained its employment is not in any way revealed.

Is it not reasonable to suggest that it would be well if some of our young folks at home, who delight in covering door panels, plaques, vases, and drain-pipes with representations of languorous lilies and despondent daffodils, were to try their hands at stencil designing and cutting, aspiring to rival even the Japanese in this their special field? It is not essential that they should endeavour to compete with the minute intricacy of the Orientals, for that is hardly possible; breadth of treatment has its charm in stencilling as in other means of decoration.

R. DAVIS BENN.



13 14 15 16

Miniature Reproduction of old Japanese Stencils, showing decorative treatment of the Stork, Chrysanthemum, Bat, and other natural forms.



From the picture in the Collection of George McCulloch, Esq.

Towards the End of the Journey.
By J. Coutts Michie.

J. Coutts Michie, A.R.S.A.

NO student of modern art movements can fail to be interested in the progress and development of the Scottish school. It has so many important characteristics and such a peculiar atmosphere of originality, that it can hardly be judged by the standards which are applicable to the art of other countries. There seems to be inherent to the race a certain love of poetic expression, which has a very marked effect upon the tendencies of Scottish painting. It shows itself not only in choice of subject, but as well in the management of colour and tone, and even in many details of technical practice. To its operation is due much of the romantic quality which gives to the production of almost all the members of the school a high degree of persuasiveness, and a pervading sentiment which appeals strongly to all lovers of delicate suggestion. It is presumably a reflection of the national character, the result of associations and surroundings which have affected in a definite manner the mental growth of the people; and for this reason, despite its dominating influence, it has never become a mere convention to be followed without proper appreciation of its meaning.



Penserosa.
By J. Coutts Michie.

Indeed, one of the best merits of the school is that it allows to all the men who belong to it complete freedom of action, and does not bind them down to observe any set formula. Though the influence of national sentiment is strong upon them as a mass, each individual puts his own interpretation upon the general tradition, and uses it only so far as it will help him to define his personal view of artistic responsibility. There is in Scotland much less of that deliberate following in the wake of this or that leader, which elsewhere divides pictorial practice into a few definite classes and causes the formation of a series of little schools more or less in opposition to one another. It is possible there to judge each man by himself, and to credit him with a full measure of independence; he is not merely one of a group controlled by a code of rules which apply equally to every member.

It is probably because of this independence that so many Scottish artists excel in more than one branch of practice. They are remarkable for their versatility and for their readiness to adapt themselves to new conditions, and they never hesitate to break fresh ground if they think that by so doing they can give freer expression to their artistic convictions. They are so sensitive to the suggestions which nature offers, that they seem

to rebel against everything which might tend to force them into a narrow groove, or to confine them within limits likely to prevent them from ranging about in search of new material. Yet this love of change is not mere restlessness without reason or balance; it is always directed by a shrewd sense of what is æsthetically correct, and it very rarely leads to any extravagance of method. At its worst it shows itself in a somewhat excessive desire for experiment; but at its best it stimulates the production of a number of interesting works which bear indisputably the stamp of original thought and have the charm of wholesome unexpectedness.



Miss Muriel Wallace.
By J. Coutts Michie.

In the case of such an artist as Mr. J. Coutts Michie it is to his possession of a full measure of the best characteristics of his race that his right to attention is primarily due. He is typically a member of the modern Scottish school, and both in the matter and the manner of his work shows plainly what have been the influences by which he has been shaped. Like so many of his fellows, he is a man of wide range and full of artistic resource; he is a craftsman of marked ability, and he never fails to give to his pictures that atmosphere of tender poetry which is only attainable by the sympathetic observer who has perfect faith in nature's infallibility.

His career has been in some respects unusual, for he has enjoyed a greater number of educational opportunities than fall to the lot of the average man. He was born in Aberdeenshire in 1861, and at the age of sixteen became a student in the Board of Manufactures School at Edinburgh, working in the Antique Room and in the Academy life school. Four years later he gained a gold medal in the National Competition for a figure picture of 'Silenus and Bacchus,' and was also awarded a scholarship by the Academy. On the strength of this scholarship he went to Rome for a year, and then changed his quarters to Paris, where he entered Carolus-Duran's studio for a while before returning to Aberdeen.

In 1883 came what seemed likely to be a serious break in his professional progress. He had even then made a reputation as a portrait-painter, and was busy with a number of important commissions. But his health broke down badly as a consequence of a sharp attack of Roman



Haytime in the Fens.
By J. Coutts Michie.

fever, and he had to abandon his work and betake himself to Tangiers in the hope that the climate of that place would help him to recovery. To a young artist actually on the threshold of permanent success, such a check to his progress must have been bitterly disappointing, and the four years which he was compelled to spend in Tangiers before his health was fully re-established must have seemed weary enough. But he did not allow this to be a wasted time, for as soon as he was able to get about he began to make sketches of the picturesque scenery and life by which he was surrounded; and before his period of probation came to an end in 1887, he had painted two important pictures in which he embodied the knowledge which he had gathered during his stay in a country which has inspired many other artists with admirable ideas. One of these pictures was called 'Prayer,' and represented a negro kneeling in a field and surrounded by a flock of sheep; the other, 'Taken the Veil,' was a scene in a harem, a young girl assuming for the first time the veil which every Mahommedan woman must wear. This ceremony is attended with various religious observances, so the subject gave the artist an opportunity for producing an effective composition of groups of women burning incense round the girl, who, by putting on the veil, declares her accession to the state of womanhood.



A Picardy Landscape.
By J. Coutts Michie.

When at last Mr. Coutts Michie was able to take up his life again in Aberdeen he quickly recovered the ground which he had lost by his prolonged stay abroad. He soon was busy with a fresh batch of portraits, and with these and occasional pictures he was able to occupy himself satisfactorily enough. In 1890, however, he found an additional outlet for his energies, for he set to work to reconstruct the Aberdeen Artists' Society, which had got into difficulties. He gave a very practical proof of his sincerity in this undertaking by paying the debts of the society himself; and with the assistance of the Marquis of Huntly, who became its President, and of Mr. James Murray, of Glenburnie Park, he soon succeeded in making this association an active and influential concern. It is now one of the most flourishing art societies in the whole of Scotland, and its annual exhibitions, held at Aberdeen, are admirable displays of modern art work. In 1891 he joined with Mr. Robert Noble to start another association, the Society of Scottish Artists, and in 1893 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. Two years later, desiring apparently a wider field of practice, he established himself in a studio in London, and since that he has divided his time between the metropolis and Aberdeen.



Lady Mackenzie of Glen-Muick.
By J. Coutts Michie.

There are two sides to his art, in both of which he may fairly claim to have gained more than ordinary distinction. He is a clever figure-painter, and in the long list of his portraits, many of admirable quality stand out as notable assertions of his power; but he is also a landscape-painter of exquisite subtlety and sympathy. He began his practice in portraiture early in his student days, for he was not more than nineteen when he painted the Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly, and Sir John Innes; and to the period between 1880 and 1883 belong his pictures of 'Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks,' 'Lady Wickham,' 'Sir Allan Mackenzie,' and of many other people of note in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen. During the past ten or twelve years the number of his achievements in this branch of art has been very greatly increased. He has counted among his sitters

the Earl and Countess of Southesk, Baron Whettnall, the Belgian Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's, Mrs. George McCulloch, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop, the Misses Colls, Lady Mackenzie (p. 292), Mrs. Hingley, and Sir David and Lady Stewart; and he has painted, besides, many presentation portraits, among them those of 'C. J. Todd, Esq.' (p. 293), for the Waxchandlers' Company; 'Sir Benjamin Baker' and 'Harrison Hayter, Esq.,' for the Institute of Civil Engineers; 'Sir George Bruce,' and 'Hugh Mathieson, Esq.,' the Indian merchant. In all these portraits there is evident a great deal of close and sincere observation of character, and a thoroughness of executive statement which can be unreservedly commended. In his pictures of young girls, Mr. Michie is especially successful. His 'Penserosa' (p. 290). and his portrait of 'Miss Muriel Wallace' (p. 291), which was exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1899. have in high measure the charm which results from the right interpretation of a dainty personality, and their attractiveness is increased by the judicious simplicity of the setting which he has given to his young sitters.

But Mr. Coutts Michie's deserved success as a portrait painter has not prevented him from taking rank among the best of our painters of pure landscape. As a student of open-air nature he shows, indeed, a feeling for aerial subtleties and an instinct for style which are only found in men who are blessed with the highest development of the artistic temperament. His landscape, true and expressive as it is, is agreeably free from those vices of realism by which uninspired workers commonly seek to conceal their want of insight into the more elusive aspects of their subjects. He views the scene that he chooses as his pictorial motive broadly, and he builds upon it a picture which has a nobly decorative quality and a largeness of manner that never fails to be rightly impressive. He errs neither in the direction of excessive simplicity nor in that of overstatement of prominent facts; and his treatment is always controlled by the love of poetic sentiment, which comes to him as part of his national inheritance. He may truly be said to be a born landscape-painter, and he has



C. J. Todd, Esq.
By J. Coutts Michie.

cultivated his natural gifts with the soundest discretion.

His first essays in this branch of art were made at an early age. He was not more than sixteen when he exhibited, and sold, a landscape in the gallery of the Royal Scottish Academy; and since then he has steadily added to the array of canvases by which he has a right to be remembered. As he has matured, his work has gained greatly in power, and many of his later pictures have been conspicuous successes in the exhibitions where they have appeared. His 'Sunshine and Shadow,' shown at Munich, was sold there to a Viennese gallery; his 'Autumn Clouds' was bought at Berlin by Herr Krupp, the famous manufacturer of warlike appliances; his 'Autumn Landscape' (p. 293), exhibited first at the New Gallery, was awarded a medal when it went in 1898 to the Paris Salon; and his pastoral, 'Towards the End of the Journey' (p. 290), his 'Haytime in the Fens' (p. 291), at the Salon in 1900, and his 'Picardy Landscape' (p. 292) at the New Gallery in 1902, have appreciably enhanced his reputation. Now he occupies an unassailable position as one of the chiefs of the younger Scottish school. He has many years before him in which to add to his already excellent record; and with his advantages of natural endowment and thorough training, his future achievement should be well worth watching. What he has already accomplished may be taken as promise of much more to come.

A. L. BALDRY.



Autumn Landscape.
By J. Coutts Michie.



John the Baptist.



Matthew.



Stephen.

Three Statues by Ghiberti, from Professor Brockhaus' "Studies on Florentine Art" (Brockhaus, Leipzig).

Recent Art Books.

THE German Press has always been remarkable for the publication of erudite and heavily illustrated works dealing scientifically with the Fine Arts. A large quarto volume which well sustains this character has just appeared from the famous firm of F. A. Brockhaus, of Leipzig, under the title of "FORSCHUNGEN ÜBER FLORENTINER KUNSTWERKE," by Professor Heinrich Brockhaus, the director of the Art Historical Institute in Florence.

The author divides his work into four parts, dealing respectively with the Ghiberti Gates, the Medici Chapel, Andrea del Castagno's fresco of the Trinity in the Church of the Annunciation, and the family picture of the Vespucci, by Ghirlandajo, in the Ognissanti Church.

Ghiberti's Doors, "worthy to be the gates of Paradise," are analyzed in every detail, and amply illustrated with critical diagrams of the architecture seen in the reliefs. Large reproductions are given of the portraits of Ghiberti himself, one as a man of 42, with a kind of turban, and another of him at the age of 70, and nearly bald. Ghiberti's statues (see our illustrations) at Or San Michele are also discussed, and his work in general shown to be the direct forerunner of Raphael's frescoes. The Medici Chapel gives the writer an opportunity to discuss elaborately the various pictures of the Madonna and Child, by Fra Filippo Lippi, Lorenzo di Credi, and Andrea della Robbia.

The fresco of Andrea del Castagno deals chiefly with the representation of St. Hieronymus, while the Ghirlandajo in the Ognissanti allows the story of Amerigo Vespucci—from whom America was named—to be given in much detail, together with portraits of the whole of the traveller's family. The now-famous fresco discovered only in 1898 shows the likeness of Amerigo quite plainly, and this fact alone makes the author's book specially interesting to English-speaking people.

There is no authority on the teaching of Architectural Drawing who can compete for experience with Mr. R. Phené Spiers, Master of the Architectural School of the Royal Academy. It is very natural, therefore, that he should be called on to publish another edition of his well-known volume on "ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING" (Cassell). The book is specially useful for the more serious architectural students. Mr. Phené Spiers has a natural gift for imparting knowledge, and he has given all the best of the results of this in his volume, which also is fully illustrated with workmanlike drawings.

Another new edition is Mr. Walter Crane's "LINE AND FORM" (Bell), equally workmanlike, with readily understood definitions on the decorative qualities of line and form.

Other two works on decorative forms, "DESIGN," by R. G. Hatton (Chapman), and "PATTERN DRAWING AND DESIGN," by John Carroll (Burns and Oates), carry

forward the same ideas with special applications to other instances of designs, such as would be of service to students both of decoration and architecture.

"MODERN MURAL DECORATION," by A. L. Baldry (Newnes), is more ambitious than the preceding, dealing as it does with the completed interior decoration of palaces, museums and State buildings of all kinds. Mr. Baldry has given great study to the subject, and, as a pupil of Albert Moore, he is well able to appreciate the artistic quality of the decorative work of to-day.

For another form of decoration Mr. E. R. Suffling has prepared a treatise entitled "THE ART OF GLASS PAINTING" (Scott, Greenwood). It cannot be said, however, that this author is particularly successful in the result, as he appears to be afraid to give his own opinions on the matter under discussion. At the same time, there are many useful and practical hints to be obtained from the book.

Of an entirely different character is the remarkably well illustrated quarto on "GLASS MOSAICS OF BURMA," by Herbert L. Tilly, published by the Government printing department in Rangoon. To those seeking accurate details of the rich decorations of the Far East, nothing could exceed this work both in interest and utility; the groups of shrines and pagodas are revelations of decorative exuberance. In black and white they appear almost a dazzle, and can give only a faint idea of their brilliant colours when covered with glass mosaic.

Messrs. Duckworth have begun a series of Essays on Painters, in small books for pocket use. "REMBRANDT," by A. Bréal, presents the great Dutchman in a most skilful and interesting way, with conclusions nicely balanced and particularly sane.—Of the same publishers' "ROSSETTI," by F. M. Hueffer, almost exactly the reverse can be said. Such a hastily put together book, with ill-digested opinions, ought never to have been published.

"LANDMARKS IN ARTISTIC ANATOMY," by R. J. Colenso (Baillière) is a sensible little work, giving the chief points likely to interest an art student when beginning to draw the human figure.

New York Metropolitan Museum.

WE print below a view of the façade on Fifth Avenue, New York, of the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum, which will now very soon be open to the public, and will thereupon become the main entrance to the building. This fine addition dignifies and redeems the whole museum, which hitherto has not struck the visitor to the older part as externally a very distinguished or imposing piece of architecture. The new wing will be chiefly used for Sculpture, of which the Museum owns several works—such as the colossal group by George Grey Barnard, entitled 'The Two Natures'—for which there was no room in the old building. The main hall for Sculpture measures 54 by 103 feet long, and there are recesses for busts, and spaces for mural paintings similar to those in the Royal Exchange, London.

The addition of this wing was undertaken by the Museum authorities, and indeed practically completed with the ordinary resources at their command, long before they had any inkling of the tremendous windfall that was coming to them in the Rogers Bequest, which has already been recorded in these pages (1901). Having provided themselves with a noble building to fill, they thus find themselves amply supplied with the means to fill it; though we understand that, owing to legal formalities and inevitable delays in realizing a large estate, they have not even yet actually touched any of the Rogers millions. But in good time we may confidently expect to see the New York Metropolitan Museum taking its place alongside the two or three most important museums in the world.



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The New Façade of the Metropolitan Museum on Fifth Avenue, New York.

Passing Events.

VENICE has suffered an irreparable loss by the fall of the Campanile of St. Mark's. The great tower sank on the 14th July, and one of the pillars of history is no more. Even if the building is replaced by another in imitation of the old one, or, if re-constructed at all, a confessedly modern tower is erected, the disaster will be a sad page in the annals of the city. It would be a difficult matter, we imagine, to find an artist who has made a pilgrimage to Venice and not returned with a record of his own impressions of the buildings there. The feeling of dismay is, therefore, all the more acute because of the association of the Campanile with the work of artists of this country. To the intelligent traveller, too, who can appreciate if not understand the wonders of Architecture, Painting and Sculpture which the world can show, the loss of the Campanile is great, and it is significant that expressions of sympathy from all civilised countries have been received by the people of Italy. But we must not be too gloomy over the catastrophe. The proximity of St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace makes it an occasion for thankfulness that these historic places were not injured. We hope that the measures taken will ensure the stability of the other buildings.

MR. CHARLES L. EASTLAKE contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* for August an interesting article on "Old Masters and Modern Critics." At the end of his essay he asks, "What do we really care for opinions passed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries on literature and painting? How will our own be regarded a hundred years hence?" Many contemporary expressions of opinion will be thought no more of in the course of time than they are now, and it will be necessary for the student of the future to learn to discriminate between the work of such critics and that of scholars whose researches and convictions must not be ignored at whatever date they are scanned. The literature concerning art in the earlier days of bookmaking was not sufficiently lucid to be compared with the completely illustrated works of the last century, and we believe the students of the future will appreciate in a correspondingly higher degree for their greater worth (by reason of the reproductions) the labours of present-day compilers. The growth of culture and interest in the arts has caused the production of numberless handbooks and monographs, among which are some that cannot pass into oblivion, if spared from that fate by the quality of the illustrations only.

ON Monday, 28th July, the members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours presented to their oldest colleague, Mr. William Callow, an illuminated address of congratulation on the ninetieth anniversary of his birthday. Mr. Callow has been associated with the R.W.S. for sixty-four years, and has never failed to contribute his share of drawings to each exhibition during that long period. His many friends and pupils of the past will be glad to hear that he has quite recovered from his recent severe illness, and will wish that he may still enjoy good health.

A METHOD of solidifying oil colours to the consistency of crayon has been announced by M. J. J. Raffaelli. The artist claims that this form of paint is practicable, and that with it can be produced results more permanent and more natural than can be obtained with other media. The experiments of independent artists will be watched with some curiosity to see whether, as the inventor affirms, the discovery is likely to revolutionise the technique of modern art.

LORD CHEYLESMORE'S bequest to the nation of his large collection of mezzotint engravings is an important event in the history of the British Museum. From an artistic point of view the collection is of considerable interest, and commercially many of the specimens are valuable. Public attention has recently been drawn to this delightful form of engraving by the high prices which have been obtained for examples of the work of eminent engravers, and an opportunity to compare the skill of the chief exponents of the art has been furnished recently by the Burlington Fine Arts Club, to which exhibition, as a Member of the Club, the late Lord Cheylesmore contributed.

MR. WINDSOR FRY, R.B.A., has recently exhibited at Leighton House a picture which illustrates the final noble act in the life of Sidney Carton. It is an earnest rendering of one of the immortal characters in fiction, and the treatment of the subject is as significant of Mr. Fry's high endeavour as are the lectures which he periodically delivers. No one can look without emotion on the representation of the frail little seamstress who, on the way to the guillotine, derives courage from him she at first supposed to be Darnay; it is one of the human incidents created by Dickens which deserves scholarly interpretation.

WHITECHAPEL has been the scene lately of some activity in regard to Collections of Works of Art. The Summer Exhibition was opened towards the end of July, and an attractive display of Japanese objects was provided for those citizens of the East who cared to enter the Art Gallery. That large numbers of visitors were interested is a tribute to the care of the organising committee who brought together such a representative selection, and who arranged so admirably the different works lent from state and private collections.

MR. HERBERT J. FINN has made arrangements whereby examples of his work may be seen continually at the Woodbury Gallery in Bond Street.

THE Corporation of Glasgow invite entries for an Art Metal-Work Competition, and full particulars may be obtained from the Superintendent of the Corporation Galleries, Glasgow. The last day for receiving specimens is the 29th November.

THE Directorate of the Universal Exhibition, St. Louis (1904), are offering a prize of about £400 for a design for an official seal. The emblem must symbolize the history of the great Louisiana Territory, and its purchase from France in 1803 by the United States. Further information may be obtained from Mr. George F. Parker, Sanctuary House, Tothill Street, Westminster, London. A section devoted to photography will be one of the special attractions of the Exhibition.

BRITISH 16 OC 1902



Boating at Largo.
From the painting by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.

Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.—II.*

MR. CAMERON'S trend was for many years towards portraiture and genre, and as the years go past we come, after his election to an Associateship of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1859, upon such pictures as 'Responsibility' (p. 300), in the Kepplestone collection, 'Remonstrance,' 'A Deeside Lassie,' 'A Cottage Interior,' 'A Lonely Fireside,' 'The Lesson,' 'The Village Well' (1871), 'Threading the Needle,' 'Rummaging' (1873) (p. 299), 'A Lonely Life,' 'Age and Infancy,' and 'Solitary.' In the year 1869 he was raised to the full rank of Royal Scottish Academician. These works were interspersed with portraits, and a number of Italian pictures came in the eighties. One of the latter is 'A Funeral on the Riviera,' now in the Dundee Institute, a canvas filled with Italian glow. 'Children of the Riviera' playing a game, 'Peasants returning from Work in the Olive Groves,' and others, belong to the same period. The painter worked hard at these pictures. They helped the formation of his style, and so illustrate a stage in his progress.

In spite of these interludes and trials of new direction, there is no doubt, however, that Cameron's secret preference was for the simpler forms of genre. Old age and childhood and their contrasts, like suggestions of spring relieving the deadness of winter, or hope lighting memory, always appealed to him. So the rural worker, as in his 'Haymakers' Noon' (1878), the haymaker and harvester, touches his artistic appreciation. Apart from the variety of these themes, and the endless combinations they offer of colour and wonder-working light, they strike his nature on its brighter side. He never tries either with Bastien Lepage to paint the hard, repulsive realism of peasant life, or its poverty and depression with Millet. His workers rejoice in spending their strength in toil. They feel the joyousness of existence, the luxury of living, and take their places as fitting parts of the gladdening sunshine, set amidst the yellows of the golden harvest field, or against the deep blues of distant seas. The elegies of Millet are exchanged for lilting lyrics sung for the heart's relief and the sheer love of singing.

In such a work as Mr. McCowan's 'Age and Childhood' is felt the pathos of the contrast referred to between youth and eld. The treatment rests upon softness of gradation, and the careful exclusion of strong contrasts and abrupt transitions. Art accords with feeling, and this harmony between the thing said and the manner of saying it is felt in all Cameron's more characteristic works. It comes out with both force and sweetness in Mr. Gibson's home idyll, 'A Match for Grandfather' (p. 17). In 'Play' one little girl in blue is trying to coax a kitten to leap across the



Portrait of Mrs. Strachan.
From the painting by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.
By permission of A. P. Watt, Esq.

* Continued from p. 20.



The Timid Bather.
From the painting by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.

joined hands of another little girl in pink. Mr. Hugh Brown's 'Rummaging' (p. 299) is equally simple in subject—a young woman looking through a chest of drawers—but exceptional in that colour quality so difficult to suggest in black and white. 'The Little Housewife' (1880) is a delightfully tender little picture of a golden-haired girl busying herself with household duties. The painter found the subject of Mr. Rose's picture, 'A Lonely Life' (p. 18), when painting in the Highlands. In the figure of the old woman putting the key into her cottage door is concentrated the entire sentiment of the title.

In 'The Rivals' (1884) is the quaint expression of childish jealousy, the dethroned sovereign of the household looking askance at the new-comer. In Mr. Hole's etching (Plate) only a section of the picture is seen, that containing the principal group, the grandmother holding King or Queen Baby in her lap, while three children, brother and sisters, gather curiously round. In the painting, the left is occupied by the pouting child, who has been compelled to abdicate in favour of the new arrival, and whom an elder sister is vainly trying to coax towards the quartet seen in the etching. The work is highly finished in manner and complete in conception, the quaint and gentle feeling of the little comedy pervading its translation into colour. These are the types of a long series of works noteworthy for their extreme simplicity and charm of treatment, the qualities that make the work of art. In these and a hundred other pictures the subject, in fact, is of the slightest. Their interest is almost wholly artistic.



Portrait of Mrs. Anderson.
From the painting by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.

In 1885, Mr. Cameron went to Largo, and in course of time took Viewforth House, his country residence there. It is a short distance east of the town, and within a stone's throw of the pebbly and shell-strewn shore of Largo Bay—the Bay of 'The Boatie Rows.' More than twenty years previously (1863) he had painted 'The Hairst Rig,' a figure-picture introducing reapers in a field of yellow grain set against a blue sea. He had also painted 'At the Seaside' in 1877, but it was 1889 before, in 'Pleasures of the Sea' and 'The Timid Bather' (above) he yielded wholly to the fascinations of rippling wave and sunlit sea as a ground for child-figures. In 1892 came 'Morning by the Sea' and Mr. R. H. Brechin's 'The New Boat'—children on the beach, a summer sea, gulls floating about on gleaming wings, and all set in a shimmering light (p. 299).

In portraiture, Mr. Cameron has done much capable work. His 'Mrs. Strachan' (p. 297) is probably one of the best examples of his technique and his exposition of character. It is a swift, bold work, broader than the painter's wont, more nearly approaching 'A Lonely Life' in breadth than any other outstanding example of his style. In a portrait of 'Mrs. Love,'

BRITISH MUSEUM

and again in that of his mother-in-law, 'Mrs. Anderson' (p. 298), the analyst of character declares himself; and in the latter the work is, furthermore, replete with a tender colour sweetness composed of white and delicate shades of grey and lavender.

Whatever opinion may finally be entertained of Mr. Cameron's work, and whatever rank and position may be assigned him as painter, he must needs be grouped with the more cultured members of the artist guild. Refinement is of the essence of his art, and pervades his every conception. His colour is soft as the music of the flute. His art is less a passion than a reverie. Consistently with this his view of art, its sphere and function, is of the broadest. No subject in nature, human life, allegory, Bible story, ethics or moral homily, literature or pure art, does he consider outside the legitimate artistic ken. It follows as an almost necessary consequence that he holds by no shibboleth or exclusive scholastic canon. He looks to art as a universal church in which is room for all the creeds, for realism, idealism, mysticism, symbolism, and impressionism. He does not believe in estimating pictures by the bloodless formulæ of the grammar of criticism, but by the appeal they make to the sense of the beautiful, a quality affecting both subject and style. Art is to him no soulless and unmeaning parterre of decorative colour, but a language of intellectual and emotional significance both deep and wide, qualified by the more purely sensuous elements of graceful form and beautiful colour. To Cameron the fine art of painting is the pictorial rendering of every aspect of nature, every attribute of humanity, every phase of life.



Rummaging.
From the painting by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.

In painting he has passed through three distinct stages. At first, and down to about 1857-60, he followed the traditional style acquired at the Trustees' Academy. It



The New Boat.
From the painting by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.

was essentially realism, or the naturalistic adhesion to the literally truthful rendering of the facts of subject. To that period belongs 'The Shepherd's Sabbath.' He measurably clung to the same manner in rendering the background in 'Going to the Hay,' but in all other respects that picture is a departure from tradition. In it is found the beginning, the starting-point of Cameron's present endeavour. It marks the abandonment of the conventional. It is no pictured sentiment, but simply an effort to harmonise art with nature. When the painter realised that there was more in painting than a mere compilation of detachable and unrelated details, he took the first step in the direction of pure art. In his earlier works he felt a want of cohesion, of unity, even of the naturalistic truth which had filled his vision. He found, in his own phrase, that the way in which a thing is said makes for truth, is an essential part of the truth, and hence the pressing need of thoroughness in art. He, therefore, saw a higher aim in combining truth with artistic treatment, the clothing of facts in an artistic dress.

He next adopted the more intricate style in which he painted 'Reading to Grandfather,' a picture which does not appear to have been exhibited. It is dated 1881, and is in the collection of Mr. David Tullis, Rutherglen. It is painted in a low scheme of colour. The reader's brown dress is relieved by a faint infusion of warmer tints, red softened by touches of grey. The setting is composed of greys and blues, and the printed page is kept down to a soft grey, while behind are mild tones in wall and fireplace. In the result we are conscious of a subtle restrained concord of colour. Akin to this picture is Mr. Hugh Brown's 'Rummaging' (p. 299), previously referred to, an earlier work belonging to 1872-73. In it the motive is clear—colour and tone for their own sakes. Its merit as paint makes the picture. It stands upon artistic quality.

For several years Mr. Cameron's first and second styles ran parallel, and in the works of a little more than the last decade, they may be said to merge. He interprets nature face to face, but the accent is removed from the realism of details to artistry and pictorial quality. In such fashion he has found expression for much that in his earlier years he had no means of saying. He believes that an artist can paint for painters and also for mankind. He accordingly has no desire to abandon subject painting. "Appeal," he says, "to intellect, heart and the purely artistic sense, if you can. Hold, if you like, by art for art's sake, but do not exclude subject. You can place colour in the front of your intention, and even make it the centre of the emotion to which you appeal, but it is equally legitimate to make a centre of incident or of sentiment. Art is a means of expression. Decorate, if you like, but it is an error to be exclusive."

His difficulty is to harmonise figures with their setting in a realistic landscape, and, conversely, to bring an open-air effect into harmony with figures. His aim, accordingly, is broadly pictorial. His study is to make no violent departure from nature, and yet to keep composition, tone and harmonic quality in full view. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent with nature in his children on the shore, and nothing in the scene in which they are set. It is of the essence of his purpose to avoid the violation of nature, and yet to make a picture, as a whole, an artistic unity. One hears of painters bending nature to the purposes of art, and scouting the reference of their works to the standard of nature; in Cameron's best work the vivifying impulse is that nature shall be wedded to art. It is one of the subtlest forms of painting to bring two truths—that of nature and that claimed by the artistic conscience—into harmonious combination, and it is also one of the most difficult. It is, nevertheless, Mr. Cameron's ambition to reconcile the claims of nature with those of art, and while in his best works the figures are the predominating influence in the perfecting of the design, such a painting as 'The Timid Bather' (p. 298)—and it is only one of many—is true to nature in form and effect, artistic in treatment, and pictorially beautiful.



Responsibility.
From the painting by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.

A correspondent writes perhaps quaintly, but certainly suggestively:

"I cannot criticise, cannot analyse pictures. To me every painting is a song in colour, and painters I associate with flowers, each with his own as an emblem. McTaggart reminds me of apple-blossoms, Pettie of poppies and peonies, Hornel of the dracœna, Corot of water-lilies afloat, Bough of the changing clematis, Diaz of oak leaves and honeysuckle, Orchardson of white hawthorn and mistletoe, Lockhart of a bed of anemones, Albert Moore of the Glory and moss roses, Maris of the downy, involucred edelweiss; Monticelli of a whole parterre — snowdrops, orchids and marigolds — tender and bizarre; and Hugh Cameron of primroses and violets."

EDWARD PINNINGTON.



An Ideal Landscape.
By Rembrandt.

The Wallace Collection.*

THE NETHERLANDISH PICTURES.—I.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

IN this great section of painting, as in some others, the Wallace Collection is splendid rather than representative. I am very far from deploring this, seeing that it must ever be, and remain in its essence, a princely collection of pictures handed over to the nation; leaving to the National Gallery its own recognised rôle of representing the smaller and the greater masters of the respective schools in their proper proportions. Frans Hals, who represents the *joie de vivre*, the lusty vigour, the power to do and the power to enjoy, of Dutch seventeenth-century life, as Rembrandt represents in his own sublime fashion the deeper aspects of that life, its brooding thought, its intense gravity and persistency, the traces of suffering beneath the joy in health, in riches, and in family life—Frans Hals, the great chief of the Haarlem School, is only represented at Hertford House by one picture. But that one—the famous half-length portrait of a young aristocrat, which, in accordance with tradition, is here styled 'The Laughing Cavalier'—is, having regard to its date and its place in the master's life-work, an incomparable example, which well deserves its world-wide popularity. It bears, with the monogram of the artist, the date 1624, and was purchased by the Marquis of Hertford in 1865 from the Pourtalès Collection. Though Hals was forty-three or forty-four at this time, the picture, which is thus to be placed in his earlier middle time, cannot be said to represent his astonishing art at its zenith, as regards brush power and general freedom of execution. It is, moreover, less homogeneous—less obviously painted *tout d'un jet*, as our neighbours have it—than several pieces produced about the same time.

There may be selected among these, as instances of what is incomparably joyous and momentary, the 'Portrait of the Painter and his Wife, Lysbeth,' done about 1624, and now in the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam; the irresistibly appealing 'Portrait of a Young Man,' dated 1627, now in the Berlin Museum; the wonderful little pair of portraits of a burgomaster and his wife, dated 1628, at Longford Castle; the 'Portrait of a Man,' dated 1630, at Buckingham Palace, in which last-named canvas, superb in forceful yet austere colour, in sovereign breadth and strength of execution, in felicity

* Continued from page 143.

and seeming spontaneity of composition, the full maturity of the painter unmistakably shows itself. The paintings to which the 'Laughing Cavalier' are most nearly related are, after all, the two great "Doelen" pieces—second and third of the series—the 'Banquet of the Officers of the Guild of St. Adrian,' and the 'Banquet of the Officers of the Guild of St. George,' in the Municipal Gallery at Haarlem. Here the style of portraiture is identical, though there is very naturally in the big corporation portrait-groups a greater dash, a greater decision in the brush work, and less subtlety in the facial expression. Of the two great canvases above cited, the former contains, perhaps, the more wonderful collection of portraits, the latter is the more coherent composition and the more convincing from the dramatic standpoint, as an exhibition of the joy of the many in common, which is so different a thing from the mirth and buoyancy of the individual.

In the 'Laughing Cavalier,' as we must continue to call the picture in the Wallace Collection (opposite), Hals has already got away from the turbid brown flesh tints of his early time, and has adopted the light, bright tone and the delicately-toned grey shadows of his middle period, and of his later maturity short of the period of old age. The flesh-painting is much more fused than it would have been in the later time, but the treatment of the hair and moustache, of the white ruff and the glancing black silk of the dress, shows already the supreme mastery, the incredible swiftness, audacity and precision of touch, which in this style no other painter has approached. Other parts of the dress, such as the splendid embroideries on the black, done in gold and colours, and the white lace on the sleeves, are painted in a much more careful and a much more lifeless manner—it may be at the bidding of the imperious cavalier, desirous of having his costly and tasteful finery appreciated to the full by the onlooker. The whole expression and attitude of the young nobleman suggest suppressed mirth no doubt, and a sense of rollicking humour, but not actually laughter near to the point of explosion. He is joyous, full of a pride that will not be suppressed, in his youth, his riches, and his breeding; but also sarcastic, provocative, intolerant of opposition. He flashes across us in one characteristic mood, in one characteristic moment of life, but we may not with safety seek to reconstruct from it the whole man in his various and, it may be, not always coherent aspects.

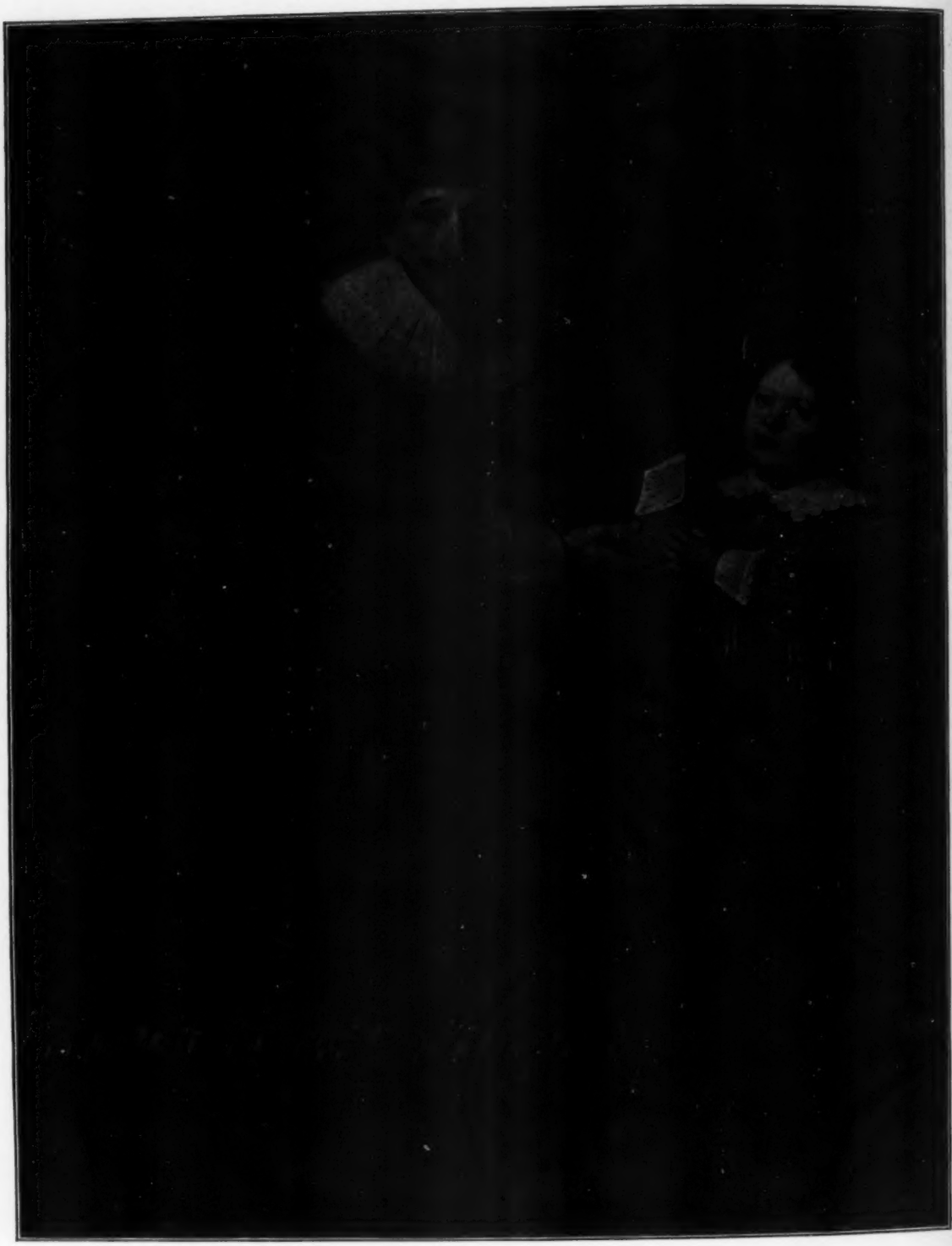
The necessities of hanging have been the cause that the 'Laughing Cavalier' appears in the great gallery of Hertford House as the pendant to the 'Lady with the Fan' of Velazquez; and it must be recorded, with all due respect to Frans Hals, that he, the master-craftsman of the Dutch school, does not unharmed support the contrast with the contemporary Spaniard. With the latter the mysteries of the technique remain mysteries, only partly penetrable even by the initiated; and the mysteries of the individuality guard themselves even more jealously from that unveiling and summing up which in portraiture has its own supreme interest, yet is not always reconcilable with the quality of life at its highest intensity. From the absolute quietude, from the unconventional simplicity of the Spanish picture there radiates, however, an ardour of temperament, an inner vitality so tremendous that the portrait appears, nay is, on more than equal terms with the questioning onlooker. It almost seems as if its force, its imperious power of fascination would in the long run overpower and consume him. In the brilliant 'Laughing Cavalier' of Hals the charm, the delight is all on the surface; the wonderful mastery of the brush-work allows itself to be followed in every stroke; the delineation of character is astonishingly vivid as far as it goes. But even here we do not get so far below the outer man as to approach the threshold of the mystery which is at the root of even the most ordinary human individuality. In the one case the painter, his painting, and his model are, in all their most distinctive qualities, obvious; in the other, they have the indefinable attraction which is in life itself—that of the enigma.

It has already been pointed out in a previous notice that the Rembrandts at Hertford House are on the whole a very remarkable series, although they can scarcely be said to show absolutely the height and depth of his art, or the height and depth of his soul, as the collections in the Louvre, the Berlin Museum, and the Cassel Gallery—to say nothing of the Hermitage—do. Have we anything here that moves the spectator as some of the many late portraits of Rembrandt himself that might be enumerated do—that can compare in depth of emotion with the 'Sacrifice of Manoah' at Dresden; the 'Pilgrims at Emmaus' and the 'Good Samaritan' of the Louvre; the 'Daniel's Dream' and 'Potiphar's Wife' of the Berlin Gallery; the 'Jacob's Blessing' of Cassel; or with that jewel of Rembrandt's art, glowing in sombre depth of colour, glowing, too, in sombre depth of human pathos and sympathy, the little 'Hannah and Samuel' of the Bridgewater Gallery? Still London now, with the Rembrandts of the National Gallery, the Wallace Collection, Buckingham Palace, the Dulwich Gallery, Hampton Court Palace, and the private collections of Dorchester House, Bridgewater House, Grosvenor House, Devonshire House, and of Bath House, may be said to rival even the great Imperial collection of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, even though to it be added those of Prince Youssoupoff, Count Sergei Stroganoff and Count Orloff Davidoff in the same city.

The Rembrandts at Hertford House cover most of the master's wonderful career from boyhood to age. The earliest years, the Leyden *Lehrjahre*, are, however, unrepresented; and there is nothing to illustrate the last eight or nine years, which, if not equal to the great decade between 1650 and 1660, are yet among the most interesting in the whole fruitful career. The earliest canvases here are the two great full-length portraits and the little biblical piece, 'The Good Samaritan'; all of them dating from about the year 1632. This little picture, small only in dimensions, but broad and full accent in touch, for all its minuteness, which rivals that of Gerard Dou, the master's pupil and companion in early life, shows at once the intense gravity with which Rembrandt approaches the great scenes of drama and emotion in biblical history, his power of re-casting them in the mould of his ardent imagination, and his feeling of awe and worship, face to face with even the humblest and most purely human episodes which typify the spiritual and material life, the aspirations and woes of humanity. It is not alone the sorrow, the disillusion, the solitude of his later years that gave to his work its essential character of solemn pathos, of a sympathy so ardent and painful as to light up from within, to transfigure with the vivifying warmth of spiritual beauty beings and subjects conceived in a spirit of humble, unquestioning realism. We recognise this spirit from the very first, even in such comparatively rude essays as those early single-figure studies, the 'St.



The Laughing Cavalier.
By Frans Hals.



The Burgomaster Jan Pellicorne with his Son Caspar.
By Rembrandt.

Paul in Prison' (1627) of Stuttgart, and the 'St. Paul by candlelight' (1628) of the Germanic Museum at Nuremberg. It permeates the whole life-work; gaining very naturally in intensity in those last fifteen or eighteen years which were on the whole the greatest of the master's artistic career. There is a period—that of the married life with Saskia, that of the material comfort and splendour of the establishment at Amsterdam during those early days of brilliant success and fashion when Rembrandt, still not wholly mature, reigned supreme—there is a period, comparatively restricted, when the *joie de vivre*, the almost gluttonous desire to enjoy to the full the material side of love, of physical delight in every phase, of wealth, and of power, has the upper hand, and obscures, though it does not obliterate, the deeper and more essential aspects of the art. Even here the joy in life is not the unquestioning, the child-like joy of a Hals; it has something in its



Susanna Van Collen, Wife of Jan Pellicorne, with her Daughter.
By Rembrandt.

manifestations of a poignant brutality, something, too, of a lurid splendour.

But to return for a moment to the 'Good Samaritan,' from which we have just a little strayed. For all its incisive and finished execution, for all its quiet intensity and its picturesqueness of *mise-en-scène*, it is far from the sublimity of the later 'Good Samaritan' of 1648, in the Louvre, that sad yet consoling evening scene which exhales a spirit of pity and of brotherly love such as has possessed no other artist, ancient or modern, in the same degree. The small 'Good Samaritan' was in 1633 etched in reverse by a capable pupil of Rembrandt, assisted by the master himself; a dog in a grotesque attitude being added in the foreground, in order to fill up an empty space. We cannot well exonerate the master from this breach of good taste, and put it down to the pupil, who *ex proprio motu* would never have dared to venture upon the intrusion of such an excrescence. This is a typical instance of that grossness and tastelessness which in certain phases of

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Portrait of the Artist (*painted on copper*).
By Rembrandt.

With the murky yet transparent atmosphere that envelopes and but half reveals these pathetic, strangely wistful figures, a veil of mystery enwraps them, giving just this visionary aspect to the simple rendering, so touching in its very grimness, of the familiar parable. The figure of the "master" before whom the unmerciful servant is brought by the centurions is one of Rembrandt's most magnificent pieces of colour—a "symphony" in sumptuous reds and pinks, intensified by the golden-white of the linen, and kept in harmony with the rest by the greys of the flesh. As the central figure of the three personages who front him is shown the unmerciful servant—a creature too mean for vengeance, too miserable to understand or repent his sin. He is guarded on the one side by a helmeted young centurion, severe and self-contained, all attentive to the well-merited rebuke, on the other by a patient, time-worn man of sorrowful aspect. In some indefinable way the great artist has here expressed his bewilderment, his trouble at the injustice, the failure in brotherly love that may make of this fair world so dreary and intolerable a wilderness.

The 'Portrait of the Artist's Son, Titus' (p. 309), is one of the most characteristic in the beautiful series of portraits in which Rembrandt has with so much love, and so haunting a sense of sorrow to come, immortalised this youth of noble and pensive aspect—his son and the beloved Saskia's—who was to die at the age of twenty-seven, a year before the solitary master was himself to be called away. It is as if Titus were the embodiment in the flesh of the ideal side of Rembrandt's nature, of his love of the beautiful and the exalted, which he found beneath a surface not always beautiful—of his world-sadness, for which the mere material woes of his chequered career cannot alone be made answerable. The handsome youth, whose beauty here has something sculptural, something almost Greek in its loftiness, is here about sixteen. In the portrait in Earl Spencer's collection at Althorp he appears at the age of fourteen, in a gorgeous fancy dress; and



The Artist's Son, Titus.
By Rembrandt.

this last being dated 1655, the picture in the Wallace Collection must perforce have been painted about 1657. A little later on comes a still more magnificent portrait, not so hard and sculptural—an incomparably broad and splendid piece of true painter's work, overwhelming in world-sadness and presentiment of catastrophe to come. This is the sombre 'Titus' of Dorchester House, in which the youth is seen budding into the man. Rembrandt's son is here about eighteen or nineteen, so that Captain Holford's portrait must date from 1659 or 1660. To say nothing of the other portraits, which are duly enumerated and reproduced in Dr. Bode's book, so often already referred to, there is a pronounced reminiscence, if not an actual portrait, of Titus at an earlier stage, in the angel who inspires St. Matthew, in the picture of the Evangelist, dated 1661, which is in the Louvre.

To much the same date as the Hertford House 'Titus' belongs the very small 'Portrait of Rembrandt, by Himself' (p. 308), painted on copper, with singular breadth and finish, and with a golden flesh-tone to be found oftener in the decade between 1640 and 1650 than in that between 1650 and 1660, to which this latter portrait belongs. Our painter looks here about the same age as in the Earl of Ilchester's surprising three-quarter-length portrait—if anything over life-size—at Melbury Park. This being dated 1657, our little piece must belong to that or the previous year. Thus nothing in the Wallace Collection quite reaches the year 1660. We stop short some twelve years before Rembrandt's death, and at the very zenith of his art, though at a point when his reputation had singularly diminished with his fellow-countrymen. Poor Rembrandt was, in those latest and most fruitful years of his career, "out of fashion." He must have known at times even the sharp pinch of poverty. The meanness of his surroundings in contrast with the splendour and the profusion of the earlier time must have often hurt and dispirited him. The sufferings of the man, bewildered yet not shaken from his manhood or robbed of the all-penetrating glow and sympathy of his genius, have indeed left their terrible marks on the face, aged before its time, which with a naiveté so heart-piercing presents itself to us in those later portraits, perhaps the most amazing products of his genius. But the world, for whose benefit such men as these mighty ones live and endure, for whose everlasting delight and spiritual ennobling their bitterest tears are shed, their most poignant agonies suffered—the world has gained immeasurably by the vicissitudes which overclouded this great life and with their sad colour tinged this vast genius. Rembrandt was even in his first period an artist of wonderful promise and performance, of singular inventiveness, of a rare gravity and pathos, if of defective taste and uncertain balance. In his second he was a master, sumptuous and astonishing, but above all warm, human and tender; in touch with all the subtleties of reflection and emotion, even in the splendour and the eccentricity of his *mise-en-scène* and the barbaric magnificence of the oriental trappings with which he loved to surround himself. In his last period, dating, we may say, from 1648 onwards, he appears a master the power and vastness of whose vision, the intense ardour of whose sympathy, the simplicity and greatness of whose pictorial rendering it would be hard indeed to parallel in the world's art.

We see two figures rise gigantic above all the rest. From the solitary, the limitless plain rises the awful Titan, Michelangelo, alone for ever in his contemplation of the universe, oppressed by the woe of all created things—like his own 'Jeremiah,' a source of eternal sighs and tears. Lifted so high on the very loftiness and intensity of his sadness, he is one to whom the mere individual with his joys and sorrows, with his effort to uplift the world which ever crushes and overwhelms him, is too small a thing to make appeal. From the seething crowd of humanity, dominating the peopled city, the field and the river, rises a figure not less vast—Rembrandt. *He* is the very embodiment of the humanity whom he ceases not to contemplate in joy and in sorrow: from its highest embodiment, Christ the God made Man that he may be the example of suffering and submission, to the Prodigal Son, pardoned and tenderly consoled, to the ragged beggar to whom the richer man in brotherly love gives alms. Nothing for his steadfast glance, that only the tears of pity for a moment can dim, is too great or too small; nothing too sublime to be seen and rendered from its human aspect, and so to make universal appeal; nothing too splendid or too joyous, nothing too sordid or too miserable. For all aspects of life that are truly and typically human, he has an equal sympathy. To him, indeed, "the proper study of mankind is man"; and it is the divine element inherent in the merely and simply human, the inner light glowing until it burns through the mean and worn envelope, that he has represented as no other painter has ever represented it. Michelangelo's sublimity is in his aloofness, in the tremendous majesty with which he towers high above man and sees him, the race but not the individual, from immeasurable heights. Rembrandt's sublimity is in his equal and brotherly embrace of all men and all things created—in the intensity and the transfiguring power of his love.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS



The Road to the Forest.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Rothiemurchus (VI)—Glen Eunach.*

By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.Scot.

BEYOND the first bothy the scenery becomes grander and lonelier. The glen contracts; the slopes of Braeriach on the one side and those of the Scorran Dhu on the other, become steeper and loftier. Nature is more awe-inspiring, and seeks to impress us more and more the nearer we approach to her heart. In a short time the great precipices of the Scorran form peaks and spires of indescribable grandeur. The face of the perpendicular cliffs, more than two thousand feet in height, is broken up into deep rifts, with long trailing heaps of *débris* at the foot, and great outstanding buttresses of rock as if these mighty masses required additional support; and the colour of the granite is a rich dark blue, like the bloom on a plum. The rocks had caught this hue from the sky during untold ages of exposure to sun and storm. The effect of these gigantic rocks with wreaths of mist and cloud writhing up their sides, and revealing more and more of their great height and steepness, cannot be described in words. The stream at the foot of these precipices flows darkly and sluggishly over a wide peaty hollow amid the stumps and tortuous roots of old pine trees, testifying that this place was once densely wooded with the primeval forest. How these trees could exist then, and why they cannot flourish now, is a problem not easy to solve. It is not that the climate or any of the conditions requisite to the growth of the pine tree has changed. The probable reason is not the height of the spot, or the bleakness of the climate, but the exposure of the individual trees, when planted, to the prevailing storms. When once a gap was made in the serried ranks of the pines as they grew in the original wood, they yielded one by one to the force of the tempest; and the reason why we cannot now make our planted firs to grow in such a situation, where we see thousands of their fallen progenitors cumbering the ground with their bleached remains, is that we cannot imitate the slow gradual method of nature in giving them the shelter which, through long centuries of mutual crowding together, they afforded to each other.

Farther on the picture is complete, when the first glimpse of Loch Eunach is seen at the next bothy, which is built of stone, and is meant for longer habitation. There a waterfall tumbles down from a huge bastion of Braeriach, the sound of which is lost in the immeasurable silence; while beyond it the mountain ascends out of sight, plateau above plateau. Loch Eunach reposes in the hollow between the great cliffs of Scorran Dhu and the gigantic sides of Braeriach, whose gloomy shadows are cast down upon its waters. From its situation it is exposed to all the winds of heaven, which often come in immense sweeps, lifting the water in blinding spin-drifts far over the shores. A universal darkness sometimes gathers over it on the brightest day without a warning, in a moment, and torrents of slanting rain come out of it that sting your face and wet you through and through. But the clouds and the mist vanish as rapidly as they appear, and an azure world is revealed in the clear depths below, unflecked and dazzling, and the clouds, even when they again form, are



A Stag calling.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

* Continued from page 269.



The Head of the Glen.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

suspended overhead in soft ethereal masses in their reposeful majesty and calm, and the waters are broken everywhere by multitudinous swift-blowing ripples, that seem like shuttles working backwards and forwards, weaving the sheen of the waves that glance in the sun like watered silk. The lower end of the loch is dammed by huge banks of granite sand of the whitest hue, formed by the disintegration of the rocks around by the ever-restless waters; and here a walk along the shore reveals tufts of Alpine vegetation, *Oxyria* and *Alpine Lady's Mantle*, and rare *Hieracia*, such as delight the botanist's eye and heart. Loch Eunach, like many of our Alpine lochs, abounds with delicate char, which make delicious eating.

The head of the glen, beyond the loch, is shut in by a lofty and rugged amphitheatre of cliffs called Corrour, which pass across between Braeriach and Scorran Dhu, and down whose dark faces are long streaks and patches of light green, marking water-courses. Between the loch and these cliffs there is a large tract of level land, of wonderful smoothness and verdure, which is a favourite haunt of the deer. Here they may often be found in the earlier and later seasons of the year, cropping the rich grass in security, while in summer they seek the higher elevations for the sake of the cooler air. This spot used to be included in the shielings of Rothiemurchus. One summer, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, Lady Mary, the wife of the famous laird, Patrick Grant, surnamed Macalpine, accompanied the maidens to the shielings of Corrour, for change of air; and there, without nurse or doctor, in a mere hut tenanted by the cattle, was suddenly born her second son John, who got the name of Corrour from this circumstance. This son had a distinguished career as an officer in the army, and died abroad after a good deal of service. This incident was further commemorated by the name of Corrour being given to a large villa recently built by a relation of the present laird on the way to Aviemore. In all the district there is not a grander spot than Corrour. There are very few that can come up to it in all Scotland. The scenery of the deep corry recalls that of Loch Corruisk among the Cuchullin Hills in Skye, and Loch Eunach equals, if it does not surpass, the wonderfully wild view of Loch Avon from the heights of Ben Macdhui above it. In that weird caldron of the storms, that den "where," as Wordsworth boldly says, "the earthquake might hide her cubs," the imagination could revel in the most dreadful shapes of ancient superstition. We do not wonder that before the Highland fancy, in such lonely places, visions of water-bulls and ghostly water-kelpies should shape themselves out of the gathering mists.

To be alone on the shores of such a loch during a tempest would be the height of sublimity. Ossian and the Inferno would be seen in the writhing mists and foaming waters, and frowning rocks appearing and disappearing through the clouds; and the howling of the winds would seem like the spirits of the lost. Even on the brightest summer day, when sitting on the pure white granite sands on the margin of the loch, one seems like sitting "on the shore of old romance," and has an eerie feeling as if the veil that separated the seen from the unseen were thinner in this place than anywhere else, and might be lifted up at any moment and some uncanny shape appear.

Braeriach is in the Rothiemurchus forest, which extends to the Duke of Fife's forest on the Braemar side. It is one of the foremost of the great group of mountains which forms the roof of Scotland, and occupies the most imposing elevated ground in Britain. The boundary between the counties of Aberdeen and Inverness runs

Rocks above Loch Eunach.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

along the ridge of Braeriach, and is one of the grandest lines of delimitation in the kingdom. A well-made zig-zag path, constructed by the deer-stalkers for bringing down the produce of the chase from the mountain, ascends from Loch Eunach, by which it is comparatively easy to climb to the top. On the way up many fascinating rills cross one's path, which flow down a course lined with the softest and greenest moss, inexpressibly pleasant to the eye in the desolate wilderness, while here and there cushions of the lovely moss-campion, starred with its numerous crimson blossoms, form a delightful sward by their side. You can hardly tear yourself away from the charm of the little transparent pools, and from the sweet gurgling sound they make in the awe-struck silence, and the delicious coldness of the sparkling water which you are tempted at every step to scoop up with your hand and drink, infusing new vigour into your parched frame. The granite rock holds these rills like a crystal goblet, and from its hard sides no particle is worn away to pollute the purity of the element, or tame its brilliant lustre. The cairn crowning the highest point is only two or three yards from the brink of a tremendous precipice, which forms part of a long wall extending for upwards of two miles, perhaps the most formidable line of precipices to be found in Britain. Cairntoul, which rises up across the gorge to almost the same height as Braeriach, shapes the huge granite boulders of its top into a gigantic cairn, and bears in its highest corry a beautiful little circular lake, which shows as green as an emerald in the afternoon light, and gives rise to the white waters of the Garrachory burn. Near the summit of Braeriach, at the north-east extremity, are five springs, which are perennial, and are called the "Wells of Dee." The rills from these springs unite a little lower down the mountain at an elevation of about 4,000 feet, and farther on to the southward join the Garrachory. These rills are supposed to form the principal source of the Dee. At this height you cannot distinguish the varied tones of the minstrelsy of the united stream as it breaks into foam among the numerous boulders in its course; but you hear instead an all-pervading sigh or murmur in the air, like the distant echo of the shout of a multitude, which has an indescribably grand effect upon the mind.

The panorama of the whole Highlands of Scotland, from the long broad summit of Ben Macdhui, gleaming red in the level afternoon light, surrounded by the wild grandeur of the crags about Loch Etachan and Loch Avon, "the grisly cliffs that guard the infant rills of Highland Dee," to the highest point of Ben Nevis in the far western distance, storming the heavens, and gathering a fringe of dark clouds around its brow, seems to spread out in one uninterrupted view before you—a tumultuous ocean of dark mountains, with here and there the solid mass crested with glistening snow. Gazing on the sublime picture, in which the wild chaos of nature has swallowed up all traces of man's presence, and not a single human habitation or sign of cultivation is visible in all the immeasurable horizon, you feel to the full the inspiration of the scene. So quickened is the pulse, so elevated are the feelings, that one hour in such a situation is worth a whole month on the tame level of ordinary life in the city or on the plain. The mind receives a keener edge, and is quick to perceive the interest that is not only in the great whole of the view, but also in the smallest details of it. The mystery of the mountain is in the eye of the lonely wildflower that strives in a forlorn way to embellish the brown weather-beaten turf; and every tuft of grass that waves in the wind, and every little rill that trickles in the silence, seem to be conscious of the sublimity of the spot. Problems of the original upheaval by some mighty internal force of the mass of primary rock which forms the base of the whole group of mountains occupy and stimulate the mind. The granite detritus, of which you take up a handful from the ground beside your feet, and pass like sand through your fingers, seems like nature's great hour-glass, speaking to you of worlds that have passed away in ages for which you have no reckoning, of universal decay and death; and you are reminded that these seemingly everlasting mountains are perishing, slowly when measured by man's notions of time, but surely; for, as the poet tells us, they are only clouds a little more stable and enduring, that change their shapes and flow from form to form, and at last disappear for ever in the eternal blue.



A Quiet Pathway.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

(To be continued.)

Book Illustration.

A FRIENDLY DISPUTE BETWEEN EDWARD F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S., AND LEWIS F. DAY.

L. F. D.—WHY presume to illustrate the story which an author has put into words?

E. F. B.—Why not help a lame dog over the stile if you can?

L. F. D.—If there is a lame dog in the case it is possibly not the author. But it is no question of lame dogs but of competent writers quite capable of running alone.

E. F. B.—The competent writer is, of course, quite capable of running alone, as you say; but it has been discovered that, as a rule, he runs in double harness just as well—sometimes even better.

L. F. D.—In double harness they would run together. In illustration the artist comes after the author. Fair collaboration is another story.

E. F. B.—Then I will say tandem—in which case the artist is in the shafts. How do you like that?

L. F. D.—You are playing with the question. An author says his say. If he says it adequately, the artist's commentary on it is superfluous.

E. F. B.—I should say, on the contrary, that most fiction and much poetry distinctly gain by being adequately illustrated.

L. F. D.—Alas, poor Fiction! Do you really mean to say you would rather read your favourite novel in an illustrated edition?

E. F. B.—Yes, if I might choose the illustrator.

L. F. D.—But we do not choose the illustrators of our books, and so your answer is tantamount to *no*.

E. F. B.—To "No"? Oh, no, no! I pray you, do not take me too literally. It is but my way of saying that I want the chooser of the illustrator to choose properly. "Your *favourite* novel" implies choice on my part. My favourite novel is, in my opinion, one of the best. I desire that the illustrations shall be of the best also, or I would none of them.

L. F. D.—I take it we are discussing current book illustration, not the best illustration of the best book—which is a rare exception.

E. F. B.—I seem to remember that we began by discussing the presumption of the illustrator—but no matter! I should say the person who really ought to settle this question is the Reader (with a capital R, to whom prefaces are generally addressed). And the Reader, in his thousands, seems to say that he is distinctly anxious for illustrations. If he were not, if he were even indifferent about them, the publishers would no longer supply them on every hand in the way they do now.

L. F. D.—Quite right: it is the presumption of the illustrator we are discussing. I will not deny that a great artist may, by exception, justify the illustration of a perfect story, nor yet pretend that in the case of a bad one the presumption is very great. All I say is that from my point of view illustrations are commonly superfluous if not a positive annoyance. But then my standpoint is not that of the publisher; and I do not admit that whatever pays is right.

E. F. B.—But whatever pays is not necessarily wrong. It is all a question of the honesty and wholesomeness of the demand. It is no more commercially immoral to supply illustrations than to supply stories, or Academy pictures, or tin-tacks, or wall-paper, or sausages, or glue. If you will pardon my being serious for a moment, I think the almost universal demand for illustration (I am, of course, one of the demanders) is perfectly sane and wholesome, and an adequate reason for its existence. It sounds a commonplace one, but if examined, will, I think, be found quite satisfactory.

L. F. D.—Why wander into the ethics of trade? The demand is commercially cause enough for production. Artistically it has nothing to do with it.

E. F. B.—I am wondering whether, after all, it would not save trouble to condense this discussion in what I may call the "Soap Advertisement" manner, as thus—"Good morning! Do you dislike illustrations?" "No, I don't. Good evening!"

L. F. D.—First you try and hide behind trade, and now you escape under a lather of soap!

E. F. B.—The reason why I, and most of the rest of the world, like our stories illustrated, is that we have little or no imagination; and that "things seen are mightier than things heard"—or read. The small minority that likes its stories "plain," does so either because it finds all pictorial work rather a bore, or, more often, because it is *highly* imaginative and requires no pictorial assistance. It would be manifestly unfair that the more gifted should have things arranged entirely for them; and this is the reason why the true umpire in this matter is The Reader.

L. F. D.—To purchase an illustrated book does not prove any preference for illustrations. I have had to buy books with pictures in them which I promptly tore out. I doubt the longing of the cultivated reader for cuts, a large part of which do not really illustrate, but are mere artistic trimmings to the book, of no real assistance to the reader.

E. F. B.—Would "Alice in Wonderland" have had so robust a life, think you, without Tenniel's White Rabbit and Mock Turtle? Do not Walker's illustrations accentuate the charm of Miss Thackeray's stories? Do not Houghton's magnificent drawings realise for every one of us the very atmosphere of the Arabian Nights? Can the most imaginative conjure up a better Sir Galahad than the one that Rossetti has given us, or decline to accept as absolutely satisfactory Holman Hunt's Lady of Shalott? Could anything be more touchingly in harmony with the text than Millais' Edward Grey? I know a boy that found Gilbert's illustrations to Shakespeare a revelation. He hung over the drawings—he devoured them—he loved them—he copied them. And they led him to read Shakespeare.

L. F. D.—I grant you the possibility of picturing some one scene in a book (that is not what is understood by book illustration), and, by exception, of really throwing light upon the author's words. I cannot in a breath discuss all your instances of illustration; but you mention Shakespeare—what have his illustrators done for him? I admire John Gilbert's work as much as any one; but he translated Shakespeare into Gilbert. I prefer my poet untranslated.

E. F. B.—I am not careful to maintain that Shakespeare should be illustrated. Probably he should not, any more than he should be acted (see Charles Lamb). Of course he is not fiction at all in the ordinary sense—nor even ordinary drama. With regard to Gilbert's illustrations to his plays, I spoke, with deliberate intent, of their effect upon a *boy*. Before Alice reached Wonderland she peeped into her sister's book, but it had no pictures or conversations in it. "What is the use of

a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?" A wise young person Alice.

L. F. D.—Now you are sheltering yourself behind the child. I believe you don't want your stories illustrated any more than I do; but, having been guilty of illustration, you can't quite say so.

E. F. B.—I will put my name to any form of words that will make you realise that I *prefer* an illustrated edition; and that (competent) illustrations greatly enhance my pleasure in a book. You do not like illustrations. You are hopelessly in the minority. The great majority of people, cultivated or uncultivated (and I don't know which section is the better judge) do like them. To my mind that settles the matter. You say the demand for them is commercial. You have just as much right to say that Tennyson's and Browning's poetry owed its existence to a commercial demand.

L. F. D.—I only said that you justify illustrations on the ground of the demand for them—which no more argues their artistic nature than does the liking of the great majority. I grant great work must appeal to the many; but their liking does not prove great work, which only the few ever appreciate at its worth. On the main question we must agree to differ; but I will take up your qualifying parenthesis, and say that "competent" illustration is so rare that it hardly counts.

E. F. B.—I should say that competent anything is pretty rare. But I do not think you disposed of the instances I gave you. I will add to them Phiz's illustrations to Dickens, which I think are about as good as they could be.

L. F. D.—I give you Phiz, and some of your other instances, especially Tenniel's illustrations to Alice. I will even go so far as to say that children's books are perhaps better illustrated. In any case, I do not mean to say that a book cannot be helped by illustration, if the artist is wholly in sympathy with the author, or may not be bettered by it, if he is the greater artist of the two; but I maintain that illustration, as it is done by professional illustrators, is, with rare exceptions, superfluous or worse.

E. F. B.—I think we are a good deal in agreement; but I would point out that Phiz, Tenniel, and the rest, were "professional illustrators." Probably there are many superfluous drawings; but are there not also many superfluous stories? I fancy that, as a rule, these are as well illustrated as they deserve to be. A dull and lifeless story has a very paralyzing effect upon the illustrator.

L. F. D.—Tenniel is more an illustrator of events than of books—more a symbolist than an illustrator. However, it is not a question of drawings good enough for the book, or of books good enough for the drawings, but of the need of illustration generally, or the help of it, which I do not think you have shown.

E. F. B.—In the case of stories of bygone times, the illustrator realises for the reader the costume and the surroundings, which most readers would be incapable of realising for themselves. In a modern story the sympathetic illustrator (and I will have none other) realises the characters and the action. The reader has the pleasure of having his conceptions corroborated and defined more clearly for him, and of saying, "Ah! of course it was like that." This in addition to the pleasure the drawing gives as drawing.

L. F. D.—It comes then to the sympathetic illustrator, who occurs only by exception—the rule being that the draughtsman selects two or three characters in a story and does the best he can with them in the time and for the money given. Mind, I don't blame him; the conditions are not in favour of sympathetic co-operation; but the story gains nothing by his mere drawings, however good they may be.

E. F. B.—What little fiction I read is of the best, and is well illustrated. If there are such cases as you speak of, doubtless the writers of the stories have also to "do the best they can in the time and for the money." I do not wonder that you occasionally tire of the inferior mixture.

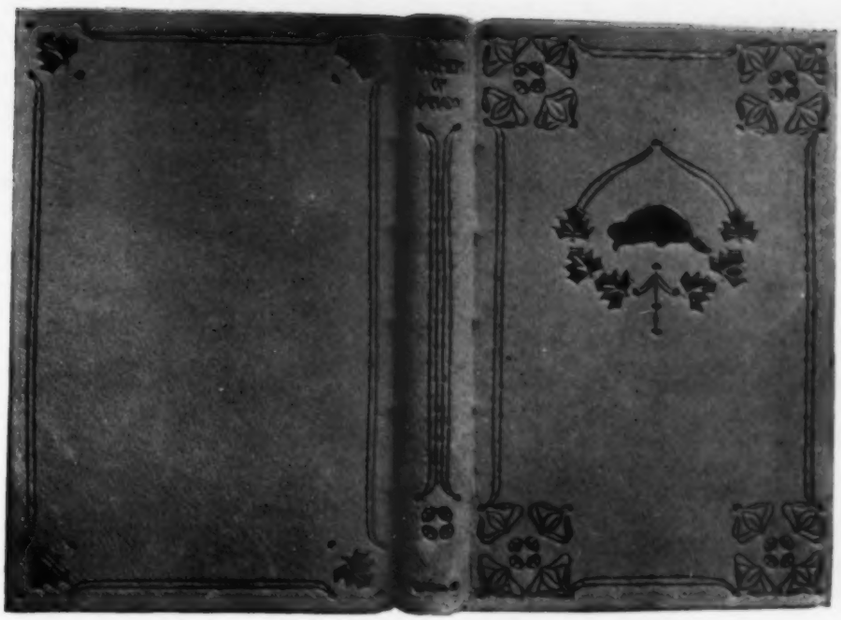
L. F. D.—What little fiction I read is of various degrees of excellence; but the illustrations to it are seldom of the best, or so much as adequate. Sometimes they don't merely "tire" me, as you say, but exasperate me so that I have to tear them out of the book before I can read it—and this even in the case of writers admittedly the best.

E. F. B.—You really seem very unfortunate. We clearly see the matter with different eyes, but I think I am the person to be congratulated, as what is a source of irritation to you usually brings an added pleasure to me.

L. F. D.—Unfortunate? Yes, and the pest is spreading to my newspaper—of which also I wish you joy!



From "Through the Looking-Glass."
Illustrated by Sir John Tenniel.
By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.



No. 1.—Tooled and Inlaid Binding.
By Miss Alice G. McCulloch.

Tooled Bookbindings.

THE process of bookbinders' tooling need hardly at this time of day be described in detail. It is a form of stamping, differing from it in that the stamping is done by hand, and that, whereas in stamped leather the practice is to impress the ground of the design, leaving the pattern in relief, it is here the pattern which is impressed. As in stamped bindings the ground is sometimes gilded, so in tooled bindings the pattern is sometimes in "blind," as it is called, merely darkened, that is to say, by the pressure of the hot tool upon the leather; but the practice is to gild the pattern, fixing the gold leaf by a second process of tooling.

The design of bookbinders' tools is very much a question of taste; but whatever their character, the design of the binding built up with them is sure to tell of the way it was done. The most successful of designs are those in which the artist has taken counsel with his tools. In fact, there are few processes of work which more surely enforce the acceptance of their limitations. And as a rule they are accepted, if only for the reason that the designer is usually at the same time the "finisher," and knows full well what his tools will and will not allow.

The bookbinders of the sixteenth century (who have yet to be surpassed as masters of adequate tooling-design) worked on lines distinctly suggested by their way of working; and modern innovators, depart as they may from the old lines of work, have in no case gone so far as to invent a scheme of design comparable to that devised by the famous binders of the Renaissance. The fact is, the method of tooling compels the adoption of one or other of a few simple systems of design. The "gouge," for example, restricts freedom of curvature in a very noticeable way. A binder's gouge is practically a carpenter's gouge ground down until, instead of a cutting edge, it gives a flat-faced section of the curved blade. Press that flat-faced tool upon the leather and you have "tooled" the segment of a circle; repeat the pressure with the tool alternately facing one way and the other, and you produce a waved line; but the successive stamps of the gouge do not, and cannot in the nature of things, give the flow of a line drawn freely by the hand. And so in the case of spiral and other such lines, by the successive use of semicircular-shaped gouges smaller and smaller in radius, you can describe a spiral; but it has not, and cannot have, the life and spring of a free line; the curve is stiff and cramped.

Such curves, however, lend themselves readily to the most varied combination. It was the triumph of the sixteenth-century binders to turn the somewhat mechanical lines given by their tools to admirably ornamental account. By the use, of course, of gouges not forming segments of circles, one gets freer and more flowing lines, which serve admirably as the stalks of little sprigs of flowers and foliage; but to give free and vigorous growth to scroll or branch it would take a number of special gouges; and if special gouges are to be cut for every detail of design, there is really no very valid reason why one should not at once engrave the design in its entirety and stamp it. There is not merely economy in building up pattern by means of the fewest possible gouges, it is the game which the finisher sets out to play. Not but what he is free to use a wheel with which to run lines—and Miss McColl at least has made admirable and most distinctive use of it—but there are limits to what the wheel, even in skilled hands, can do. It serves admirably for long sweeping lines of very subtle curve; but when it comes to rounder forms, and



No. 2.—Tooled Book Cover.
By Miss Jessie King.

especially to turning gently round, there is hardly room upon the book cover to do it.

As with gouges so with other tools, it is a point of workmanlike pride to get the utmost out of them, and to design what can be done with comparatively few fresh tools if not with those already in hand. The simpler and the smaller the tool the easier it is to manage—to plant it at once just in the right place, and to press it down equally. And the more elementary its form, the more various the uses to which it can be put. If the tool represents, for example, a trefoil, you have a shape that is final; but if it gives only one leaflet of the three, you can build up with it quatrefoils, cinquefoils or other figures; you can not only foliate a stem with it, but place the leaves alternately or in pairs upon it, and at any distance apart. In the same way much more variety is to be got out of a single tool which represents a petal than out of one which gives a whole flower. Everything points, in fact, to the building up of tooled pattern oftenest out of small and in themselves insignificant elements. Whether the tools represent features in solid gold, or in outline or engraved with crosslines, is a matter of personal preference or of the effect aimed at—tools of various kinds may be used in the same design—the essential thing is that they should be flat. All attempt at shading in gold lines is futile; its effect depends entirely upon the angle at which the lines catch the light. So that, apart from the consideration that the appearance of relief is not desirable in tooling, you cannot possibly get it in a form that is to be relied upon.

The famous Grolier used tools not merely in outline, but in which the outline was drawn in dots—and the effect of the dotted lines was very rich. It enabled him also, by tooling them dot by dot, to draw freer lines than a gouge would give. How far he actually carried the practice I am not prepared to say, but the method opens out a way to artistic freedom of which sufficient use has rarely been made.

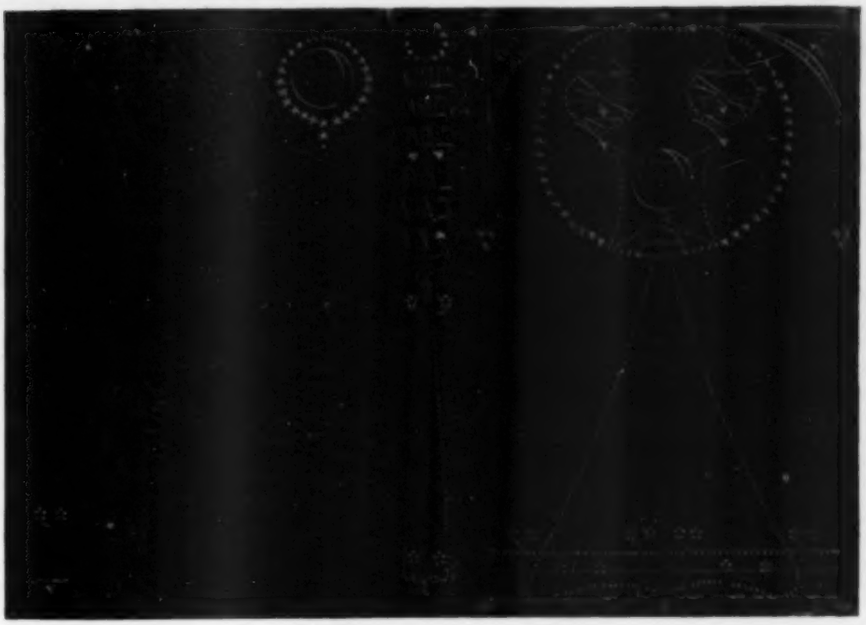
In saying that, exception must be made in favour of the Glasgow School of Art, where, under the direction of Mr. Newbery and with the co-operation of Messrs. Maclehose and Sons (it is too seldom we find a school of art in close touch with local industry), a new and characteristic departure has been made in tooling design. The note apparently was struck by Miss Jessie King, an artist of marked individuality, whose jewelled line (No. 2) has a singularly sparkling effect in gold upon morocco. The influence of her work is very apparent in Miss Alice Gairdner's simpler and less fanciful but hardly less satisfactory cover (No. 4). There is a trace of it, too, in the beaded lines in Miss Alice G. McCulloch's binding (No. 1); but though trained in the same school, she works more in her own manner.

In striking contrast to the clever Scotch work is the altogether quieter performance of Mr. De Sauty, which comes as an opportune reminder of the greater steadiness of the unbroken line. His line pattern (No. 3) just hits the mean between the simple and the intricate. Elsewhere (No. 5) he adopts the familiar



No. 3.—Tooled Binding.
By Alfred de Sauty.

device of a diaper, leaving, however, a sufficient margin of plain morocco to show his respect for the material he is working on. Where some such precaution is not taken, the propriety of so close a diaper may be questioned. A simple powdering is a very different thing; and, by varying the intervals between the repeat, a variety of effects may be got out of the same unit of design. But a full diaper, though rich in effect, involves so much labour that one is inclined to resent its expenditure upon mere repetition, which has not the interest of more thoughtfully planned pattern.



No. 4.—Tooled Book Cover.
By Miss Alice Gairdner.

A practice much in vogue in modern diaper design is, simply to accept the given space, subdividing it into quarters and these again into quarters, until a subdivision is reached small enough for the measure of a pattern to be repeated all over it. That is all very well as far as it goes, and may result in quite satisfactory surface pattern; but it does not go very far, and at best it is rather a mechanical and unthinking way of setting about design. What if the proportions of the book itself leave something to be desired? Resulting, as they do, from the mere folding of the original sheets of paper (the fixed dimensions of which are not determined purely by considerations of proportion), they well may. Plainly it is the business of the designer to make the best of the shape of the book. He may be called upon even to correct it—as he can well do by the width of his border or borders, by emphatic lines across the cover, by the introduction into the design of features prominent enough to call attention away from it. The massing of the ornament in Mr. De Sauty's design (No. 6) does something towards disguising the rather squat proportions of the book. Even in the case of a diaper the measure of the desirable repeat is not necessarily one-sixteenth or sixty-fourth or other such obvious part of the area to be covered. In fact, the problem of design is not to be solved by the simple process of subdivision.



No. 5.—Tooled and Inlaid Binding.
By Alfred de Sauty.

The method of building up pattern upon which the finisher proceeds, accounts to some extent for his difficulty in knowing where to stay his hand; he is tempted to go on enriching the cover until nothing of the quality of the leather is left—which yet was well worth preservation. Many of the most satisfactory of tooled bindings, however, are, as our illustrations show, those in which a fair proportion of the morocco is intact, and some indeed in which the tooling is confined to a few interlacing or other simple lines which do not cover any appreciable surface of it, but are enough only just to give quality to the colour. That of course our illustrations cannot give, nor yet the value of the brighter coloured flowers upon a low-toned ground.

The practice of inlaying in connection with tooling is as old at least as the time of Henri II. At first the introduction of bright bands and points of colour, to relieve the comparatively sober hue of deep rich-toned leather, was in the form of pigment, never very pleasant



No. 6.—Tooled and Inlaid Bookbinding.
By Alfred de Sauty.

to the touch. It was a step in the direction of thorough and straightforward workmanship to inlay lines and dots of leather dyed to a brighter tint; but the colour of the inlay was for the most part harsher than that of the paint, which could easily at the last moment be modified and brought down to the required sobriety.

Nowadays, when so called "*in*lay" is no more than the *on*lay of leather shaved down to a minimum of substantiality, the workmanlike thoroughness of the device is less apparent, and least of all when (as is sometimes the case) instead of leather it is only paper that is onlaid.

Pictorial possibilities of a decorative kind are opened out by the more modern expedient of, as it were, a mosaic of coloured leathers, the joints masked by lines of gold tooling which take very much the place of the metal cloisons in enamel. Excellent work has been done, by the French binders amongst others, in which the local colour is given entirely by onlays of leather, the detail by tooling; but the temptation to pictorial effect is as a rule too strong for the artist, who is apt to forget that it is the cover of a book which he is designing, and not a *tour de force* in onlaid leather.

It seems to be an ideal of orthodox bookbinders to use, even in onlaying, only leathers of the evenest tint. Artistically there is no reason or excuse for this. On the contrary, the variety in the colour which comes naturally of staining a natural skin, is all to the good, and might be turned to excellent account. The love of evenness is a foible not peculiar to the English taste but characteristic of it — if taste it should be called. Another mistaken idea is that only colours in strong contrast with the ground are worth onlaying. So violent is the contrast sometimes that nothing short of veiling the colours with a delicate web of tooling will bring them into harmony. A web of tooling, by the way, is not such a far-fetched idea as it might seem: there was in the seventeenth century a lace-like form of geometric patterning in gold very much on the lines of old guipure which, but for the implied imitation of needlework, would have been in its way perfect—for, after all, the rigid lines are absolutely suitable to gold-tooling. When, however, it comes to a glitter of gold all over the cover, the quality of the leather is sacrificed to it, and we ask ourselves, Was it worth while?

LEWIS F. DAY.

Mr. Wallace Rimington's Water-Colours.

THE first and most salient point about Mr. Rimington's work is its many-sidedness. It is not of that casual kind which demands merely a passing note of admiration; nor is it, on the other hand, of such a character as to arrest the wandering eye by mere modern meretricious mannerisms or eccentricities of style. Breadth of handling, delicacy of touch, and a sort of Shakespearean sympathy with the soul of things is what forms the great attraction of Mr. Rimington's pictures. Though he roves up and down Europe for his subjects, his Art is always essentially English, English of the Turneresque type. His *technique* is that of the born water-colourist. No other medium would serve his purpose equally well; by no other possible means could he express the exquisite transparency, the delicate gradations of colouring, the ethereal atmospheric effects that are so charming in many of his sketches. Yet, although he is essentially so very English in his methods of work, Mr. Rimington's facile brush has portrayed for us subjects that few artists of any age or nationality have yet had the courage to attempt. He has roamed not only through France, Italy, Switzerland, and most of the other beaten tracks trodden *con amore* by the feet of every enthusiast, but he has also wandered along many untrodden paths in that beautiful Pyrenean Borderland that is neither Spanish nor French, but wholly and solely Basque. He has also gone farther afield and brought us back charming sketches from parts of Northern Spain practically unknown up to now, so that he is, in a sense, an explorer as well as painter.

If, as we have been told, genius is only "an infinite capacity for taking pains," then assuredly Mr. Rimington may lay claim to this title, for he is interesting and untiring in his study of nature.

The more deeply one studies Mr. Rimington's work the more one feels the influence of Turner in it. It has, indeed, many of the most salient characteristics of that greatest master of water-colour.

It shows the same intuitive knowledge of the structure of natural objects; for Mr. Rimington seems endowed with a similar power of drawing mountains, not so much with topographical accuracy as with an instinc-



Crowland Abbey, Lincolnshire.
By A. Wallace Rimington.

tive feeling for geological formation. His trees also have the same sort of expression of vivid life, growth, and individuality about them; and his complex cloud-masses show the same absolute reality of texture and contour. Moreover, "the fascination of the remote" possesses him too, as it possessed the imaginative mind of his great predecessor. He loves dim purple distances and the infinite suggestiveness of limitless space, light, and air. His subtle and delicate tonality enables him to portray the *spirit* of a scene with a refinement and a mastery all his own, however; yet whilst gazing at many of his sketches, a Miltonian quotation appended by Turner to his Academy picture of the year 1798 frequently crosses one's mind:



In Poblet, Spain.
By A. Wallace Rimington.

> "Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
> From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
> Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts with gold,
> In honour of the world's great author, rise!"

That Mr. Rimington also loves "mists and exhalations" is plainly to be seen. We have only to look at his sketch of Salisbury Cathedral seen through an autumn haze to realise this. The spirit of autumn seems to have wrapped the whole place in a transparent gossamer veil, hoping herewith to hide the nakedness of the trees around from the glowing glances of the declining Sun-god. The colour-problem in this picture is an extremely difficult one. The sunset glow is dexterously thrown against the tower, through a fine faint mist; the hazy sky, which also reflects the light, rendering the colouring somewhat prismatic in spite of its delicacy.

Something in the same style is a sketch entitled: 'October Fairy Veils,' which was painted from the hills near St. John's Cross, above Exeter, whilst a light mist was rising from the valley of the Exe. It shows the sunlight breaking through these "fairy veils" most deliciously, and the expanse towards the horizon appears infinite.



Doorway of Deva Church, Spain.
By A. Wallace Rimington.

In 'Crowland Abbey' (p. 321), we have one of the architectural treasures of the English Fenland, and those who are acquainted with the stretch of flat country lying between the sister-abbeys of Crowland and Barney will doubtless agree with me in thinking that it is endued with a strange beauty of its own, the keynote to which is a sense of vastness and space illimitable. This is exactly what Mr. Rimington has been able to catch and portray for us in his sketch of Crowland, a frankly-grey drawing, with a lovely luminosity of atmosphere and sky. Through its pale atmospheric haziness we get a strong and fine suggestion of the rich sculptures of the west front of the old abbey. We are unconsciously impressed by its stately loneliness, and thoughts of its ancient by-gone grandeur creep into one's mind, for the *spirit* of the place is in the sketch lying before us.



A Patio in Zaragoza, Spain.
By A. Wallace Rimington.

'The Fading Crimson of the Sky' (p. 324), is a drawing that suffers much loss in reproduction. Here, Mr. Rimington gives us a delicious summer twilight in sunny Spain, painted on the Basque coast, above the tiny watering-place of Zaraus. It is very lovely in colouring, rich in dim distances, breathless expanses on land and sea, and exquisite atmospheric effects. The peace of evening reigns everywhere, the sea slumbers, the winds are still, and toilsome day is o'er. A shepherd in the foreground is leading home his flock along a country road past some women sitting idly near a stone gateway, the after-glow is slowly fading in a sky of pale crimson, orange, and pale yellow. The whole landscape lies at rest, steeped in a warm glow that is gradually darkening into dusky greys and violets. The figures reflect the deep sky-tones, and the sea, though low in tone, is wonderfully luminous.

'Morning Light on the Bidassoa River' is a different bit of the Basqueland I love so well, and it appeals strongly to me. It is painted from just underneath the walls of the ancient little city of Fuenterrabia, near the spot where the battle of the Bidassoa was fought during the Peninsular War. In Mr. Rimington's sketch we are looking across the flat, broad-flowing river on to wooded slopes dominated by La Rhune, one of the most prominent peaks of the lower Pyrenees, which, by the way, has (almost on its summit) an old Wellingtonian fort. The delicate pearly effects of dawn are especially beautiful in this sketch, which nevertheless seems flooded with silvery sunshine and wrapped in golden haze. These three last drawings were all done in what I always think of as "Wellington's country," because he has left behind him so many "footprints in the sands of time" all round about that district. Indeed, there are reminiscences of England found on every hand there, some of which date back as far as Edward the Black Prince, who has also left behind him many lasting "footprints" in these regions.

Akin to, yet entirely different from, this work, is the picture of 'Wells Cathedral by Night' (p. 322), one of several painted in a somewhat similar key, though most of them are under more positive moonlight effect. The ancient pile looms forth mysteriously, almost like a wraith of itself, beneath a cloud-swept moonlit sky, in a very striking fashion. This is a low-toned drawing, the prevailing colour of which is a silvery-green-blue-grey, most fascinating and effective.

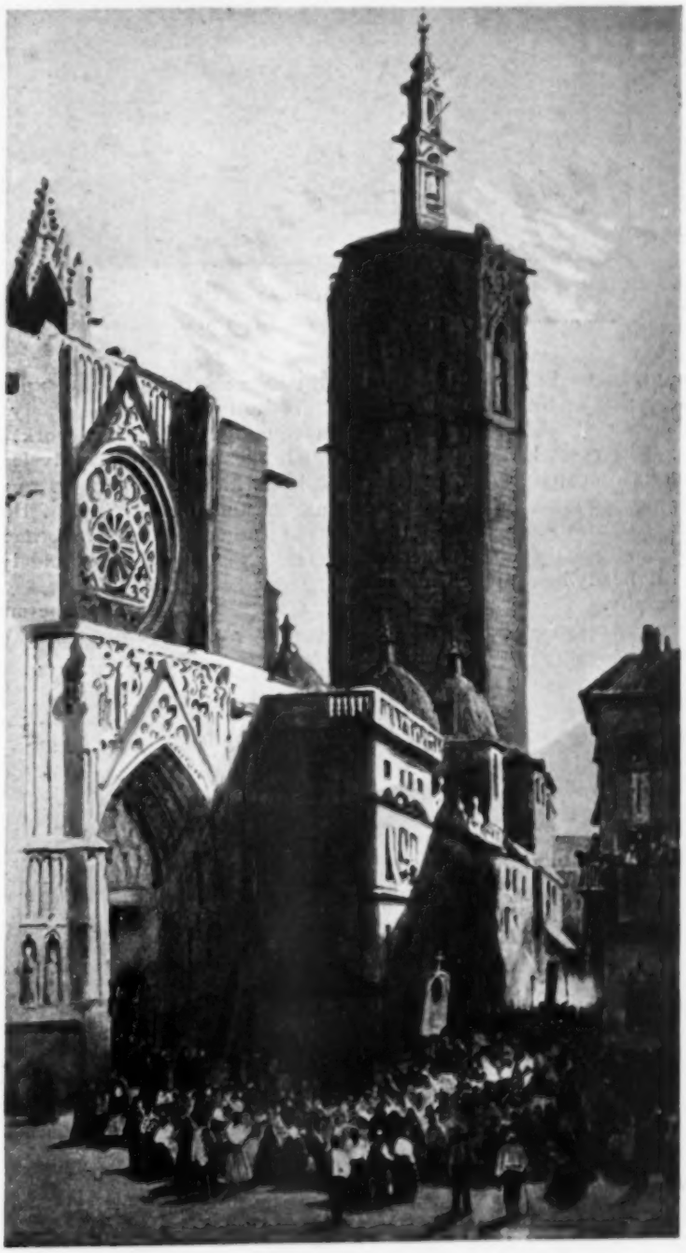


Wells Cathedral, Half Moonlight.
By A. Wallace Rimington.

'Porchester Castle' (p. 324) is another of Mr. Rimington's successful grey drawings, having a strongly luminous sky; very broad

in handling, and simple in colour. A typical English landscape with wood and water, meadow-land and grazing cattle, low-lying river banks, barges and barge-men.

Mr. Rimington does not, however, confine himself to depicting "mists and exhalations," nor yet to portraying the many moods of Mother Nature. On the contrary, to quote a Ruskinian phrase, he is eminently "forceful in hand," and many of his water-colours show great strength of line and accuracy of draughtsmanship, especially in ecclesiastic architecture, in which there is a large amount of intricate detail. Amongst examples of his art in this direction, one of the most charming is his drawing of 'The Miguelete at Valencia' (p. 323). The bell-tower of this cathedral is one of the few ancient glories remaining to Valencia, for nowhere else in Spain has the vandalism of the nineteenth century worked more havoc than in this city. He shows it to us on the occasion of one of those gorgeous religious fêtes for which Spain is celebrated. This is a very elaborate and carefully-wrought drawing, and is largely dependent on its colour for its full effect, its luminosity being quite remarkable. The very attractive colour-scheme consists of pale-toned sunlit buildings—the bell-tower literally glowing with delicate colour—beneath a pale sky, with a good deal of crimson about the figures in the procession issuing from the great arched doorway, and much varied and vivid colour amongst the crowds which throng the street and fill the balconies. These are, by the way, particularly life-like, and characteristically *Spanish*.



The Miguelete, Valencia, Spain.
By A. Wallace Rimington.

A crowd is always most difficult and complicated to draw, but Mr. Rimington has succeeded admirably. There is not only light and life in the picture, but also knowledge and soul.

Some other reproductions of his charming drawings accompany this article: 'A Patio at Zaragoza' (p. 322), 'The Doorway of Deva Church' (p. 321), and 'In Poblet' (p. 321).

Zaragoza, like Nuremberg, is old, and quaint, and full of pleasant surprises. You wander through dark archways to find yourself unexpectedly in spacious *patios* beautiful with dainty, plateresque or morazabic detail of arch and loggia, richly carved pillar and shallow stone stairway, marble fountain and ancient *AZULEJO* tile. It is a corner of one of these *patios* that Mr. Rimington has portrayed; the quaint details of its carving most faithfully executed, the light and shadow most skilfully indicated.

Deva is a bright little seaport town at the mouth of one of those picturesque river-valleys so characteristic of the Spanish Basque coast, and it prides itself upon its fine old church, the doorway of which, delineated by Mr. Rimington, is a good example of firmness of line and fineness of detail. The figures, very strong in colour, stand out boldly from the quiet green-greys which form the general tone of the architecture.

Though a town of immense size, Poblet is quite out of the beaten track, especially in a mountainous country so little travelled as Spain. Nevertheless it is a most interesting place and full of delight to the artistic eye. Its foundation dates from the twelfth century, but the

art of almost every succeeding period has left its impress on the architecture of its three superb ruined cloisters with their guest-houses, halls, and refectories, its magnificent churches, its broad walls and picturesque towers of defence, and its great stone gateways, the charms of which are much enhanced by the luxuriant growth of roses and honeysuckle, wild vine, creeping plants, and overhanging trees. The delightful bit of cloister Mr. Rimington has given us in the sketch 'In Poblet' is excellent work, the architectural portion being solid and true in values, and the strength of sunlight very well expressed. The roses look so fresh and natural that one almost seems to catch a whiff of their odour, and the solitary figure sitting in the half shade seems well content with his surroundings. But this, again, is a drawing that suffers greatly in reproduction, its union of strength and delicacy being much marred in the processes of photography.

It is very difficult in the course of a short article to give even a slight idea of the unique character of Mr. Rimington's water-colours, not only because he is so many-sided and so comprehensive, but also for another and stronger reason: to do full justice to an artist one ought to be able to translate his art into words, and this is just what one cannot quite do with most of Mr. Rimington's work. Its most valuable quality lies in its freshness, its truthfulness, and its apparent *artlessness*. He seems to understand pre-eminently how to make use of the Every-day in order to express the Beautiful.



The Fading Crimson of the Sky.
Above Zarauz, in the Basque Country, Spain. By A. Wallace Rimington.

To tell the truth, nobody but a lyric poet could adequately describe his work, because his pictures are, to my mind, more like lyric poems transmuted into colour than anything else I can think of—some of them are pastoral poems, but of the most soul-felt modern type; others are ballads of the Middle Ages, or else slow stately psalms out of the old lyrical version used in the England of bygone days.

Of Mr. Rimington as the man, space does not permit me to speak. This much only may I say: "*Il a bien peint parce qu'il a bien senti!*"

H. ELLEN BROWNING.



Porchester Castle.
By A. Wallace Rimington.

The Popular Art Movement in France.

THE fact that no organic style in art has survived in the practice of Western Europe, despite the splendid traditions of the past, has engaged the serious attention of artists and economists now for a long time; and many have inquired into the causes of this deplorable circumstance of modern civilisation with a view to devising some remedy. Nor is it unprofitable to observe what opposite conclusions, having set out from the same starting-point, they have severally reached.

First and greatest of all, it is hardly necessary to say, was John Ruskin; who, however, by taking up an entirely irreconcilable attitude towards almost every invention of which modern science is proud, failed to effect a very tangible result. For how could he persuade people to abandon machinery and revert to a state of things when railroads were not? It was something, nevertheless, to have done, that Ruskin should have opened our eyes and, by showing us how groundless was our self-complacency, should have made some of us think.

Chief among the disciples of Ruskin was William Morris, who, while less uncompromising than his master in respect of machinery, yet carried Ruskin's economic doctrines much further, and proclaimed that the fount and source of the evil lay in existing social conditions, nor was there any way of amelioration except through a complete social revolution.

On the other hand, it is curious to note a still more recent opinion, to wit that of M. Jean Lahor, a poet, art-critic and lecturer, well known in France, who, while owing much to Ruskin and Morris, yet arrives at an entirely contrary conclusion. In France they have tested the efficacy of social revolution. It happened a century ago; but, so far from its having brought the longed-for ideal any nearer fulfilment, M. Lahor's experience goes to prove that the triumph of the democracy has only meant the extinction of tradition in art and the imposing in its place of a banal and ugly mediocrity. He dates the artistic degradation which he bewails in his country from the sweeping changes of 1789. But he does not despair. Nay, he perceives the germs of æsthetic redemption in the extraordinary revival of art that is taking place throughout Europe, as well as in America, and derives therefrom utmost consolation and hope for the future.

And in tracing the course of the movement M. Lahor frankly owns that it is neither to Italy nor to France—generally but, he says, undeservedly accredited as the most artistic people in the universe—nor indeed to any Latin nation that the honour is due of having initiated the æsthetic reformation, but rather to the northern peoples, and first and foremost to England. Romanticism, the literary phase of it embodied in Sir Walter Scott, the artistic in Pugin, with his strenuous advocacy of the old religion and the old architecture, in a word the Gothic revival, and next Pre-Raphaelitism, must be regarded as the early stages of the movement represented by Ruskin and Morris and supported by the host of artists who have followed after them.

Now, up to this point, I for one have no wish to dispute M. Lahor's statement of the case. But it is surely an unjustifiable error to treat the latest manifestations of artistic wantonness, which they call on the Continent "*L'Art Nouveau*" and "Modern Style," as if they were properly a continuation of the work of Morris. M. Lahor does not profess to defend the extravagances and eccentricities which he is well aware disfigure the "new art," but he fails to discriminate between the two things. Not only are they not identical in origin and inspiration, but they are diametrically antagonistic to one another in principle. The primary aim of William Morris and his school was to gather up, with the deepest veneration for history, the threads of tradition where they were broken off, and thence, if it might be, in patience and humility to develop on the old lines: whereas the new school has quarrelled utterly with the past. It prides itself on its individuality. Whatever else it enjoins, novelty is the first essential of its being, novelty at any cost. All such considerations as construction on an architectural basis, requirements of the material, utility, simplicity, dignity, harmony and beauty are cast aside as prejudices and superstitions. And the extreme and logical issue of "the new art" is thus no outcome of the old, but rather a repudiation of and a challenge to everything and everybody that has preceded it.

We have really nothing quite analogous to it, nor any artist of mark in this country, except a small number perhaps in Glasgow, who can be named as its exponents. But the epidemic, whencesoever it sprang, has attacked Belgium and Germany, France and Holland, with contagious virulence. Indeed, so fast and furious has been its feverish career, that a reaction, as I hear, has set in, and the "modern style" has already begun to be rejected as a thing out of date in the very countries where hitherto it has met with the readiest favour and support.

Find fault, however, as one may, one cannot but be profoundly thankful that the former indifference is over. Let us not judge over-harshly the transgressions that have been committed against good taste and good sense, but regard them rather as symptoms of an exuberant artistic activity in quarters where, not very long ago, there existed only ignorance and apathy with regard to art.

Continuing, M. Lahor draws attention to the fact that all the best artistic products are consciously and deliberately designed and chosen by the rich and cultured few, and by them only. The vast majority of the community (the same is true in our own country as it is in France) is still outside the pale of artistic influences. They neither care to acquire what is beautiful, nor, if they did care, is it offered to them at a price they can afford to pay. These fundamental wrongs—for wrongs assuredly they are which cannot be defended on ethical grounds—cry aloud for redress; and to M. Lahor, who contends that the poorest human being is as legitimately entitled to the enjoyment of art and beauty as of air and light, belongs the credit of having conscientiously thought out and formulated a clear and definite scheme by way of remedy. This scheme he explains in

his excellent pamphlet, the title of which, "*L'Art pour le Peuple à défaut de l'Art par le Peuple*," affords the keynote of the contents.

And firstly, M. Lahor insists on the necessity of educating popular taste, a process which he purposes to accomplish by establishing local museums of what we should term ethnology in all the chief towns of the ancient provinces of France. One great central collection like that at the Hôtel Cluny is not sufficient. To be of effective service the museums must be easily accessible to the dwellers in the remotest country districts; and the contents of each should be as representative as possible of the special features, arts and industries of the district in which it is situated. M. Lahor instances the admirable collections already established at Arles and Quimper respectively. And since architecture is the foundation and standard of all the other arts, peculiar emphasis should be given to this subject, the best local models being selected for exposition and reproduction. Not only do types and methods of building vary in different countries, but also in different districts, the differences being determined by a number of causes, such as climatic conditions and the materials available in any particular neighbourhood. Thus where stone is scarce, as in the lowlands of Northern Germany, for example, brick building attained to an astonishing perfection; in Norway the employment of timber prevailed even for the construction of permanent churches, like Hitterdal, for instance. In districts where quarried stone is to be obtained, notable differences are to be found. In some places the stone being very white, in others decidedly yellow, reddish or blue in tint, imparts a particular character to the buildings. In other places, again, grey granite or flint is the dominant feature. But, even so, local peculiarities assert themselves. Thus the elaborate flint ornament of East Anglia differs widely from the simple flintwork of Kent. Nay, go where one will, in every ancient town that modern interference has not reduced to a dead level of new uniformity, delightful local specialities occur, which, being natural, ought to be treasured, not suppressed. In general, Italy may be regarded as famous for its marble, and yet there is Verona, with its exquisite salmon-pink bricks. Normandy, with its supply of celebrated Caen stone, is not far distant from Anjou, yet there is Angers, glossy with black slates. Nothing is so illogical as centralization, nor so destructive of artistic effort. Yet heretofore, when it has been required to erect, let us say, a municipal hall in some provincial town in France, it seems not to have occurred to the responsible authorities to do otherwise than send to Paris for a design, as though there never had been any architecture worth consideration outside the capital; or "as though," to quote M. Lahor, "there were not any difference between Brittany or Normandy and Provence, the Basque territory, Auvergne, Burgundy, Picardy or Flanders!" There results only an insipid building of the usual stock type of Parisian Renaissance, in most cases quite out of keeping with its surroundings. The model supplied by the metropolis, not being native of the soil, but transplanted, expatriated, always will remain exotic, and can never in its turn propagate the growth of a sound and healthy art. It is by a process of decentralization, of fostering and developing rural and provincial arts and peculiarities that M. Lahor hopes to train the masses to take an intelligent pride and interest in the glorious heritage of the past, out of which alone can anything of a coherent style be evolved for the times to come.

Moreover, M. Lahor seeks—and in this he must command the sympathy of all persons of taste throughout the world—to establish a Continental league which shall cover the work both of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and also of that for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertisement. Again and again M. Lahor has been painfully struck by the reckless way in which the claims of money-making are allowed to override all other considerations. It happens only too frequently that the choicest architecture or natural scenery becomes irrevocably disfigured by the intrusion of hideous chimney-shafts, warehouses, or other commercial enormities, towering above everything else, and blocking out the beauties of the view. The problem is how to put a stop to such offences, and it behoves everyone who loves and values the beautiful to rally in defence of its sacred cause. *A propos* of advertisements, I have been obliged to forswear a certain preparation of oats, which I allow to be delicious, ever since I beheld, on the walls of an ancient town by the Rhine, a colossal advertisement-board staring me in the face right across the river. And this desecration—more shame to us!—was perpetrated by a British firm. Our own countrymen unhappily are not least guilty in this regard. For instance, look at Norwich as it is to-day, cursed by the invasion of electric trams. These modern abominations not only spoil the picturesque aspect of the venerable city, but are a positive danger to every other kind of traffic in the steep and narrow streets. In the same city the magnificent old "Strangers' Hall" was recently saved from official demolition only by the devotion of a private citizen, Mr. Bolingbroke, whose name ought to be handed down for grateful remembrance to all future generations.

Many minds at the present moment are exercised concerning the fall of the celebrated Campanile at Venice; and there seems only too strong reason for believing that the disaster is to be attributed to the dredging operations which have been conducted near the entrance of the Grand Canal, so as to enable vessels of deep draught to approach the Riva. For, with a soft and liquid bottom like that on which Venice is built, it is impossible to confine the effect of unsettlement within determined limits. The removal of a large quantity of the mud from any given spot disturbs a much wider area, and, so surely as water finds its own level, there ensues a subsidence which tends to undermine the foundations of the entire city. Nor can the extent of the mischief be ascertained until too late, when every building in the place shall have collapsed. It is awful to contemplate, but it may be that Venice is already doomed to disappear. Such is the price to be paid for commercial greatness! It were better far that Venice had lain permanently in what Ruskin, referring to its sumptuous repose, calls "golden paralysis," than that it should have been stirred up to energy that means only self-extinction on the altar of Mammon.

Concerted action, then, on the part of all persons of taste is absolutely needed that no vestige of the inheritance of art bequeathed by our forefathers be suffered to perish; and that not merely every individual monument threatened with destruction or defacement be religiously safeguarded, but also that public opinion be influenced so powerfully that ere long no one will dare even to propose an act of vandalism being committed.

M. Lahor's scheme comprises a further project (and this, I fear, is too Utopian for realisation unless some millionaire philanthropist be induced to finance it), a project compared with which the programme of the

Kyrle Society dwindles into insignificance; namely, the opening of popular depôts where, at low prices, the artisan and the labourer may purchase artistic furniture and ornaments for their homes. For this end M. Lahor proposes to hold shortly in Paris an inaugural Exhibition of Art and Hygiene, at which loan collections of ethnological objects may be on view, side by side with such specimens of decorative art as he may have managed to find within the range of slender incomes. The enterprise is a vast and a noble one, and worthy of its author, who is too altruistic to rest content unless he can share with the meanest of his fellow-creatures the artistic refinements which afford himself the keenest pleasures in life. And if—*absit omen*—he do not succeed in his purpose, he may yet be cheered with the consciousness of having failed, not because his scheme was undeserving of success, but simply because he has aimed at an ideal too exalted for acceptation in a sordid and prosaic world.

AYMER VALLANCE.

On a Ring in the Naples Museum.

(Among the collection of antiquities from Pompeii in the Naples Museum, are some rings with the finger-bones of their owners. On one ring, found upon a skeleton in the House of the Faun, is engraved a small figure and also the inscription "Cassia.")

ONLY a girl's ring—and yet around it
Clings a human story, passing strange;
Dulled, since first it left the goldsmith's anvil,
Thinned by centuries of Time and Change.

'Tis a slight thing, of an antique pattern,
On its gold a ruby blazes yet;
While to its poor mortal dust has crumbled
The still fairer jewel that it set.

For the ring contains a bony fragment
Of what once was dimpled beauty's hand,
Wearing still the badge of its betrothal,
Shrunk and withered, in its jewelled band.

From the treasure-house of old Pompeii
Came this relic of an older day;
From the centuries of dust and lumber,
This bejewelled bit of human clay.

"Cassia" is the name engraved upon it,
Just a common Roman name—yet so,
How the heart doth reconstruct the story
Of that human love, so long ago!

Who was "Cassia"? Was she fair and lovely?
Was she mother, widow, wife, or maid?
Was she sunny as an April morning
'Twixt the almond-blossom and the shade?

Or was she a great patrician lady?
Were the stars drawn at her horoscope?
Did a noble youth, too, seek to woo her,
And the high gods presage joy and hope?

Was this, then, thy gift, O princely lover—
This poor ring, that, chosen in youthful pride,
Never more to leave her dainty finger,
Still adorns the poor dust of thy bride?

Didst thou hasten to the merchants' quarter,
And, to 'stablish thy betrothal claim,
Barter straitly with the Eastern dealer
For the engraving of the maiden's name?

Or, was't after some mere lovers' quarrel,
Just a cloud o'ershadowing the bright day,
That this gift of love was bought and tendered,
And the mists of discord blown away?

Did she take it with a sweet relenting,
As the way is of a maid with man?
Was the day a happy golden idyll,
As it has been since the world began?

Didst thou hymn her in Ovidian measure,
Give her rank and attributes divine,
Write a sonnet to a mistress' eyebrow,
Full of "Juno," "Pallas," "Proserpine"?

Didst thou pledge her in the old Falernian,
Loved of Horace, and by him renowned?
Did she drink from the same crystal beaker,
Her bright hair with vine-leaf garland crowned?

Ah, fair "Cassia"! in her hours of joyaunce
Did her life to her seem passing sweet?
Scarcely might she heed the Augur's omens,
Or the thud of the Avenger's feet.

When the envious light closed in upon her,
Radiant Hebe in her youthful bloom—
But, when cruel day again disclosed her,
Mouldering horror, in her ravished tomb.

And, amid the wreck of all that's mortal,
One thing still defies both time and rust—
Just this one sad trinket, still adhering
To the remnant of poor Cassia's dust.

Human Love indeed—yet here eternal!
Overcoming Time and Space and Grave;
One poor islet of romance,—left stranded
By the centuries' incoming wave.

Ah, poor lady! even in death dishonoured,
Here I pay my tribute to thy shade—
Victim and witness to that vanished city
Where thy little hour of life was played!

EMILY CONSTANCE COOK.

Passing Events.

SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER has published in *The Times* an appeal for money to aid the restoration of the Campanile, and donations may be sent to Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A., the hon. treasurer to the fund, at Burlington House.

PORTRAITS of Sir Arthur Sullivan by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., and Dean Milman, by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., have been exposed to view recently in the National Portrait Gallery.

THE eleventh exhibition in the Guildhall, composed of a selection of works by French and English painters of the eighteenth century, was visited, in comparison with some previous exhibitions, by remarkably few people. This decrease in attendance is rather surprising, for although London has offered excitements and other attractions, none of the many visitors from abroad would miss seeing the ancient municipal building in the City, and being there, it might be supposed they would have passed through the turnstiles of the picture gallery.

THE work submitted in competition to the Board of Education, and shown this year in the galleries of the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, did not reach so high a standard that unqualified praise could be expressed by any of the examiners. In the official reports such phrases as "a decided falling off," "want of mental activity," and "much below the average," scarcely balanced such as "some slight improvement," "standard well maintained," and "less extravagance and affectation": and the several expert verdicts noted a lack of genuine application. The examiners on Internal Decoration, Furniture and Iron-work deplored that the tendency towards eccentricity is on the increase, and quoted the words of a competitor as the apparent aim of the majority of students—"The main aim in this design is individuality and quaintness." This conclusion is in the spirit of the address by the President to the students of the Royal Academy last year, and it is to be feared that the prevailing taste encourages artists to execute grotesque designs. Being largely applicable to domestic uses, the work exhibited at South Kensington may be granted more indulgence than other forms of art, but we hope the repeated censure by those qualified to judge will have the effect of guiding the efforts of students into more dignified endeavour.

SOME comment has been passed on the rapidity with which scenes of the processions and reviews have been published, and some contradictory drawings having appeared, some guidance has been sought concerning the most accurate record to purchase. A daily paper mentions a certain weekly publication, and we concur in the tribute to the attractiveness of the journal, while reserving our testimony as to the accuracy of the scenes represented; for from the same office the Queen Victoria Coronation picture by Charles Robert Leslie, R.A., was attributed to "Charles Roberts"—a glaring error which makes us suspicious of further records.

WE wonder in what spirit the new Prime Minister will dispose of any questions affecting the Fine Arts in this country which are brought forward for consideration by the Legislature? Mr. Balfour has often shown intimacy with artistic subjects, and the appreciation of art by a powerful minister may influence the decisions of his subordinates.

IN connection with the civic festivities which have just enlivened Preston, the following quotation is interesting. Lord Leighton usually declined to address public audiences outside the Academy; but he accepted office at the Art Congress held at Liverpool in 1888, and in his presidential address referred to the strong tendency towards a return to closer bonds between the various branches of art. "The chief magistrate of an important provincial centre of English industry, the Mayor of Preston, wears at this time a chain of office which is a beautiful work of art; and this chain was not only designed, but wrought throughout by the sculptor who modelled the stately commemorative statue of the Queen that adorns the County Square of Winchester, the artist who presides over the section of sculpture in this Congress, my young friend and colleague, Mr. Alfred Gilbert."



The Charcoal-Burners.
By John Fullwood, R.B.A.

In the Corporation Art Gallery, Walsall *(see p. 264).*

BRITISH
16 OC 1902

Turner's Last Swiss Drawings.—I.

IN connection with the elaborately illustrated work on Turner, by Sir Walter Armstrong (published by Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons) which has just appeared, we have made some researches respecting the interesting series of water-colours of Switzerland made late in life by Turner. It must have been about the year 1836 that Turner made the last of his drawings for the "England and Wales" series, and practically brought his work for the engraver to a close. This work, which brought him in a steady income, had occupied a large part of his time during the previous twenty years. Within that period his engraved work cannot have amounted to less than 500 plates. A whole army of engravers was kept busy, and Turner's time was devoted not only to the production of the drawings, but also to the constant criticism and alteration of the proofs of each separate plate, to say nothing of the frequent disputes with the engravers. How bad an influence this preoccupation had upon his work we see in the faulty technique of many of the later England and Wales drawings. There are unmistakable signs of weariness, and there is certainly something incongruous in a man of his age and position taking jobs for the illustration of Campbell's or Moore's poems, or, again, working from the sketches of other men for Finden's Bible. But, perhaps, a more important motive for the sudden stopping of this kind of work is to be found in the falling off in the demand.

During the last few years, say, from the date of his last Roman journey (1828-29), he had come more and more to work in body-colour, and had filled numberless sketch-books with little studies and sketches on blue or on grey paper, almost without exception of Continental subjects. The "England and Wales" proper stopped at the ninety-sixth plate, but a kind of supplement appeared a few years later in the form of seven small plates engraved by J. C. Allen. Of these, three were vignettes, meant probably for the title-pages of the larger work. Very few copies of these engravings were printed, but they are noticeable as the very last works of Turner made for the engraver,* and what is more curious, the last illustrations, either in oil or water-colour, of English scenery. These final drawings, I may add, are in body-colour, and all of them of the Suffolk coast. They form, as it were, the last scene in the vast panorama of England—landscape, castles, harbours, towns and rivers—that Turner and his engravers had been unrolling during nearly a quarter of a century.

And yet the work which is, perhaps, the completest expression of Turner as a great original artist, and the most spontaneous outcome of his own way of looking at nature, remained to be done.

There may be two opinions about certain of his later oil pictures—though I think that the trend of opinion of late is more and more toward the accentuation of their importance—some of these later drawings may show here and there signs of a certain indecision, and an unpleasant blending of tints—but the pre-eminent value of these later colour impressions, I mean especially the Venetian and Swiss sketches in the National Gallery, has been acknowledged of late by many who find in much of the work of Turner's middle period a stumbling-block and a rock of offence. It is from Ruskin, strangely enough, that the most divergent notes come, when he speaks of these magnificent late Venetian sketches as "extravagant and showing some of the painter's worst and final faults"; he acknowledges, however, that at the same time they show "some of his peculiar gifts in a supreme degree."

In looking, then, over these Swiss and Venetian sketches, we see the direct expression of Turner's mind face to face with nature, and this is given with that spontaneity and command of material that only long years of experience can command. As we have hinted, marks of approaching decay can here and there be traced. In some of the Swiss sketches, and still more in the drawings based upon them, in the much-lauded 'Splügen' and in the 'Goldau,' in many ways so magnificent, who can fail to see not only the unpleasant mannerisms of texture and overloading of detail only too prominent in many of the drawings made for the engraver, but that want of grip and decision so characteristic of old age?

In their manner of execution, we recognise that these later Swiss and Venetian sketches form a group by themselves.* They present a curious instance of the evolution of the simple and the direct out of the mixed and the complicated, and the simplicity of method and directness in the grasp of the impression is more prominent perhaps in the Venetian than in the Swiss drawings.

Turner was never fond of making elaborate studies direct from nature. His sketch-books are filled with pencil outlines, ranging from rapid flowing notes to careful and highly finished studies. When we come to colour and work in colour forms, not more than, say, a third or a fourth of the vast accumulation of material in the National Gallery, we find already a suggestion of a picture, a definite effect and a composition. In fact, as Ruskin has pointed out, the coloured sketch was done at home, in the bedroom probably of the inn where he was staying, but immediately under the influence of what he had seen. This statement, of course, must not be taken too literally; Turner was a many-sided man, and for his methods both in sketching and in his finished works was open to any suggestion. He even, at one time, sketched from nature in oil, and was persuaded to try a kind of sketching tent or box, a device which would have interested the late Mr. Hamerton. Some of these oil studies of Devonshire landscape may be seen in the last room at Trafalgar Square. We find, again, in the Turner collection, innumerable sketches of skies, noticeable above all for their exquisite refinement of colour; many of them may have been done from a window. Few of these, however, come up to some studies of cumulus in a sketch-book of which Mr. Heseltine is the fortunate possessor, a book which Mr. Munro found in his trunk on his return from the tour in the Alps which he took with Turner in 1836; the studies in this book, however, date from an earlier year. Turner made many careful colour studies of weeds also, big coarse weeds for use in foreground—docks, colts-foot, or sorrel—but seldom of flowers; of birds, too, but always, I think, of dead birds. No better account of his

* A possible exception is the title-page vignette made for an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," dated 1847.

* Upon them was founded what was practically the whole of Turner's later work—the oil pictures of Venice and the water-colour drawings of Swiss lakes and rivers. I can offer no explanation of this division of material, but there is no exception to it.



Lucerne, Moonlight.
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

From the sketch in the National Gallery (658).



Lucerne, Moonlight.
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

From the drawing in the Collection of Irvine Smith, Esq.

BRITISH MUSEUM



Lucerne Town (Lucerne from the Walls).
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

From the sketch in the National Gallery (288).



Lucerne from the Walls (Lucerne Town).
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

From the drawing in the Collection of E. Nettlefold, Esq.

way of working at a late, but not the latest period, could be given than Ruskin's terse note upon a rapid sketch of the Falls near Schaffhausen, in the Fitzwilliam Museum—"sketched from nature, worked with colour and renewed with the pen." Even in the case of the most rapid of the sketches on which these latest Swiss drawings are based, it is an open question whether they were actually worked in *sub divo*. Some were, perhaps, made at a window, others from a boat.

It now remains to briefly explain the origin of these Swiss drawings of 1842 and 1843, and their connection with the sketches in the National Gallery with which we have linked certain of them. When in 1878 the late Mr. Ruskin consented to show to the public in London the whole of his carefully selected series of Turner drawings, he accompanied the loan by a series of discursive notes, fanciful, arbitrary, and didactic, but lit up here and there by passages of great poetic beauty. These notes were written at Brentwood in February, but they were interrupted by a serious illness. On his recovery, in the following May, he added to them an "epilogue"; to this epilogue I must refer those who are interested in the story of the genesis of the drawings. It is a simple narrative written in the easy conversational style of the "Præterita."

At the suggestion of Mr. Irvine Smith, of Edinburgh, who knows perhaps as much about Turner's work in water-colour as anyone now alive, I have attempted to trace certain of the sketches that formed the foundation of the drawings made in 1842 and 1843. Together with what is practically the whole of his later sketches, they have passed with the Turner Bequest into that vast collection which was catalogued and sifted many years ago by Mr. Ruskin. I think that most of them can be found in Group VI. of his strangely bewildering and capricious guide, "Fifty Studies"—I quote from this explanatory Guide, p. 28—"on his later Continental journeys, made in pencil outline only on the spot and coloured from memory. Of the finest quality of pure Turnerian art, which is in sum . . . . . *the true abstraction of the colour of nature as a distinct subject of study*, with only so much of light and shade as may explain the condition and place of the colour without tainting the purity."

We have been able to trace the present owners of all the drawings mentioned in Mr. Ruskin's "epilogue." In the following list the name of the original commissioner stands first, and that of the present owner last. We have added the number of the sketch in the National Gallery.

Ten Drawings of 1842.

1.—'Splügen Pass.'—Munro of Novar, Ruskin, Mr. Arthur Severn. Sketch No. 75.
2.—'Blue Rigi.'—Mr. Bicknell, Mr. J. E. Taylor. Sketch No. 96 (in part). Cfr. also No. 674.
3.—'Red Rigi.'—Munro of Novar, Ruskin, Mr. J. E. Taylor. Sketch No. 45.
4.—'Lucerne Lake.'—Munro of Novar, Lord Armstrong, Mr. Armstrong-Watson. Founded on several slight sketches.
5.—'Lucerne Lake, Bay of Uri.'—Mr. Bicknell, Mr. Irvine Smith. Founded on several slight sketches. Cfr. among others No. 589.
6.—'Lucerne from the Walls.'—Ruskin, Sir John Fowler, Mr. E. Nettlefold. Sketch No. 288.
7.—'Coblenz.'—Ruskin, Mr. Arthur Severn, Mr. J. Haworth. Sketch No. 280 or 583.
8.—'Constance.'—Griffith, Ruskin, Mr. Irvine Smith. Sketch No. 286.
9.—'Dark Rigi.'—Munro of Novar, Mr. Cassels, Mr. C. A. Swinburne. Sketch No. 96. Cfr. also No. 674.
10.—'Zurich.'—Munro of Novar, Mr. Irvine Smith. Sketches Nos. 287 and 289.

Drawings of 1843.

1.—'Küssnacht.'—Munro of Novar, Mr. C. A. Swinburne.
2.—'Lake of Zug.'—Munro of Novar, Ruskin, Lord Dudley, Sir Donald Currie. Sketch No. 97.
3.—'Lucerne, Moonlight.'—Munro of Novar, Mr. Irvine Smith. Sketch No. 658.
4.—'Goldau.'—Ruskin, Mr. G. Coats. Sketch No. 98.
5.—'St. Gothard, Faido.'—Ruskin, Mr. G. Coats.

'Lucerne, Moonlight.'—When Turner in 1843 offered to make ten more drawings on the same terms as in the previous year, he could only obtain commissions for five. Of these, Munro of Novar took three, the 'Küssnacht,' now the property of Mr. C. A. Swinburne, the 'Lake of Zug,' which, as we have seen, passed to Ruskin, to Lord Dudley, and at last to Sir Donald Currie, and finally a third drawing, as to which Ruskin confessed that his own memory failed him; however, he thought it was 'Zurich by Moonlight.' There can be no reasonable doubt but that Mr. Irvine Smith is right in identifying this drawing with the 'Lucerne by Moonlight,' now in his possession. This latter drawing came from the Novar Collection, and was thus described in the catalogue made by the late Mr. W. E. Frost, R.A., after the death of Mr. Munro. "'Lucerne, Moonlight'; city to left; wooden bridge, centre, mid-distance; two girls on wall with drapery, right foreground; man in red vest on point of land, left; black pitch-kettle on fire, etc.; size, 11⅛ by 18⅞." A good enough description if we read "steps of quay" for "wall."

The sketch in the Turner Collection (No. 658) is taken probably from the Reuss Brücke, at that time the only bridge that was uncovered and passable for carriages. It differs considerably from the drawing both in subject and effect, as will be seen in comparing the photographs of the two. Beyond the long covered Kapell Brücke, the moon, in the sketch, is breaking through the grey-blue mist; the sky in the drawing is more elaborated, and the effect recalls a beautiful blue study of moonlight at sea, after a storm (No. 571 in the National Gallery). There is a white figure with a black dog in silhouette on the quay to the right, and in the drawing the recollection of the figure may be traced in the man with the lanthorn on the approach to the bridge. A faint, warm glow reflected from the last flush of sunset lights up the houses to the left, interspersed here and there with the white spots of lamp-light.* The sketch is slight, with little colour, and no trace of pencil outline. As for the drawing, in spite of Mr. Ruskin's dictum that it was not up to the mark of the rest, we see in it certain qualities of concentration of effect and unity in the lines of composition that are perhaps wanting in some of its companions.

'Lucerne Town.'†—This is the second drawing for which Ruskin in 1842 induced his father to give a commission, the other being the 'Coblenz.' In the "epilogue" to the notes on the drawings exhibited in 1878, he gives a dramatic narrative of the subsequent sale of the drawing to a dealer. The 'Lucerne Town' passed at a later date into the collection of Sir John Fowler, and it now belongs to Mr. Edward Nettlefold.

The sketch (No. 288 in the National Gallery) is, in this case, carried nearly as far as the drawing; it is, in fact, the most highly finished of the sketches of this series, and apart from the figures in the foreground, the two, sketch and drawing, are practically identical. We are

* The last windows to the left should be those of the "Balance," which I always picture to myself as Turner's inn at Lucerne. But see also under the 'Blue Rigi.'

† This drawing is now more generally known as "Lucerne from the Walls."



Constance.
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

From the sketch in the National Gallery (286).



Constance.
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

From the drawing in the Collection of Irvine Smith, Esq.

looking east from a spot on the southern line of walls, which at that time crept round the flanks of the hills that rise behind the town on the left bank of the Reuss. In fact, the point of view must be from just above the station of the little rope railway that now takes you up to the wooded heights of Gutch, famous then as now for its shady walks and cool beer. On the opposite side of the river the sun shines on the towers and walls that form the northern rampart of the town. On this side the walls have so far escaped destruction, and the picturesque line still stretches over the flank of the hill. Of the walls on the right bank, one solitary tower alone remains, perhaps that indicated to the extreme left of the sketch. A warm amber light falls on the hillside and on the houses of the town below. In the centre we see part of the covered Bridge of the Mills, the Mühlen Brücke, and the tower of the Zeughaus rising to the south as a *tête-de-pont*. Beyond, on the right, pale washes of cobalt over the lake pass into purplish and greenish tints on the distant hillsides. But it is a hazy autumn day, and except for the Rigi which looms out vaguely through the heavy air over the lake, the Alps are nowhere visible. In the sketch the furiously rapid pencil outlines can still be traced in many places. They are even more prominent in the photograph.

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EDWARD DILLON.

(To be continued.)

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'Balmoral Castle.'

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY AXEL HERMANN HAIG, R.E.



From a drawing
By Miss Constance Foxley.

WE are told by Innes Adair in her privately-printed book, "The Hall of Memories," that Balmoral means "the house in the shadow of the great rock," and for over half-a-century it realised to Queen Victoria the prophet's idea, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. There our loved Sovereign found rest and peace amidst her many burdens of State, and although for a large part of the time the Queen had very sad, she had always glad memories of Balmoral, for it became in itself more than a desirable residence. After the Prince Consort's death it became a monument to him, remaining, like the cairn on the other side of the Dee, a place of remembrance—*Carn-na-Cuimhne*—for ever to be associated with his name.

The Castle seen in Mr. Haig's etching is not the building to which the Queen first came in 1848. The house then was a quaint, many-gabled and turretted mansion, described by the Queen as "a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style." The selection of this place as the Queen's home of retirement was deliberately made. Her Majesty's physician, Sir James Clark, had his attention drawn to the unusually healthy nature of Braemar, and on his advice the reversion of a lease of Balmoral was obtained on the death of Sir Robert Gordon, brother to Lord Aberdeen. This lease had in 1847 twenty-seven years to run. But in 1852 the property

The Art Journal London Virtue & Co. Ltd



An Original Etching by Emil Hermann May R.B.

Balmoral

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An Engraved Etching by Ludwig Hermann Esqr. R.B.

Balmoral

BRITISH
1 JY 1903
MUSEUM

was purchased, and in 1853 the foundation-stone of the great Castle as we now know it was laid. The site was chosen on climatic considerations, for Deeside was reported by Sir James Clark as one of the driest districts of Scotland, no spot in the valley being more favoured than Balmoral. The causes are the sandy and gravelly nature of the low grounds and of most of the surrounding hills, and the fact that the vapour-laden clouds from the Atlantic break and discharge themselves on the range of mountains south and west of Braemar. Within a week of the Queen's first residence, in September, 1848, Sir James Clark wrote: "the place as regards healthiness of site and beauty of scenery exceeds my expectations, great as they were." And here, as the Queen writes, "all seemed to breathe freedom and peace and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils." The turmoils of that time were sad enough, for the Continent was greatly disturbed, Ireland was in a fever, and India was in the midst of the Sikh war. But the life at Balmoral passed on amidst peace and quiet, the Queen and her family always benefiting by the grand air and impressive scenery of the Royal Estate.

The new Castle, which was designed on lines entirely suggested by the Prince Consort, the plans being prepared by Mr. William Smith, architect, Aberdeen, is built with a pure light grey granite, quarried in the neighbourhood, and the brilliance and beauty of the stone, imperishable in colour, make it a very striking object as seen amidst the surroundings of varied green. In October, 1856, the Queen writes: "Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much the more so now that *all* has become my dear Albert's *own* creation, own work, own building, own laying out . . . . and his great taste and the impress of his dear hand have been stamped everywhere." We must resist the temptation to say anything about the subsequent years of the Queen's life in Balmoral, of the great grief of the Prince Consort's death, or the many bereavements which fell on the Queen, and which are commemorated in statues, cairns and memorial trees throughout the estate. Nor can a word be said as to internal renovations and minor changes made to fit the Castle for the occupancy of King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

The view chosen by Mr. Haig is that from the north-west, and shows the north front in shadow, while the west front, where Queen Victoria had her rooms, is in brilliant light. The details of the dignified old Scottish baronial style are amply brought out, the characteristic "pepper-box" turrets, the crow-stepped gables, the corbelled windows and the ornament of the more important rooms being shown. The clock tower in the east, with three smaller pointed turrets, and the circular flag-staff tower, give dignity to the great pile, and the general effect of the Castle as a worthy Royal residence is fully displayed in the picture. The site of the Castle is about 926 feet above sea-level at the doorstep, and the flag thus flies from a tower at least 1000 feet above "ordnance datum."

While Balmoral first became known to "the man in the street" when Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort took up their abode there, they were far from being the first royal personages seen on Deeside. From "Braemar, an Unconventional [but most interesting] Guide Book," by the Hon. Stuart Erskine, a great deal can be learned of the general character and history of the place, while Mr. Michie, parish minister of Dinnet, gives a chapter of interesting topographical and antiquarian lore, from which we gather that even the Roman Emperor Severus visited Braemar. But the certain facts as to this are scanty in the extreme, and we are on more solid ground when we, eight hundred years later, come to Malcolm Ceanmor, who built here a hunting seat, and instituted a yearly gathering of the clans at Braemar, such as was revived in that gathering of "Duffs, Farquharsons, Leeds' and Forbes' men," which the Queen describes in her Journal in September, 1850. Malcolm's Castle survived to give accommodation in 1377 to Robert II., the first Stewart King, through descent from whom Queen Victoria derived her right to the British throne. We may next turn to the exciting times of "the '15," when the Earl of Mar organised that great hunting party which eventuated in the battle of Preston, and much loss and damage to Scotland in general, and Braemar in particular. Into those matters we cannot enter in detail, it being sufficient to give a hint to those who wish to enquire further into the story of Balmoral and its surroundings.

Mr. Stuart Erskine dwells on the great merits of the district, and claims as one of its chief attractions that there is no railway within eighteen miles of Castleton! This is a merit which Queen Victoria heartily recognised and perhaps had no small share in securing. The climate is so fine that he compares it favourably with St. Moritz and other winter resorts, with the consolation that if you *are* fleeced (of which he doubts the possibility) you are fleeced by honest intelligent Highlanders! Taylor, the Water Poet, visited Braemar, and tells of its wonders and attractions both in prose and verse. He describes it as "all composed of such mountaines that Shooter's Hill, Gad's Hill, Highgate Hill . . . are but molehills in comparison . . . in respect to the altitude of their tops or perpendicularitie of their bottomes," and after describing in his usual quaint style a deer hunt, he enthusiastically "drops into poetry" and says:—

"If sport like this can on the mountaines be,
Where Phœbus' flames can never melt the snow,
Then let who list delight in vales below;
Skie-kissing mountaines pleasure are for me:

* * * * *

Lowland, your sports are low as is your seate,
The High-land Gaimes and Minds are high and great."

T. A. CROAL.

The Coming Indian Art Exhibition at Delhi.

MOST people are aware that a Durbar of all the Princes of India, under the presidency of Lord Curzon, is to be held on January 1st, 1903, at Delhi, to celebrate the Coronation of King Edward VII. The Durbar, which is to be unique even among the many superb and similar gatherings of Hindustan, and to far surpass that held by Lord Lytton in 1877, when Her late Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India, will not only announce the Coronation to the chiefs and people of India, but will also be taken as an opportunity to show them what their country is capable of producing, and to promote the interests of the beautiful industries indigenous to India, by bringing them to the notice of the many thousands of visitors who are expected to attend the gorgeous ceremonial from all parts of the world.

By special desire of the Viceroy, therefore, one of the chief features of the Durbar is to be an Art Exhibition, at which only the purest, highest, and best specimens of Indian Art, in all its manifold branches, will be exhibited. Dr. George Watt, C.I.E., the well-known specialist in Indian Art, has been appointed Director of the Delhi Exhibition of Indian Art Manufactures. He is at present travelling about the country engaged in selecting and collecting specimens of artistic industries suitable for the Exposition. He is paying particular attention to artistic work which, from some cause or another, has decayed, and which he now hopes to revive.

During his visit to Madras he inspected several beautiful specimens of grass and mat work, which is an example of the many beautiful native hand industries that modern cheapness and competition, coupled with culpable neglect on the part of the authorities, have almost crushed out of existence, or caused to be forgotten. These industries will have a prominent place allotted to them at the coming Exhibition.

A Madras firm of jewellers also is already booked to show forty-six lakhs of rupees' worth of Indian jewellery.

Dr. Watt has just been visiting Bombay. He has arranged for exhibits from there of wood carvings, carpets of rare patterns and finish, and other things. He also inspected a number of samples of magnificent jewellery. One specimen, containing an immense turquoise, was valued at a lakh and a quarter of rupees. Two other ornaments at five lakhs. One Bombay firm will show stock to the value of twenty-five lakhs, and another a stock of twenty lakhs of rupees.

The building in which these and other beautiful exhibits will be displayed will be worthy of its contents, the occasion, and the splendid surroundings. It will consist of a structure which will have the appearance of great solidity and permanency, and be very unlike the stucco and lath constructions usually seen in exhibitions. It will be in the Indo-Saracenic style of architecture, situated in a lovely garden containing playing fountains, highly realistic of a scene from the "Arabian Nights." The entrance, which will be approached by an imposing flight of steps, will somewhat resemble that of the Agra Taj. Out of the lofty entrance hall, right and left, will be two large saloons devoted to special subjects. Opposite the entrance, and running at right angles to the hall, will be a noble pillared corridor in which the exhibits will be placed. In the verandahs surrounding the building will be native shops of the highest class.

The Jewellery Court will be the only portion of the building in which the individual firms or craftspeople will be allowed to open stalls for the purposes of sale. The reason for this being that if stalls were generally allowed, the difficulty of insisting upon a high standard of work would be almost impossible, and the exhibition would be filled by Agra and Delhi men to the exclusion of craftsmen from other parts of India.

Articles other than jewellery are consigned to the Director of the Delhi Exhibition of Indian Art Manufactures at Delhi, through a specially delegated Government officer. They will be arranged in accordance with separate classifications, which have been decided upon, in glass cases provided by Government, the arrangement being carried out by Dr. Watt, C.I.E., and his assistant, Mr. Percy Brown, Principal of the School of Art in Lahore.

According to present arrangements Dr. Watt chooses every article (or a duplicate of it) which is to be sent to Delhi. If an article is purchased, the money will be received at the Exhibition, and will be forwarded on to the local craftsmen, free of charge, through the local officer appointed for the particular district.

The Government itself is likely to be a large purchaser with a view to distributing specimens of Indian Art among various museums at home and in India.

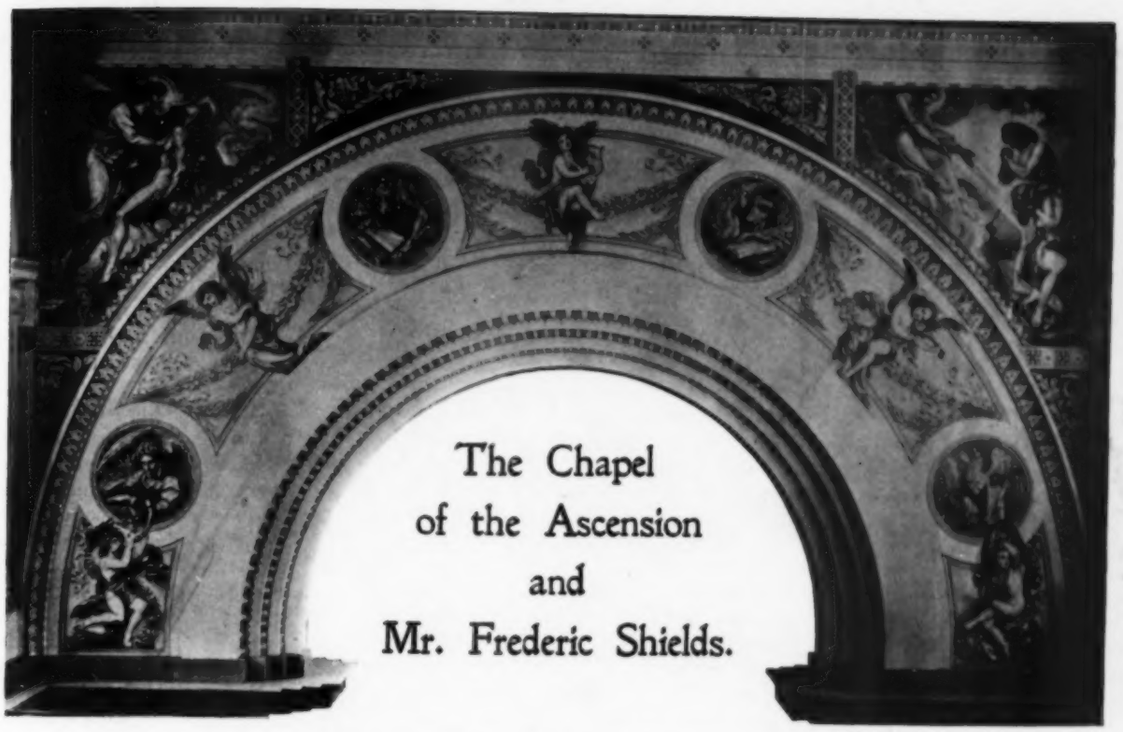
Four schools of art will be represented at the Exhibition, viz.:—Bombay, Madras, Lahore and Burma. They will each be allotted a room twenty feet square. The Madras Government has already voted a considerable grant towards fitting-up the Madras room.

The features of the Bombay room will be carved panelling for the interior decorations, and in the open spaces of the walls will be placed Ahmedabad and Surat "Kincobs" in frames. These beautiful brocades look extremely well hung in this way, and if this scheme of decoration became popular, the industry at Ahmedabad and Surat would be greatly benefited. Other features will be a large carved sideboard, Kutch and Poona silver ware, brass and copper work, silks from Surat and Ahmedabad, and the fine sandal-wood carvings from Billimoria.

No European article of any kind in India will be admitted into the Exhibition, and arrangements will be made so that each specimen of work hailing from various parts of India will be kept together in the Main Court so as to facilitate comparisons.

Gold, silver and bronze medals will be given to the best producers of work in each class, and the Exhibition will be the most important and largest ever held, of all that is highest and best in Indian Art.

C. B. THORNHILL.



The Chapel of the Ascension and Mr. Frederic Shields.

Creation of Adam and the Promise of Redemption, with symbolic designs (over the entrance arch to the Chapel of the Ascension).
By Frederic Shields.



Interior of the Chapel of the Ascension. Decorated by Frederic Shields.

PASSENGERS up and down the Bayswater Road must often notice a red brick chapel standing aside from the road, with a little space of lawn before it. There is something strangely reminiscent of Italy in the architecture. A door to the left of the chapel entrance stands open, and offers a glimpse at the end of a stone vestibule of what would appear to be wide garden precincts, quite, at first glance, after the manner of an Italian monastery or cloister. This hint of green grass and airy spaces in the midst of a wilderness of bricks and mortar, as one sees it through the open door, has the effect of stimulating the imagination in a quite singular degree. Truly "imagination hath the disposition of all things."

One day I discovered that there was no stately close nor flowery garden behind the little chapel, but only a disused and melancholy graveyard. Do not penetrate there as I did, reader, even to discover the headstone of Lawrence Sterne, whose body lies among the forgotten dead; for a double distilled melancholy, a blighted desolation lingers in this Campo Santo, as in all city graveyards.

Instead, enter the little chapel, of which just such another does not exist in the whole world, and you will indeed be rewarded.

How beautiful to be able to turn aside from the noise and tumult of the streets to this quiet and holy place, where pictures speak from the walls of the heavenly life, and the very stones cry out the story of the Great Lover of the world. Art is the only Evangel of Christianity here, but Art which is so sublimed to its task, so concentrated on its high mission, that the lack of the customary services and sermons which one associates with church-going, appears as entirely fitting and proper as it is novel.

The chapel does not offer a mute invitation only. On one side of the main oak door these words are inscribed :—

> "Passengers through the busy streets of London,
> Enter this sanctuary for rest and silence and prayer.
> Let the pictured walls within speak of the past,
> Yet ever continuing ways of God with man."

And on the opposite wall the legend is continued in these wistful phrases :—

> "Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?
> Come and rest awhile.
> Commune with your own hearts and be still.
> Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Unhappily at the present time the chapel is closed to the public except for two hours in the afternoon; and it does not seem to be known when the founder's wish —that its catholic and hospitable doors shall be set open during all the hours of daylight—will be carried into effect.



Photo. Autotype Co. *The Raising of Lazarus. Decoration in the Chapel of the Ascension. By Frederic Shields.*

This lady, Mrs. Russell Gurney, possessed a mind of cultured intelligence, combined with a nature of rare spiritual beauty and intensity. It was the dream of her life to give to some great English city (London preferably) a chapel for silent worship, which should be so adorned with paintings as to lead men's thoughts upwards and fill their minds with the beauty of the life and teaching of Christ.

The primary difficulty of finding a site was so overwhelming, the rebuffs and discouragements she met with so frequent, that anyone of a less tenacious purpose and strong faith would inevitably have relinquished the idea. But "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," and at last her desire was realised. The old mortuary chapel in the Bayswater Road was obtained from St. George's, Hanover Square, to which it belonged, and in 1890 the Bishop of London's chancellor sanctioned the erection of the present building, with which the old mortuary chapel is incorporated.

The architect Mrs. Russell Gurney selected was Mr. Herbert Horne. The chapel he has raised is simple and dignified, and in the best style of Italian Gothic.

It would have been impossible to find any artist more sympathetic with Mrs. Russell Gurney's aims than was Frederic Shields, to whom she committed the painting of the interior. Never has more complete harmony of mind and purpose existed between artist and patron. Mr. Shields worked with untiring ardour and earnestness to forward her wishes, and it would almost seem that they had but one soul between them, so completely did one realize the purposes of the other. The painter writes touchingly of her death in 1896, "it may be conceived what drear vacancy this lady's loss leaves in the heart of her servant."

On entering the great panelled door one passes into an ante-chapel, somewhat cavernous and gloomy, with an opening on the left into the



Photo. Autotype Co.

The Baptism. Decoration in the Chapel of the Ascension.
By Frederic Shields.

old mortuary chapel. In front, a curtained arch separates us from the Chapel of the Ascension itself. One lifts the curtain and passes at once into an atmosphere of light and glory. The walls, lit from above by a row of clear glazed windows, gleam softly with beautiful colours and forms; the air is permeated with a sense of joyous and holy peace.

After the first bewildered happy glance the visitor is arrested by a sense of awe at the colossal nature of Mr. Shields' enterprise. We have before us a long, somewhat narrow and lofty chapel, every inch of whose walls is partitioned into spaces which the artist intends to fill with paintings. Much has already been done, but much remains to finish, and Mr. Shields' admirers earnestly desire the termination of the wretched Chancery suit which is retarding the chapel's completion, and by wearing anxiety breaking the heart, wasting the days, and crushing the spirit of the painter. Until this has reached a satisfactory consummation, even the many beautiful works ready and waiting in Mr. Shields' studio (which work I have been privileged to see) cannot be affixed in those empty spaces on the walls, whose nakedness cries out pitifully enough to be covered.

Without regard to the work yet to come, however, there is enough here to engage our deepest attention, and to indicate sufficiently clearly the general scheme, through each part of which one main spiritual idea runs like a golden thread, giving unity and harmony to the whole.

The consideration of the designs—the scope of which is so tremendous—has brought me to think of the chapel work as one thinks of a symphony. One hears a good many such titles as "a symphony in blue" (or green or purple or magenta as the case may be) applied to pictures of a very limited intellectual scope, and often containing a sad want of ideas. I am using the analogy here in no such loose or cheap connection.

The severest examination into Mr. Shields' complex and thoughtful scheme of design—with its great dominating motives, its lesser parts so finely and evenly balanced, its alterations of mood, the interdependence of each portion with the whole, and the whole governed so as to produce great richness with unity of effect—proves the work to be profoundly symphonic in character.

Fourteen large compartments are ranged along the centre of the right and left hand walls of the chapel. Of these, eleven on one wall are already filled with compositions, and four on the other.

These noble and significant pictures represent scenes from the Life of Christ, on the wall to the left of the entrance, and on the opposite wall are four scenes from the Life of St. Paul.

I shall have occasion to speak of the former in detail later on.

Distributed between these pictures are panels with representations of prophets and apostles, many of them expansions of designs made by Mr. Shields for the windows of Eaton Hall Chapel, Cheshire, belonging to the Duke of Westminster.

They are altogether a most unique series, and Christian art has nothing to show which at all resembles them. Specially do we feel that Mr. Shields has entered into deep communion with the old Hebrew prophets.

If any may be selected where all are of so high an order of merit, I should choose to mention a grand conception of Moses, standing lonely and awful on Mount Sinai; David, the King and poet, filled with the divine fire; Jonah springing triumphant from the whale's mouth, a very incarnation of Life out of Death; and St. Paul, from whose eyes the Spirit looks forth with compelling power, and whose poor body, aged, worn with stripes, imprisonments, labours, watchings, hunger and thirst, testify to his sufferings for Christ's sake. The downfall of Paganism is indicated in this last design by the shattered image of Pan to the right of the saint.

Distributed below each two panels of apostles and prophets is a smaller picture of some scene closely connected with the mission or teaching of the prophets or apostles above.

Thus, beneath St. Stephen and St. Paul, the missionary saints, is a design representing the vision of the man of Macedonia in chains and darkness, crying across the sea, "Come over and help us." Below Joel and Jonah is an exquisite rendering of the Widow of Sarepta, with her child newly given back to her from the grave.

And this connection of idea prevails throughout the twelve pictures that form the terminals to the series of prophets and apostles.

Of all the work in the chapel, none exceed in beauty and delicacy these small designs. They are wrought in colour of bronze storm clouds, and with the prophets and apostles surmounting them—whose prevailing note of dusky gold deepening to brown contributes to a harmonious sobriety—serve the subsidiary purpose of pulling all the work together as it were, and giving oneness to the general artistic effect of the chapel.

But the summit of spiritual significance and beauty is achieved by crowning the height of the wall with a flight of angels.

By means of the beautiful symbolism which is incarnated in them, Mr. Shields has set a special emphasis—a climax, one might say—over each of the designs of prophets and apostles with their relative terminals, decorating the wall immediately below the angels. Over St. Paul, and the Man from Macedonia, flies a veritable "Bird of God," bearing in his hand a missionship with a dove as figure-head, and a sail blazoned with a cross.

Then we note another, who in throbbing rose colour deepening to crimson and golden hovers over St. Simon Zelotes and St. Jude and the design below, and appropriately reminds us of that day when the tares shall be cut down with a reaping hook and cast into the fire.

In the same way the spirit of each of the numerous groups of designs seems to be drawn up like some vital essence and made visible in these skyey messengers of God.

None of them is more beautiful than the one who, clad in tremulous rain-washed greys with faint pink and primrose about him, bears the triumphant banner of victory over the grave, and symbolises the truth which St. Thomas so hardly learned, that there is resurrection after death, that indeed death is but the doorway into a fuller life.

Each of the fourteen angels that surrounds the chapel's height, in colour, position, and form, has a definite correspondence with the spiritual world. They are pregnant with meaning and resplendent in beauty.

Between the angels and set over the large cartoons are long and narrow intermediate panels filled with designs, which a little recall the work of William Blake.

The corresponding spaces below are all blank, and Mr. Shields has not yet determined how he will treat them. The arch over the organ loft is entirely finished,

and in the two spandrils are representations of the creation of Adam, a very characteristic and original conception, and the promise of redemption.

It is impossible not to remember that Michael Angelo has treated the former subject on the roof of the Sistine. Who that has seen it can fail to recall the swift descending, life-exhaling figure of God Almighty, who stoops to touch the langourous hand of Adam with His forefinger. The body of the first man lies, but yet only half detached from the earth of the hillside from which he has been moulded. Life has only reached him at the point of union with the Divine hand. How the Master makes us feel the magnetic thrill, the bound of the nerves, as the life stream pulses into Adam from God!

Mr. Shields neither paraphrases this work nor borrows from it. He conceives the subject in a far other light. To him the representation of the First Person of the Trinity implies a profanation and the breaking of Divine law. Therefore he makes the Second Person of the Trinity the Creator. And it is through the agency of no magical touch that his Adam springs into being; but Christ leans towards the prostrate figure, and the attitude suggests that His breath, entering into Adam's nostrils, enables him to draw his first palpitating inspiration.

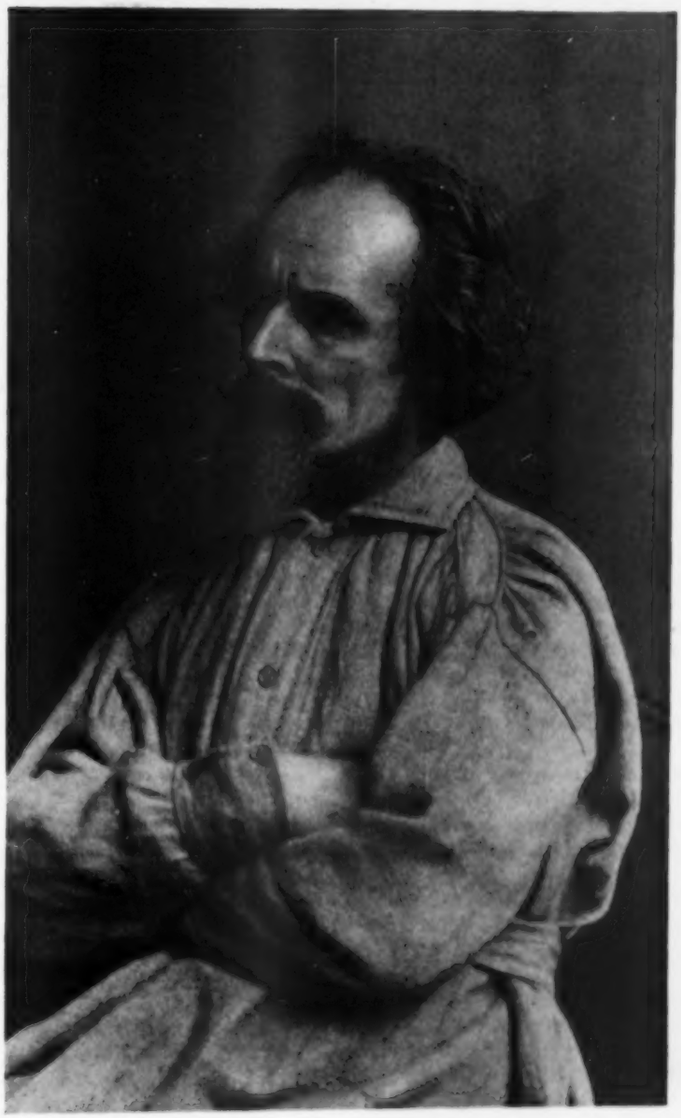


Photo. Fry and Son. *Portrait of Mr. Frederic Shields, A.R.W.S.*

High up, in the spandrils of the chancel wall, is a melodious rendering of the 'Parable of the Wise and the Foolish Virgins,' but the great wall itself is a blank. How one longs to see the beautiful Ascension which Mr. Shields hopes to paint for it.

Mrs. Russell Gurney, in one of her letters to the artist, writes:—"I have a vision for the chancel of outspread hands, with the words 'Lo! I am with you all the days!' and adoring angels on either side."

Not long ago I paid a memorable visit to Mr. Shields' rambling garden studio at Wimbledon, and was shown among other works, to my great satisfaction, the four symbolical figures—Faith, Hope, Charity and Patience—which, two on either side, will one day flank the great title-picture of the chapel.

That these panels are profoundly beautiful and full of significance to those who comprehend, goes without saying, but it is not my place to speak of them here.

The rough sketch I have given of the general scheme of the chapel will serve to indicate the unique nature and great scope of Mr. Shields' plan of design. But he has, himself, drawn up a guide containing two keys to the pictures—a short key for those who wish to study them at length, and find out for themselves all the infinite beauty and thoughtful symbolism they contain, and a long key for others whose limited time, or ability to grasp for themselves all the intellectual and spiritual complexity of the designs, renders it desirable to fall back on an authoritative source of information about them.

And now I shall digress, to call detailed attention to some of the large paintings which, to my mind, are specially characteristic of the artist and his methods of thought.

I am struck by the calm, unquestioning faith displayed by the painter in his design of Christ walking on the sea. Body and soul, sinking beneath the load of doubt, Peter flings himself on the Saviour's bosom. There is no supernatural luminous apparition here, gliding flame-like over the surface of the sea.

Quite firmly Christ's foot is planted on the descending slope of the wave. Wave and foot are made to look as like wave and foot as may be. To Mr. Shields the miracle seems quite actual, quite simple, and in his conviction lies his strength.



Photo. Autotype Co.

Moses. *St. Paul.* *Jonah.*

Panels in the Chapel of the Ascension.
By Frederic Shields.

How beautiful is the composition! The sweeping, slanting lines of the draperies follow the curves of the wave, and lest all should be a too monotonous melody of line, the upward swirling cloak flutters like a banner above the head of Christ.

Space does not permit me to dwell on the beauties of all the large paintings — Christ cursing the barren fig-tree; Christ healing the blind man; Christ washing the disciple's feet; the raising of Lazarus, with its mellow colours, and the magnificent contrast it displays between life and death, warmth of sunlight and cold of grave; the Transfiguration, the attempted stoning of Christ in the Temple, the woman of Samaria, and the four compositions representing scenes in the life of St. Paul—but I must be allowed to linger a moment before the remaining three.

Looking up at the painting of 'Christ in the House of His parents,' we find it contains a touching image of the Virgin, who on her knees beside the Holy Boy, presses her lips to His cheek in a mute wistful kiss, for in her heart she dimly realises that only suffering can await such perfection. Even her deep self-less mother-love will be powerless to avert the stress and storm that must fall upon that beloved Head.

Presently, she is aware, He will gently disengage Himself from her embrace, and sighing, will go on alone bearing His cross, to face His High Destiny.

Just the same mute passionate mother-kiss is the key-note to Millais' 'Carpenter's Shop,' yet both pictures are as far apart in their different standpoints as the two poles.

And now let us turn to the Annunciation. It may be urged with regard to it, that Art has said the last word there is to say on the subject. Recollections of the traditional Annunciations of the Old Italians (varied according to the poetic insight and special character of the different painters) flit through one's brain. Sweet, strange, haunting creations, which once seen, must colour, one would think, all one's conceptions of the Annunciation for ever after.

No faintest echo of any of them is here, however!

A deep evening stillness lies upon the landscape. The folded hills sleep behind the sleeping village. The air deepens and melts into a violet dusk exhaled by night herself. The flat-roofed houses are all dark save for one point of orange light from a window (is it that of St. Anna, one wonders?) making the intense loneliness of the scene seem more apparent. It is a transfigured world in this enchanted twilight, full of a strange intentness—listening and waiting it would seem. For what? The deeply blue sky is set with one star, whose piercing glitter, augmenting this effect, suggests an heavenly eye watching her, "upon whom the ends of the world are come." The crescent moon presides virginal over the scene.

In the foreground the Virgin kneels beside her unfinished day's work. There is no joy apparent in her acceptance of the Divine will, only she is awed throughout her being, and ready to receive without question whatever may be in store for her of love and pain.

Something in the bowed figure touches one with the emotional intensity of music. I am tempted to quote Heine's description of Scheffer's Margaret in trying to elucidate this Virgin. "She has more feeling than face," he says—"she is a painted soul."

The Angel Gabriel, tender and aerial as those swathes of mist which linger in the hollows of the hills at evening-time, floats before her, uttering the message. A branch of flowering almond adds a note of beautiful symbolism, for the almond is not only considered since the Middle Ages as the type of the Trinity (God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost are one, even as shell, fibre and kernel are one nut), but it is also a type of the Immaculate Conception. An old German writer thus poetically states it: "Aaron laid a rod in the earth, which bore the almond nut, noble beyond all measure, that didst thou bear, mother, without man's aid, Sancta Maria."

The colour harmonies of this beautiful composition augment the earnest and suggestive treatment.

Turning from it to the Baptism of Christ, the eye lights on the great central heroic figure and dwells on it with satisfaction. Mr. Shields has represented Christ in one aspect only, but that a magnificent one. Here is the perfect flower of humanity's best efforts in life, art, thought and love, consecrating Himself to High God from whom the Idea emanated.

There is inspiration in this conception, Christ's glistening Body and solemn illuminated Face stand out

with quite unearthly radiance from the mellow night-blues and storm-purples of the background.

In a general retrospect of Mr. Shields' work in the Chapel of the Ascension it will at once be conceded that although most of the subjects have been treated before, and treated consummately by the old masters, yet there is nothing here at all which suggests repetition or comparison. This leads us to the consideration of the question—what is the nature of the differences which separate Mr. Shields from the old masters of the Italian Renaissance? To Mr. Shields, Art is Prophecy, but then so it was to Michael Angelo and Fra Angelico and the Giotteschi. One reason why Mr. Shields' outlook is so unique (though the subjects he treats are old as the hills) is that four centuries and more of evolution of the Christian religion from the fantastic bonds and childish superstition of the Roman Church, to its present pure and lofty position in England, lie between him and the Art of those old great ones. In the same spirit as they, but with an intellect attuned to the great Zeit Geist of to-day, Frederic Shields regards the art, of which he has so great a mastery, as being only valuable for the expression of great religious ideas. He transmutes these ideas into images of engaging beauty and satisfies alike the eye and the soul.



The Angel playing a marriage peal of eight bells.
Panel in the Chapel of the Ascension.
By Frederic Shields.

Ruskin says somewhere of that great prophet, Holman Hunt, "the story of the New Testament when once his mind entirely fastened on it, became what it was to an old puritan or old catholic of true blood, not merely a reality, not merely the greatest of realities, but the only reality." And with equal truth the passage might be applied to Mr. Shields.

His art is a passion-flower sprung from the blood of Christ—yet not, perhaps, so much a passion-flower as a rose. For there is nothing of the delicate-morbid, the passionate-pale, nor the green-sickness of mystery in his work. It is entirely sane, healthy and self-possessed.

Sweetness and grace is its predominant note, conviction and faith shine through it, and a great peace has set its seal upon it. His art is no flowering out of time (like the passionate and romantic religious work of Burne-Jones and D. G. Rossetti), but the fruit of all that is best, most thoughtful and most devotional in his own age. There is no quaintness of mediæval grace about his style, no strained note of romanticism or self-conscious mystery. He does not seek to catch the eye or please the curious taste by any eccentricities of colour, lighting, drawing or design. But he speaks of mysteries as one at home with them. This forthright style of his appeals to minds open to its grave charm with the simplicity and directness of the beatitudes.

So little of Art to-day is concerned with Christ—yet here is a painter concerned with nothing else.

The age cannot be wholly destitute of religion, as so many pessimists would have us believe, for Frederic Shields is the product of his age.

No greater present has been offered to the Christianity no less than the Art of to-day, than the silent chapel in which the voice of the preacher and the song of the choir will never be heard. It is for London to realise and acknowledge the magnitude of the gift.

Erected by the money and prayers of a saint, and designed by a painter whose beautiful use of symbolism, intimate acquaintance with the Bible, noble imagination, and adequate art, render him peculiarly fitted for the task, the Chapel of the Ascension may prove itself to be, in this coming era, a new instrument for the consolation of souls.

I. LANGRIDGE.



The Angel of the Resurrection.
Panel in the Chapel of the Ascension.
By Frederic Shields.



Footbridge across the Binnie.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

Rothiemurchus (VII)—Larig Ghru.*

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.SCOT.

IN the grand beautifully balanced view of the great Cairngorm range, obtained from the platform of the railway station at Aviemore, a remarkable cleft is seen between the long-extended eastern plateaus of Braeriach and the massive western slopes of Cairngorm. This gloomy Pass is called the Larig Ghru, or, to give it its full name, the Larig Ghruamach, or Savage Pass, from its extreme wildness. It is filled with writhing mists or dark shadows, or when the sun shines directly into it, it discloses its rocky sides moistened by the melting of the snow in the clefts above, lit up with a dazzling silver radiance. You can see far into its inner recesses, almost half-way through, and the vista reveals visions of bleak cliffs, red granite slopes, an almost perpendicular water course, rounded summits retreating one behind the other until the end is filled up with the huge shoulder of Ben Macdhui, which appears and disappears in the mist. Looking very grand at a distance, you can only form a true conception of its savage sublimity when you actually enter for a considerable distance into the rugged jaws of the Pass itself. From the near and far point of view it has often attracted the attention of the artist; and pictures of it in oil or water-colours not seldom adorn the walls of the exhibitions of the Royal Academy in London.

The Larig Ghru pierces the great Cairngorm range from south to north, and is the principal route by which the pedestrian can cross from Speyside to Braemar. It used to be much frequented by drovers and shepherds, who transported their flocks and herds by this route from the hillsides of Aviemore and Kingussie to the markets of Castletown on the Dee. But since the opening of the Highland Railway between Inverness and Perth these markets have been discontinued, and the surplus sheep and cattle of the district are sent by train to the large towns and cities of the south; consequently the Pass has fallen into desuetude as a great public road, and is now used almost exclusively by adventurous tourists who wish to penetrate into the sublime solitudes of the Cairngorms. There never was any road worthy of the name in its palmiest days—only a species of bridle track; but such as it was, it was kept in the best repair of which it was capable. But since its abandonment to the summer tourists, it has been allowed to revert to the wildness of nature; and were it not for the zealous efforts of members of the Cairngorm Club, who have taken the matter in hand, it would by this time have become impassable. They have in many places smoothed the roughest parts of the track, and in others indicated its course, when it would otherwise have disappeared in bog or rocky desert, by the erection of stone-men as guides. Especially welcome are these rude cairns amid the vast bewildering heaps of *débris* that have fallen from the lofty cliffs on both sides of the Pass at its highest point, and meet together in the narrowest parts and bar the way.

A gang of labourers employed for a few weeks would have removed all these difficulties of the route, and made it easy and pleasant for the tourist, either on foot or on horseback. But there are no public funds available for this purpose; indeed, it is not considered desirable by the powers that be, that the track should be maintained at all. It would be considered a piece of good fortune if it should disappear altogether and these solitudes be entirely unvisited, so that the deer forest through which it passes might not be disturbed. For many years the Pass was closed to pedestrians, lest they should scare the game; and it was only after many unpleasant struggles that the Scottish Rights of Way Society succeeded in opening up a through communication between Aviemore and Braemar, and establishing the public right of way through this defile, which they had held from time immemorial, although for a period it had been foolishly suffered to pass into abeyance. But though the freedom of passage was ultimately conceded, it was restricted to the narrowest line consistent with going through at all. No margin on either side of the track was permitted, and the pedestrian has in consequence to plant his feet in the exact footsteps of his predecessors, and so make the ruts ever deeper and more trying. In this way the path is the most difficult and tiresome of any in Great Britain. It is a pity that a more generous interpretation was not given to the licence allowed, so that the arduousness of the passage might

* Continued from page 314.



The Entrance of the Larig Ghru.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

have been somewhat mitigated. No one visiting this sublime solitude for the sake of the wild scenery would wish to inflict the slightest injury upon the sport of the huntsmen—their interests would have been as sacred to him as his own; and the likelihood is that, treated with a generous trustfulness, he might be even more zealous of the rights of the proprietor than, as human nature is constituted, he can be at present.

The entrance of the Larig Pass is about six miles from Aviemore. There are two routes by which it can be reached, both equally delightful all the way. The most direct route is by the high road past the village of Inverdruie, which consists of a cluster of grey wooden houses like a Norwegian settlement, situated in a wide clearing in the fir forest. The clang of the blacksmith's anvil sounds musical in the still air; and the busy hum of the long row of wooden hives in the blacksmith's garden, filled with delicious heather honey, charms the summer silence. The schoolmaster's garden has bright borders of flowers in it; and the school-house windows are filled with large pots of geranium in full scarlet blossom, which still further increase the resemblance to a Norwegian village. A bypath leads to the Dell, now let to summer visitors. The first lairds of Rothiemurchus lived here in the simplest fashion, and it was long used as a jointure house, commanding in the centre of the plain, beside the much-divided channels of the Druie, covered with thickets of alder and willow, a very fine view all around the horizon. The main road passes the neat and substantial United Free Church—built with much taste, principally of the granite boulders of the place, with its interior ceiling and fittings made as fragrant as a house of the forest of Lebanon with the aromatic smell of red-grained fir boards—and makes a wide opening in the forest all the way up to Coylum Bridge. At this point a board indicating that this is the commencement of the public road to Braemar by the Larig Pass stands in the wood on the right-hand side of the road before you cross the bridge. A delightful track along the bank of the shady river takes you through thickets of alder and clumps of fir to the rustic wooden bridge that crosses the Binnie, about two miles farther up in the heart of the forest. The loud murmurs of the river, whose many boulders awaken its volume to a wilder music, accompany you all the way; and the current of cool air carried along by the flowing waters cools your heated brow. At the wooden bridge, the other route from Aviemore round by the north shore of Loch-an-Eilan and through the long fir woods, joins this route, and both cross the Binnie over the ruinous steps. A kind of ford has been made a little above, by which vehicles can cross in a most jolting fashion when the water is low. The path after a while emerges into open pasture ground beside the quiet stream lined with alders and birches. This green oasis was once cultivated, and on the other side of the river there are the ruins of two large substantial houses connected with the farm of Aldruie. They were tenanted by Macgregors, who were brought to this region by Rob Roy from the Braes of Belquidder. The farm has been allowed to become a waste wilderness, and is now part of the great deer forest; a solitary house and stable being built for the accommodation of gillies and horses employed in connection with the sport. Beyond this bothy the path soon takes you through the luxuriant heather and gigantic juniper bushes, which form the underwood of

the forest; along the bank of the stream, to the direct opening of the Larig Ghru Pass. Here at the end of a fir wood, a stone pillar and a guide-post stand, with the necessary directions. Were it not for these patent indications, the obscure entrance would often be missed by the stranger.

For nearly a mile the path passes through a scraggy fir forest, its narrow course almost concealed by the luxuriant heather meeting over it from both sides. The quality of the ground varies continually from soft peat-bog to hard granite gravel and rough boulders, and one has to walk by faith and not by sight, getting many rude shocks and sudden trippings from unseen and unexpected obstacles. In wet weather this part of the route is altogether deplorable, and is the occasion of so many disasters that one becomes utterly reckless, plunging on, heedless of the sodden state of one's shoes and the draggled wretchedness of one's clothes. The track mounts continually upwards until at last you rise above the straggling forest into the wide open moorland, with a grand view all around, and the free air of heaven playing with grateful coolness on your heated face. Here you pursue your way over huge moraines, the relics of the ancient glaciers that once swept over this region, and converted it into an undulating strath of the most surprising labyrinthine heights and hollows. The path takes you along the edge of these great mounds, where their broken sides slope down precipitously to the channel of the burn that foams and roars over its boulders far below. On the other side, directly opposite you, the bare conical hill of Carn Elrich rises to an imposing altitude. It is a magnificent spectacle, and the sound of many waters, that comes up to you and seems to fill all the hushed listening air like the shout of a multitude, is very inspiring. The sides of the moraines are covered with masses of blaeberry and cranberry bushes loaded with their purple and scarlet berries; for whatever may be the failure of the wild-fruit harvest in the low grounds, where sudden frosts and blights in spring and early summer are so apt to wreck the richest promise, an abundant crop may always be gathered here, above the risk of such casualties. In the Pass there are no less than six different kinds of berries growing—blaeberry, whortleberry, cloudberry, cranberry, crowberry, bearberry, in great abundance. The crowberry offers its refreshing black berries to the parched palate in great abundance beside the path; the cloudberry, with its broad currant-like leaves and orange rasp-like fruit, haunts the bogs, while the whortleberry mingles with the blaeberry in the same situations, but is easily distinguished from it by its more straggling habit and by the glaucous or grey-green colour of its leaves. Its berries are very like those of the blaeberry, only of a somewhat flatter shape and with a more refined taste.

At the large boulder, surmounted by a stone-man, which crowns the highest point of the Pass, and which commands a splendid vista, looking back, of the richly wooded scenery of the Spey around Aviemore, the defile contracts, and on the one side are the great precipices of Braeriach, and on the other the rugged, frowning buttresses of Creag-na-Leachan, which look as if they threatened to fall down and crush the visitor. These rocky jaws of the Pass are composed of red granite, which looks in the heaps of broken *débris* at the bottom of the defile what it really is, but up in the overhanging cliffs has taken on a dark purple bloom by weathering, which completely disguises its true character, and in stormy weather assumes a most gloomy and forbidding appearance, greatly enhancing the savage aspect of the gorge. Granite, wherever it occurs, is always characterised by a special type of scenery. It usually exhibits a tame uniformity of outline, unrelieved even by the great height to which it is often elevated. Owing to the ease with which this rock may be decomposed by the weather, and the protection which the angular rubbish thus formed gives the surface, being constantly renewed as often as it is wasted away by the elements, it forms long, uniform, gently inclined slopes. But owing also to its being traversed by innumerable vertical joints, this rock forms savage corries and dizzy cliffs, which the decays of nature only make more precipitous, as they remove slice after slice from their faces. Thus the different angular exposures of the rock to the wasting powers of nature at the front and at the back of Braeriach, for instance, have given rise to the widely different appearances of the hill from those two points of view, which so astonish the visitor. The smooth undulating slopes and tableland on the west side of the hill contrast in a remarkable manner with the vertical walls into which the mountain breaks down all at once on the east and north sides, descending sheer for two thousand feet into the profound, mist-hidden glens. There is no other rock which combines these apparently incongruous features on the same range—the grandeur of lofty precipices and the smoothness of sloping shoulder and level top.

About a mile farther up the Pass you have to cross over the stream, at a point where an enormous avalanche of angular masses of rock has poured down the left side of the hill into the valley. Through this cataract of stones you hear the loud rumble of an unseen cataract of water falling from the heights and forming one of the tributaries of the stream at your feet. The spot makes a kind of *cul de sac* or a recess on the route, where you can get shelter from the wind, soft materials for a couch to lie upon, fuel to kindle a fire, and plenty of the coldest and most delicious water, all inviting you to rest awhile, and make ready an *al-fresco* meal. In this favoured corner of the Pass you may gather in abundance on the slopes around the rare and interesting cornel, the *Cornus suecica*, beautiful alike in its flowering and fruiting stage. It has a large brilliant white strawberry-like blossom, but in the centre is a dark purple tuft, almost black, which gives it a very singular appearance. The apparent white petals are actually bracts, which remain on the plant when the flowers are fertilized, and gradually go back to the green colour of ordinary leaves, as is the case in the Christmas rose. The dark purple tuft in the centre consists in reality of the true flowers. In autumn the foliage of the cornel fades into beautiful red and orange tints, and the blossoms give place to one or more large transparent scarlet berries. In its fruiting stage it is a very striking and conspicuous plant, and cannot fail to attract the eye even of the greatest novice in botany. I remember seeing the peasants in Norway hoeing it away as a weed in the potato-fields!

The stream above this spot for a considerable distance disappears below the ground, and the channel where it should flow is covered with blaeberry and wortleberry bushes. Higher up you see it again pursuing its rejoicing course in the light of day, and in unabated fulness, over stones covered with the softest and richest mosses of the most vivid green and golden colours. These mosses in the bed of the stream give to the music of the waters a peculiarly subdued and muffled tone, like a prolonged sigh, which greatly increases the feeling of melancholy in the forlorn waste around. The path here passes over



The Lavig Pass.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



Stream in the Larig Pass.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

ground peculiarly bare and storm-scalped. Hardly any vegetation grows on it save the white reindeer lichen, the brown alpine cudweed, and grotesque tufts of upright club-moss. The stones are blackened with various species of *tripe de roche*, looking like fragments of charred parchment, which crunch under your tread into black powder. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the lemon crust of the geographical lichen, which spreads over the granite boulders everywhere in great patches, looking like maps with its glossy black fructification and little waving lines. Its vivid yellow colour contrasts in the most charming manner with the vivid red of the surface of the granite stone on which it grows. It is a perfect feast of beauty to the eye that can appreciate it.

Beyond this point you enter on a region of extreme desolation. The stream that has been your companion all along has disappeared. You are now on the watershed of the Pass, about 2,750 feet above the level of the sea. On your left hand the south-west side of Ben Muich Dhui rises up to the lofty sky-line in almost perpendicular slopes of granite detritus, on which hardly a speck of grass, or lichen, or moss is seen. These slopes stand out against the clear blue cloudless sky, when the sun on a bright day is shining full upon them, with the most intense scarlet radiance, like mounds of newly burnt slag at the mouth of a mine. You have a sense of imprisonment, of oppression. Each rock and height seem endowed with personality, and impress you with a feeling of hostile and irresistible power. The red screes take on a look of cruel menace. Where the rocks of Creag-na-Leachan form the western boundary of these screes, there is a breakneck descent from Ben Macdhui into the Pass called the Chimney, which presents almost insuperable difficulties to all but the experienced climber. The course of a side stream, descending from the heights in a series of white cascades, breaks the uniformity of these great slopes, and is supposed to form the true source of the Dee. Immense heaps of rough and crowded blocks of stone that have fallen from the cliffs on both sides of the Pass obstruct the way, and being often sharp and set on edge in all varieties of awkward positions, the footing is exceedingly precarious, and the progress over them must be slow and cautious. The stone-men of the Cairngorm Club are an immense help in the perplexing intricacies of the track. Here and there oases of Alpine verdure occur among the leafless cairns, where the weary eye is refreshed by seeing frequent gray-green rosettes of Alpine cudweed upholstering mossy ground, tufts of glossy dark green Alpine rue, and, in one or two places, clusters of the rare and striking *Saussurea Alpina*, with its pale blue composite flowers and large handsome leaves. In hollow basins among these heaps of detritus are the three principal pools of Dee. They are evidently formed by the perpendicular stream that falls from the shoulder of Ben Muich Dhui, and is lost for a time under the cairns, to reappear at intervals in these sheets of water, where the ground is unobstructed.

Clambering over the last barrier of wreckage from the cliffs, you come down on the other side to the source of the Dee. There you see the river rushing full-bodied and complete at once from under the huge mass of moss-covered stones, proclaiming its freedom in a loud confused roaring. You obtain a long vista of the other side of the Pass, with the narrow rugged path

gleaming white at intervals, and the noble river, which has no superior in Scotland for the clearness of its waters, and the uniform swiftness of its current, winding down at its side to the cultivated glens and straths. Amid an array of giant mountains unequalled in Scotland within a similar area, forming the guardians of the Pass on either side, your eye catches the magnificent steep sides and conical top of Cairn Toul, which fills up the whole southern side of the gorge. You sit down beside the clear waters, that give you such a sense of overflowing, unfailing fulness, and yield yourself freely to the thoughts and feelings that arise in your heart. You feel that there is a spell upon you which it would be sinful to disturb. The imagination of a Doré could suggest nothing more wildly desolate than this secluded fountain-head of waters, with the mountain streams murmuring around it and the vast solitary peaks rising above it, shutting it out from all except the sun for a few hours at mid-day, and the stars at night. Nothing can exceed the loneliness of the place. One coming here alone would almost thank his shadow for the suggestion of companionship which it afforded. But what a field for meditation to one who is in league with the stones of the field, and who can interpret the mysterious signs in which the dumb mountains speak to him! The stream has the voice of a sibyl uttering mystic oracles; and an occasional Alpine bird flitting about, made almost tame by its ignorance of man, soothes the listening air with its tender twitter, and makes the place where it is seen and heard the very soul of the loneliness. How full of significance does every stone become, and how touching is the mute appeal of each Alpine flower by your side! You feel yourself a small and unheeded atom in the midst of the overwhelming mass of matter around you; and yet you feel at the same time that you belong necessarily to the heart of things, and supply the element of consciousness to them all, and are folded closely round in the arms of Infinite Love. In all your life you have never been so alone with nature, in the very heart of it, as here. You seem to hear the pulse of the earth, to feel something of the eternal leisure of the mountains. Nature lays her calm cool hand upon the tumult of your heart, and while she humbles you, and makes you poor in your own esteem, she exalts and enriches you with her wealth of grand suggestions. On a calm summer's day the mystery of the origin of the river in this spot captivates the mind, and recalls all the romance and tenderness of "youth and buried time." But what must it be in winter, or in a storm, when the shallow waters are changed into raging torrents and the wind is shrieking fiercely among the rocks, and the sky is blotted out with dark clouds, and the corries are filled with swirling mists, and stinging rains, and blinding snow!

HUGH MACMILLAN.

The Waddesdon Bequest.

BY THE KEEPER OF BRITISH AND MEDIÆVAL ANTIQUITIES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



(*No.* 161.)
Pendent Jewel of Gold, enamelled and set with three small Rubies and an Emerald.
German, Sixteenth Century.

IT may almost be said that, by the addition of the magnificent collection of Baron Ferdinand Rothschild to the British Museum, a new department has been added to the national collection at Bloomsbury. The dominant note in archæological museums is the sobriety of the contents, a quality that appeals with unfailing effect to the eye and brain of the trained antiquary or the student of history; but to the ordinary visitor, with a love for pretty things with attractions that "jump to the eyes," as the French phrase has it, the archæological museum usually demands too great a mental effort. Exception must be made for those fortunately situated, such as the Museums of Athens, Gizeh, or Naples, where the very air smells of antiquity and the visitor has already drunk in the spirit of the distant past.

No great effort is called for from the visitor who spends an hour in the Waddesdon Room. There may be predilections for particular kinds of beautiful art workmanship in preference to others; but there can be no two opinions about the immediately attractive character of nearly every case in the room. It is only fair to say, on my own part, that the Government made no difficulties about providing suitable accommodation for so munificent a bequest, and the cases in which the objects are shown, as well as all their internal fittings, were specially designed and made, so that the collection might be worthily installed. The Pompeian style in which the walls have been decorated has been the subject of criticism by some purists whose ideas of unity are disturbed by the proximity of Renaissance jewellery and classical motives. But it must not be forgotten that the British Museum is built in a pronounced classical style, and a classical roof and Renaissance walls would have been less defensible, while the purist would, in my judgment, have had a more legitimate cause for complaint. The ideal wall decoration in such an installation seems obviously to be fine pieces of contemporary tapestry; but what chance has a public museum with limited funds of obtaining two panels of sixteenth-century tapestry about 50 feet long by 20 in height? While the price of such luxurious adjuncts is to be reckoned by tens of thousands of pounds, they are clearly out of the reach of any Government museum.

The estimated value of Baron Ferdinand's bequest at the time of his death four years ago was, I believe, £350,000, a sum which then seemed to me rather excessive,



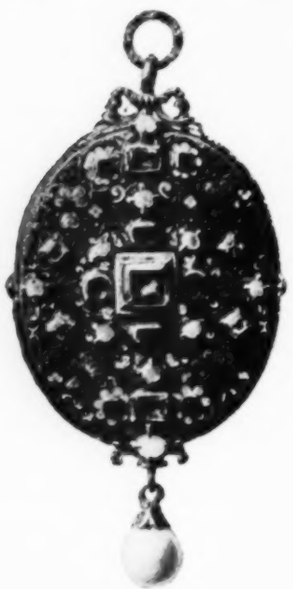
(*No.* 1.)
Bronze circular Medallion, with head of a Bacchante in relief, cast and chased, with a pendent ribbed ring below for use as a handle.
Greek, about 280 B.C.

vestment to buy them, provided they are of the best quality—second-rate works of art are always a poor bargain.

The most attractive case in the room is undoubtedly that containing the crystal and agate cups and vases in their rich mountings of the sixteenth century, and among these the five vases from the Duke of Devonshire's collection (Nos. 68-72) are conspicuous for their beauty and charm of colour or outline. This group must have given Baron Ferdinand more satisfaction than a score of silver cups, and it may safely be said that such an opportunity only occurs once in the lifetime of a collector, even when he is a Rothschild. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the gold mounts of the fine antique agate vase (No. 68), and it really deserves to be ascribed to the hand of Cellini, or an artist craftsman of his standing—an attribution often and lightly made, but seldom justified. Nor is its charm confined to the mounts alone; the vase itself is worthy of fully as minute an examination. The simple graceful outline, though doubtless governed to some extent by the original form of the block of agate, is very pleasing, and the handles formed of heads of Pan are distinctly good; while the boldly modelled vine leaves and grapes are disposed over the surface with well-considered skill, and do not in any degree mar the elegance of the contour. The three vases shown in the accompanying figures (Nos. 69, 70, 71), are remarkable in other respects.



(*No.* 1.)
Bronze circular Medallion, with head of a Bacchante in relief, cast and chased, with a pendent ribbed ring below for use as a handle.
Greek, about 280 B.C.



(*No.* 168.)
Oval Locket of Gold, richly enamelled and set with jewels on one face.
English, early Seventeenth Century.



(*No.* 168.)
Oval Locket of Gold, richly enamelled and set with jewels on one face.
English, early Seventeenth Century.



(*No.* 152.)
Hat Jewel of Gold, oval, having in relief the subject of the Judgment of Paris, enamelled and set with a Chrysoprase and a Sapphire: the whole within a border of Garnets.
German, Sixteenth Century.



(*No.* 160.)
Pendent Jewel of Gold, enamelled and set with Rubies and Emeralds.
German (Nürnberg), Sixteenth Century.

The first (No. 71) is without great pretensions as to the vase itself; the material is a variegated jasper, pleasing in colour, of simple outline, turned and polished on the lathe with great truth and accuracy. The dainty mounts and handles are, however, of rare beauty, though again marked by a pleasing simplicity. Goldsmith's work of so high a quality is but seldom found, and this piece will bear the keenest scrutiny, either by the practical jeweller or by the equally critical eye of the collector. Another point to be remarked in this and in another cup in the same case (No. 72), is the brilliancy and quality of the stones with which they are set. The old diamonds of Golconda and Brazil differ so widely in colour and quality from the diamonds of to-day that they scarcely seem to be the same stone, and the intense and clear blacks and whites used by the artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are seen to be no mere painter's trick, but an actual representation of the appearance of the older and rarer stones. The finely formed vase of bloodstone (No. 69), in the middle of the group, is an excellent example of the perhaps over-elaborate style of Italian work of the latter part of the sixteenth century, which a hundred years later became florid and meaningless. In technical quality and even in the design of the parts, the work is of high finish and leaves little to desire, but in the vase as a whole there is a marked absence of the restraint that charms the eye so greatly in the Italian art of the quattro-cento. The third vase of the group has a value of a different kind; it is formed of a fine block of lapis lazuli, of admirable colour, and is believed, with some justice, to be of classical work. An illustration without colour can give but a feeble idea of its beauty, and the same observation may in fact be made with equal justice of the whole of the class to which these vases belong. The brilliancy of the colours of the enamelled mounts and the peculiar beauties of the stones cannot be at all realised in a monochrome picture, though I fear the chromolithographer would, after all, only score a modest success in such a case.



No. 261.—Portrait Bust in Walnut Wood, said to represent Margaret of York. German, about 1530.



No. 261.—Portrait Bust in Walnut Wood, said to represent Charles the Bold. German, about 1530.

The two jewels which are shown in the figures, the locket (No. 168) and the pendent jewel (No. 161) are both noteworthy pieces. The first contains a miniature portrait of Sir Bevil Grenville, the well-known Royalist general of the West Country, painted by David de Grange. The locket itself is by some judges claimed as of English work, and certainly England was quite capable of producing such jewels in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, as the famous Lyte Jewel bears witness. But although I willingly concede its probable English origin, I must confess to a feeling that the design itself is rather French than English, so that it may better be called in the French manner. The Lyte Jewel is worthy of a monograph; as a piece of goldsmith's work, for the quality and setting of the stones, for its enamelling, as tasteful as it is brilliant, and for the condition and interest of the portrait of James I. that it contains, it will bear comparison with any piece of similar work. Of quite a different class is the little jewel in the form of a horseman (No. 161). Its merits depend entirely on form and colour, and it is certainly from the hand of a most capable artist; no other could have contrived, in so tiny a toy, to convey the impression of vigour and force as is seen in this little cavalier, whose horse is barely an inch in length.

The ebony casket (No. 218), of which a figure is here given, is the work of a well-known artist of Augsburg, Matthew Wallbaum. The close connection of the rich Southern German cities with Italy and her art gave them a character very different from that prevailing in

the North, and it has long been the fashion, and is even still, to set down their productions as Italian or perhaps French. Closer study both of style, and what is perhaps a surer guide, an examination of the makers' marks, shows their German origin beyond dispute. This piece has not escaped such an attribution, for a former owner, the well-known Odiot père, considered it to be the work of Jean Goujon. It is nevertheless a very fine piece of work, and worthy to rank with the best French work of its time.

Among amateurs and collectors many of the objects in the collection have been the subject of discussion on various grounds: their condition, comparative quality, and even in some cases, their authenticity. Chief among such disputed pieces have been the two charming busts, formerly called Charles the Bold, and his wife, Margaret of York; a careless attribution, for the dress clearly demonstrates them to date from about 1520-30, while Charles died in 1477. In the Berlin Museum, however, there is a replica of the man's bust, identical in all respects, save that it lacks the enseigne on the hat, which has the subject of St. Margaret and the motto IE NE SCAI. The existence of such a duplicate opens the door for the "experts" to condemn one or the other as a modern copy, and in the present case the Rothschild pair of busts have been tried and found wanting by sundry authorities of more or less weight. I have always maintained their genuine character, and am pleased to find that I have the support of Dr. W. Bode, whose opinion is admittedly worthy of the highest respect. He has, however, done more than stamp them as genuine, for in a recent official publication of the Berlin Museum he has produced good evidence for their being the work of Conrad Meit, of Worms, the Court sculptor under Margaret of Austria, Regent of the Netherlands. The bust of this great lady in the National Museum at Munich is identical in style and technique with that of the lady in the Rothschild Bequest, and it may even be said that there is a likeness between the two faces, although the British Museum bust is that of a far more pleasing person than the Regent Margaret ever was. It is worthy of note, however, that St. Margaret forms the device of the badge on the man's hat, a circumstance that adds probability to the surmise that these two individuals, modelled by Margaret's Court sculptor, were great people in her Court. That Meit was an artist of great power is clear enough from an examination of these two busts alone, which possess to the full all the qualities which render this particular form of portraiture so delightful. But Dr. Bode has gathered together in his article a series of works in various collections that furnishes convincing proof of the great capacity of Conrad Meit. Of these the most remarkable are a coloured life-sized bust of a laughing boy in terra-cotta in our own Royal Collection, and two stone busts of a young man and his wife, in the possession of Monsieur Gustave Dreyfus in Paris, a collector of admirable taste and judgment. Although these latter do not appear to be persons of such rank as the pair in the Waddesdon Bequest, they are fully equal in all artistic qualities, and possess the same simple dignified pose, while in grace of outline they are even superior. Dr. Bode has placed his fellow workers more deeply in his debt than ever by putting together the story of the artist capable of executing such masterpieces.

In so short an article as this, it is not possible to do more than indicate a few points of interest in a collection



(*No.* 71.)

Low Vase and Cover of cloudy yellow and red Jasper, with two Handles and Mounts of Gold, enamelled and jewelled.

German, Sixteenth Century.



(*No.* 69.)

Ewer of Bloodstone, with Handle, Spout, and Mounts of Gold, enamelled and richly jewelled.

French or Italian, Sixteenth Century



(*No.* 70.)

Low Vase, with two Handles and Cover of Lapis Lazuli, slightly mounted in Gold, enamelled and jewelled. Vase, antique Roman; mounting, Sixteenth Century, Italian.

like the Waddesdon Bequest, where so many objects have an interesting story. A brief statement of the authentic particulars of each is given in the catalogue I have written, recently published by the Museum, in which also a great proportion of the specimens are illustrated. The two bronzes shown in the first plate should have been mentioned earlier in this notice, being, as they are, probably the finest examples of true art in the collection. Though not of the best period of Greek style, they are near enough in time to recall distinctly the masterpieces of that period. The admirable modelling of the heads, and the fortunately good state of preservation in which they remain, enable us to appreciate to the full the dignified serenity of the beautiful faces, a type of beauty that one instinctively associates with a moral tone of equal purity. It is a curious fact that no one would now claim this particular type as that of the modern Greek; in my experience it is more frequently found in modern England. But that may be patriotic bias.

C. HERCULES READ.



(*No.* 218.)
Casket of Ebony, enriched with numerous mouldings, and ornamented with pierced bands and cartouches in relief in silver; formerly the property of Henri IV.
German, late Sixteenth Century.



(*No.* 157.)
Pendent Jewel of Gold, enamelled and set with Rubies and Emeralds.
German, late Sixteenth Century.



(*No.* 163.)
Pendent Jewel of Gold, enamelled and set with Diamonds and Rubies.
French, Sixteenth Century.



(*No.* 155.)
Pendent Jewel of Gold, enamelled and set with Diamonds, Emeralds, and Rubies.
German, Sixteenth Century.

The Life and Work of Sir W. B. Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.

COMPILED FROM BIOGRAPHICAL FACTS PREPARED BY THE ARTIST

BY MISS HELEN LASCELLES.

THE CHRISTMAS ART ANNUAL, 1902.

"I must at once and before everything tell you the delight given me by the quite beautiful work in portraiture with which my brother-professor Richmond leads and crowns the general splendour of the Grosvenor Gallery. I am doubly thankful that his release from labour in Oxford has enabled him to develop his special powers so nobly, and that my own return grants me the privilege of publicly expressing to him the admiration we all must feel."

THESE words of eulogy were spoken by Mr. Ruskin in 1883, at Oxford, when he resumed the Slade Professorship which, for an interval of years, had been held by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A. The important work executed by the artist, and his influence on the art of the present time, has made desirable the publication of an authoritative biography containing the record of his aspirations and accomplishments. Our Christmas Number will be devoted to this object, and we recommend the publication to those who admire the active professional career of the artist and to those who enjoy the story of a life full of incident and romance. To those who cannot reconcile themselves to his achievements, we specially urge the perusal of the monograph, for therein is written much to explain certain characteristic work which has been misunderstood.



The Studio of Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

Sir William is an ardent student of history. Extensive travel has supplemented his book-learning, and his pictures, whether of Scriptural, classical, or modern subjects, are alive with acquired experience. Let our quotation speak for his skill as a portraitist. His archæological studies have been pursued chiefly because of his love of probing the past, but partly in order that profound inquiry may stimulate his thoughts and influence in the right direction the productions of his brush. His decorative work in St. Paul's Cathedral has been severely criticised, it has also been warmly applauded; its completion must be awaited before the unified scheme can be properly judged. It was Sir William's early ambition to execute mural decorative painting, and the technical side of such work has claimed his lifelong study. "It is my business to convince by my art," he wrote to *The Times* in 1899, in the course of an elucidation of his plans concerning the Metropolitan Cathedral; in the present monograph he has inspired a lengthy account of the difficulties over which he has attempted to triumph in what he regards as the great work of his life.

The son of a Royal Academician, and the grandson of a miniature painter of repute, the hereditary and somewhat similar artistic inclinations of Sir William Richmond have been fostered by study, until his name has become linked with the names of eminent contemporary artists. The father, George Richmond, R.A., won distinction as a portraitist: the son, one of a numerous family, early showed an aptitude for Art.

From his youth up, Sir William has been identified with the progress of the Royal Academy: he entered the Schools in 1857, he exhibited his first picture in 1861, he was elected an Associate in 1888, and in 1895 he attained to full membership. He has held the Professorships of Painting and Sculpture of the institution, and has besides lectured to the members of many other learned societies. An indefatigable worker, and a man of commanding personality, the story of his life is of absorbing interest. The Christmas monograph has a worthy subject, and is a notable admission to the series of works which are identified with THE ART JOURNAL.

The three plates are 'The Song of Miriam,' a design showing Miriam leading the triumphant chorus of Israelite women after the defeat of Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red Sea; 'An Audience in Athens,' which the artist ranks first among his subject pictures; and 'The Studio of Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.,' in which is shown many completed works and some pictures in progress. It is a view different from the one shown on this page. A selection of representative portraits is included, and designs for the mosaics and other embellishments of St. Paul's Cathedral are reproduced.



"Where the Streamlet meets the Sea."
By A. J. Warne-Browne.

The Work of A. J. Warne-Browne.

IT is not only because it possesses a more than ordinary degree of artistic merit that the work of Mr. A. J. Warne-Browne deserves attention; it is notable also because it belongs to a class of pictorial production which has always been in the hands of a comparatively small number of exponents. Curiously enough, though many painters have chosen marine subjects as motives for quite a large number of memorable pictures, the men who have given themselves up to study of the sea for its own sake have never been numerous. Interesting paintings of shipping, of coast scenes, and of incidents in the lives of sailors and fisher-folk, are not uncommon, and many of them are marked by distinguished technical qualities; but only occasionally is it possible to light upon a canvas which records sympathetically the peculiar beauties of the sea itself.

Apparently the reason for this is that the man who is so responsive to the strange sentiment of the restless waste of waters that he will devote his life to an investigation of the causes of its variety is an artist of a rather rare type. It is obvious that unless he is endowed at the outset with an intense love of his subject he will not have the patience to analyse the numberless subtleties which make it so fascinating to the sincere student. But if he once falls under the spell of the sea, its incessant changes of aspect will be to him not only a constant delight, but also a never-failing source of inspiration. They will lead him on to study more and more closely the ways in which the sentiment of the sea can be conveyed to other nature lovers, and they will stimulate his imaginative powers in the fullest measure.

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"Ships that pass in the night."
By A. J. Warne-Browne.



Storm Wrack.
By A. J. Warne-Browne.

learn about the causes of the complex effects which he admires so enthusiastically. He must have an absolutely intimate understanding of the moods of the sea if he intends to deal with it in more than a superficial fashion, or to make it something better than a background or an accessory in his pictures. It is indispensable that he should know the anatomy of wave forms, that he should realise the multiplicity of the changes produced in the appearance of the surface by the incidence of light, the density and depth of the water, the movement of tidal currents, and numberless other modifying causes, and that he should appreciate to the fullest extent how much the tone and colour of the sea vary under different conditions of atmosphere. He can never allow himself to imagine that he has found a way to formalise his knowledge, or that he can substitute convention for direct study. Any attempt to depend upon set rules of practice would only lead him into hopeless trouble, and would destroy his whole claim to consideration.

But for this very reason all the more credit must be given to the few men who work on sounder principles. An artist like Mr. Warne-Browne, who shows that he has sincerely set himself to master his exacting subject, is worthy of all respect because he is plainly possessed by an unusual sense of responsibility. It is scarcely likely that he will be understood by ordinary people whose knowledge of the sea has been obtained by occasional visits to some fashionable watering-place, or that his conscientiousness and depth of study will bring him popularity as a matter of course, but he will not fail to secure a following among the better type of art lovers who sympathise with his enthusiasm and perceive the full significance of his effort.

Although it is only within the last ten years that Mr. Warne-Browne has achieved a reputation as a marine painter, his inclination for this form of study is by no means of recent growth. He was born in an inland



The Wild West Sea.
By A. J. Warne-Browne.



The Seine Net—Pilchard Fishing.
By A. J. Warne-Browne.

town—at Warminster, in Wiltshire—and he saw the sea first at Exmouth, when he was eight years old. The impression it made upon him was, even at that early age, a very vivid one, and year by year this impression has become stronger until it has grown into an absorbing conviction which has fixed the direction of his whole career. It has been accountable for much of his success as an artist, and has certainly led him into habits of observation and methods of expression which have set him distinctively apart from the majority of his fellows.

As so often happens to men who have risen to eminence in the artistic profession, he had to undergo many experiences of a more or less unpleasant kind before he was allowed to follow his natural bent. His keen desire to become an artist was opposed by his parents, who wished him to choose an occupation which they thought would be less precarious and uncertain in its prospects. So when he left school he was sent into the office of a solicitor to see whether the law was in any way to his liking. A few months' probation, however, satisfied him that such a profession was by no means what he wished to adopt, and as at the end of this period the solicitor died, he was able to escape from what must have been to him most uncongenial surroundings. Even then he had no opportunity of making any progress in the serious study of art, for he was given a series of chances, all more or less unwelcome, of qualifying himself as a business man, and his aptitude for commerce was tested in a number of ways.

But these struggles against an adverse fate ceased in the early eighties, when his parents came to live on the outskirts of London. He was then permitted to make his own choice of a profession, and he promptly betook himself to Calderon's School of Art, at St. John's Wood, with the intention of preparing himself for admission to the Royal Academy Schools. This intention he soon abandoned, and he went instead to the Antwerp Academy, by the advice of Mr. W. P. Frith, who gave him an introduction to M. Verlat, the Professor of Painting there. The merit of his work gained him immediate admission to the life-room at the Academy, and during his stay there he was able to acquire that thorough grounding in technical practice which he needed to fit him for dealing with the greater problems of pictorial production.



Kynance during an Equinoctial Gale.
By A. J. Warne-Browne.

His next move was to Berlin, where he became a member of the staff of a large publishing house, and was engaged with several artists in doing various kinds of work for reproduction. After more than a year of this useful experience he returned to England to act as a kind of art adviser to the London branch of the same house. This engagement, however, ended a little later, when the firm ceased publishing illustrated books and relinquished the section of their business in which Mr. Warne-Browne was chiefly concerned. His position then was in some ways an anxious one. He was by this time a married man with a family, and the loss of his post was distinctly inconvenient. But opportunely a friend of his, a well-known portrait painter, asked him to go down to Heydon Hall, in Norfolk, to do some work for the Baroness Burdett-Coutts; and this commission not only tided him over a difficult interval, but may fairly be said to have been the starting-point of his career as a painter.



Autumn Weather.
By A. J. Warne-Browne.

Towards the end of 1890 he went to Cornwall and spent some eighteen months in and about St. Ives. This visit to the West Country gave him his first opportunity of turning seriously to account his youthful enthusiasms and enabled him to begin the careful study of the sea to which he had so early been inclined. It did not take him long to prove that he had found his right direction, for in the spring of 1892 he had on the line in the Academy exhibition an important marine picture painted near the Lizard. In this year, however, another commission from the Baroness Burdett-Coutts brought him back to London, and during the whole summer of 1892 he was engaged upon a series of water-colour drawings of Holly Lodge, her house at Highgate. These were afterwards exhibited at Messrs. Vokins's gallery and some of them were reproduced in the *Strand Magazine* as illustrations to an article on Holly Lodge and its owner.

For a couple of years Hampstead was his headquarters, but he made frequent excursions to Cornwall, and finally, in April, 1894, he decided to settle in that comparatively remote part of England. At first he stayed in the little fishing village of Cadgwith, a couple of miles east of the Lizard, and then, finding this district to be in every way suited to his purposes, he began in 1895 to build himself a house on the high ground between the villages of Cadgwith and Ruan Minor. He chose a spot from which he could obtain an uninterrupted view of the sea over the trees and thatched roofs of Cadgwith, an ideal situation for a painter who wished to keep himself constantly in touch with nature and to miss no chance of studying the endless varieties of the sea.



Morning Breezes.
By A. J. Warne-Browne.

In 1896 he gave admirable evidence of the use that he was making of his advantages, for he was represented at the Academy by a large canvas called 'Moonlight off the Lizard,' which deservedly attracted great attention, and was purchased soon after the exhibition opened by a well-known collector. Since then he has shown at Burlington House several memorable works, and has held exhibitions of seascapes and coast subjects at Messrs. Graves' and Mr. Mendoza's galleries; and to the recent Cornish Exhibition in the Whitechapel Art Gallery he contributed 'The Seine Net,' a characteristic

illustration of the methods of the Cornish pilchard fishers (p. 357).

With the exception of a very few landscapes, practically the whole of his work for the last ten years has dealt with the sea. Before this period commenced he painted—in 1891—a large religious subject, representing Christ walking on the sea; but, though this canvas had a considerable vogue when exhibited in London and elsewhere, he felt that such motives were not likely to suit him, and he has not ventured on a second experiment of this kind. He is far more at home when he is occupied with earnest records of nature like 'Morning Breezes,' 'Kynance' and 'Ground Swell,' and 'Autumn Weather,' with dramatic effects of atmospheric tone like 'Storm Wrack,' with studies of wave movement like the 'Wild West Sea,' or with careful paintings of picturesque bits of coast like 'Where the Streamlet meets the Sea.' In these the best qualities of his art are always apparent, and the sincerity of his point of view can never be questioned. Every year he gains in command over the intricacies of his material, as his experience widens and his knowledge of nature becomes more profound; and every year adds to the keenness of his enthusiasm.

A. L. BALDRY.



A Misty Morning, Kynance
By A. J. Warne-Browne.

Passing Events.

FOR those who organise Exhibitions in provincial cities it should be a comparatively easy task to select some first-rate collections from the pictures shown in London. The Royal Academy and The New Gallery are happy hunting-grounds for the provincial Curator, who, keeping in mind the sympathies of his own locality, can secure the cream of the work exhibited during the season. To the Londoner, the Autumn Exhibitions in the provinces are very attractive. Friendship with a good picture is strengthened by unexpectedly seeing it on unfamiliar walls, and when it bears an inscription notifying that it has been "Purchased by the Corporation," the knowledge is welcome that it has become a National possession.

THIS year has shown either that the work of exhibitors is not up to the standard desired by the Trustees of the National Collections or that the matter has been purposely neglected. No early acquisitions have been made for the Liverpool and Manchester Galleries, no pictures were bought from the Chantrey Fund. Mr. Claude Phillips has written to emphasize the necessity at the present time of securing examples of contemporary British Art for the State collections, especially with reference to the Tate Gallery, and Mr. Baldry has urged that the time has come for an inquiry. Mr. Ruskin in one of his Manchester lectures advocated a Central Board to arrange purchases: "There ought to be a great National Society instituted for the purchase of pictures, presenting them to the various galleries in our great cities and watching there over their safety." If such a society could be established and actively supported by the Government the collections throughout the country would be more educational than they are now.

MR. G. F. BODLEY, R.A., and Mr. R. Norman Shaw, R.A., as assessors in the scheme for the Liverpool Cathedral, have selected the authors of five designs to compete further.

AN additional prize is offered to students at the National Competition of 1903. On the death of Mulready, in 1863, a fund was created, the greater part of which was expended in erecting a monument over the deceased artist's grave in Kensal Green Cemetery. The balance was handed over to the Society of Arts in order that a Mulready Medal should be instituted for the best studies from the nude. This occasional, visible reward, was given last in 1896, and previously in 1893. Students in London and visitors could not do better than go to the Victoria and Albert Museum, and there devote attention to the fine collection of Mulready's own studies.

"GOOD old bricks for sale." Such is the text on a notice board outside Christ's Hospital, and the appearance of the "Hall Play" confirms this business-like announcement of the demolition of the venerable foundation. Newgate Street is indeed suffering changes, and within a few paces of each other two of the historic buildings in London, with all their associations, are being removed to give place to modern constructions. The New Sessions House will in due course supplant Newgate Prison, the grim work of G. Dance, R.A., and it remains to be seen to what purpose will be devoted the old school land that has not already been acquired for Bartholomew's Hospital.

THOSE who wish to know about Mr. Walter Crane's decoration of the Ark of the Covenant, Stamford Hill, are referred to our volume for 1896 (p. 197), in which an illustrated account was given by Mr. Lewis F. Day.

INSTEAD of Thursdays and Fridays, students now have Tuesdays and Wednesdays set apart for them at the Tate Gallery, Millbank. Visitors may obtain entrance on these days by observing the customary regulations.

Recent Fine-Art Books.

"FRANS HALS" (Bell), by Gerald S. Davies, the much-esteemed art master of Charterhouse, is a very brave and nearly successful attempt to tell the life-history and artistic experience of one of the artists who has proved uncommonly attractive to the present generation. It was only in 1887 that Messrs. Christie's in their records of auction sales admitted Frans Hals to rank with those painters whose works are worth notice because they fetch a certain sum, and this was probably because at the De Zoete sale, in 1885, a portrait by the artist reached a thousand pounds. The earlier records show a diminishing quantity until in 1786, at a sale in Holland, a picture fetched five shillings only. This is the now famous portrait of Johannes Acronius in the Berlin Gallery, and worth at the least four thousand pounds. Mr. Davies tells his story with a simplicity which well accords with the unaffected Dutch painter's characteristics; and his many illustrations, although nearly all from public galleries, reveal the best side of the artist's qualities. The lists of known pictures by Hals are only records of publicly exhibited pictures, and the author does not venture to mention one not already accepted picture. It is somewhat difficult in this list to recognise the small, but delightful National Gallery of Scotland under the title of the Edinburgh Corporation Galleries. Notwithstanding this Mr. Davies' book, as the first serious work on Frans Hals, deserves much commendation, and his sympathetic treatment of the artist is sure to find acknowledgment.

Following an excellent precedent which now obtains in most of the European galleries, the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have published a very fully illustrated Catalogue of the Pictures in the Fitzwilliam Museum. The notes and attributions are prepared by Mr. F. R. Earp, one of the Assistant Directors of the gallery, and are frankly acknowledged to be largely compiled from materials supplied by Prof. Sidney Colvin, the former Director.

The many admirers of our chief living decorative artist will be glad to know of the publication of the small folio on "THE ART OF WALTER CRANE," by P. G. Konody (Bell), a work of much affectionate consideration by both writer and publisher. Mr. Crane occupies a position entirely unique as one of the band of decorative artists initiated by Rossetti; and being practically the only one of outstanding merit now, he deserves all the admiration and respect produced by this publication. The 140 illustrations, several in colour, give ample evidence of his artistic talent. We observe that the "Easter Art Annual" published in 1898 in connection with this Journal, is not mentioned amongst Mr. Crane's published works, although it was altogether written by himself. This, however, is of little importance, as it is quoted over and over again and at full length with due acknowledgment, so that our "Easter Annual" may be said to contain the germ of all that is most worthy of consideration of the artist's works.

Mr. George Wolliscroft Rhead, R.E., has published through Messrs. Chapman and Hall two sets of large lithographed studies for the use of schools —as examples, that is to say, in the first place of elementary freehand drawing and light and shade, and in the second to meet to some extent the syllabuses of the Board of Education relating to Design, Memory Drawing, and Blackboard Drawing. The sets consist each of twelve drawings, six in outline and six shaded. The first series is devoted to plant form, the second to living objects—in either case boldly magnified to the full size of a large folio sheet, and drawn with an uncompromising outline which not even the dullest of students could mistake. The treatment adopted is naturally more effective as well as more amusing in the case of living creatures, frog, seahorse, snail, bee and so forth, than of flowers, especially the more delicate ones, which in their magnified form inevitably lose something of the natural charm belonging to them; but Mr. Rhead has had the courage of his educational purpose, and has not flinched from it. As a teacher of some experience and Art Director of a polytechnic institute, he may be trusted to known what teachers and elementary students really want.

Lord Ronald Gower's "SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS" (Bell) is so heavily illustrated—there are nearly ninety pictures reproduced—that no small book on the first president is so adequate and satisfactory. To the ordinary reader who wishes to obtain a clearly defined descriptive portrait of Reynolds with ample illustrations, this book is the best, the only serious omission being the portrait of Lawrence Sterne, which the author describes as one of the finest portraits in the world.—Miss Lina Eckenstein's "ALBRECHT DÜRER" (Duckworth) renders the story of the famous Nürnberger in a handy way. It is, almost necessarily, compiled from other books without access to actual facts, as, for example, the statement that the 1493 Portrait of the Artist is still at Leipzig, whereas it has been for some years in Paris.

Miss Albinia Wherry's "STORIES OF THE TUSCAN ARTISTS" (Dent) is a successful attempt to put into story form an account of the lives of the most interesting masters of the north of Italy, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Donatello, Fra Angelico, and it concludes with a chapter on home treasures, wherein what has been said is made to apply to the examples in our national collections.—A similar work, but less well illustrated and for younger readers, is Miss Ella Noyes' "SAINTS OF ITALY" (Dent), which specially explains the obscure legends represented in famous old Italian pictures.

Although "THE LAND OF THE DONS," by Mr. Leonard Williams (Cassell), scarcely touches artistic questions, the book is worth careful study by any who wish to travel in Spain. The last chapter, on the Future of Spain, is eloquently written, and convinces the reader that the resources of the country only require reasonable care in direction to bring the Peninsula back to prosperity and power.—"IN BIRDLAND WITH FIELD-GLASS AND CAMERA," by Oliver G. Pike (Unwin), is a new popular edition of a most charming book on the haunts and habits of birds found within very few miles of the north of London, accompanied by nearly eighty illustrations.

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Sketch by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., for the principal figure in the picture, 'O Mistress Mine, where are you Roaming?' *See etching facing.*

Turner's Last Swiss Drawings.—II.

IN a previous number of this Journal (see p. 329) we attempted to trace the conditions under which Turner's latest work amongst Swiss lakes was executed, to follow up the history of certain of his Swiss drawings, and more especially to throw light upon Turner's method of work in his later days. To help us in this, photographic reproductions of certain of his drawings* were placed side by side with photographs of the sketches upon which these drawings were based. These sketches may all be found in the National Gallery, but they are not all of them among the works permanently hung on the walls of the lower rooms; the others, however, may at any time be seen on application to the attendant on duty there. There may possibly be other sketches of this series among the vast stores of note-books and bundles of loose sheets still stowed away in the identical tin boxes that were handed over, nearly fifty years ago, to the trustees of the National Gallery by the executors of Turner's will. Ruskin's selection from these stores, especially in the case of Turner's later work, was at times somewhat capricious. Those we have chosen, however, are, we think, sufficient to illustrate the points at present dwelt upon.

'THE LAKE OF ZUG.'—This is one of the 1843 drawings. It was made for Munro of Novar, but he thought it was *too blue*, and let Ruskin have it. The latter sold it many years ago—it was not in the 1878 exhibition—to Lord Dudley. It is now in Sir Donald Currie's drawing-room in Hyde Park Place, where it hangs as a companion to the late unfinished drawing of Pallanza. It would be difficult to say which is the bluer or the more lovely, they both stand out like jewels, and rivet the eye on entering the room, where some thirty other drawings by Turner hold them company. There is no doubt that we have in the elaborated sketch here reproduced for comparison (No. 97 of Ruskin's catalogue) one of the ten that Turner brought to Griffith in 1843. As in the case of the 'Walls of Lucerne,' this sketch is no hasty impression. As a basis there is a rapid, flowing pencil outline, noticeable especially in the Mythen peaks, and then upon the paper still wet with the first washes of colour, over the deep blue slopes of the Rossberg, a series of hatchings with the brush has given the gradation to the warm light that streams in on the left. It is to the texture given by these hatchings that is due not only the appearance of high finish on the mountain side but also the marvellous intensity of the hues. The point of view is from the south shore of the lake, along which the St. Gothard line now runs; to the right rise the first buttresses of the Rigi. At the head of the lake the white church of Aart is silhouetted against the deep blue slopes of the Rossberg, over which the sun is just about to burst out. Above, to the left, the morning mists begin to coagulate, as it were, into cumulus, the first threat, perhaps, of a local thunderstorm. Beyond, in ghostly outline, faintly discerned through the golden morning mist, rise the twin peaks of the Mythen.

* These, I should say, had been prepared for Sir Walter Armstrong's work on Turner, and were kindly placed at my disposal by Messrs. Agnew and Son.

There are groups of figures and boats indicated both to the right and the left in the sketch, and these are further elaborated in the drawing, where to the left we have the well-known *motif* of girls bathing; otherwise the description of the one applies to the other. For some unknown reason the drawing has lately been known as 'Zurich,' and it appeared under that name when shown at the Guildhall in 1899. The well-known twin peaks on the horizon should alone have corrected such an error.

'ZURICH.'—This is one of the five drawings for which Munro of Novar gave commissions in 1842. In the catalogue drawn up by the late Mr. W. Frost, A.R.A., after Mr. Munro's death, it is thus described: "Zurich, town mid-distance, lake and mountains beyond; roofs of houses and people picking grapes; army passing through gate of town."

Turner made about the same time another drawing of Zurich, similar in subject and treatment; from it a large plate was engraved by J. A. Prior. This drawing was formerly in the Gillott Collection, and now belongs to Mr. Tatham. As for the drawing with which we are now concerned, it was sold for twelve hundred guineas at the Munro sale, and it is now in Edinburgh in the collection of Mr. Irvine Smith. The incident of the plucking of the grapes, in the foreground, confirms the impression given by some of the other drawings of this series, that they are founded upon effects seen somewhat late in the year, that the sketches, indeed, were made as late probably as the middle of September. And it was in that later autumn season, it would seem, that most of Turner's last work on the Continent was made. We happen to know that the next year, in 1843, he did not return from abroad until the beginning of October. (See the "Journal of a Lady," quoted by Thornbury, p. 245.)

I cannot pass over another point of interest, to which Mr. Frost alludes in his description—the throng of horsemen passing over the bridge below; this incident is still more prominent in the drawing engraved by Prior. Turner must always have associated Switzerland with revolutions and military movements. At the time of his first visit in 1802, during the interval of the peace of Amiens, he found himself in the thick of a complicated series of disturbances fomented by the intrigues of the First Consul. In the early forties the land was a very hotbed of contending parties. There is a rare reference to these autumn excursions in a letter now in the possession of Mrs. Ayscough Fawkes, and in it Turner makes a brief allusion to the disturbed state of the country. He writes to his friend Hawkesworth Fawkes in December, 1844, "I went, however, to Lucerne and Switzerland, little thinking or supposing such a cauldron of squabbling, political or religious." I have found two sketches of Zurich in the National Gallery (Nos. 287 and 289) upon which Turner may have based this drawing, but they both differ from it considerably in point of view. In the one we have chosen for illustration (No. 287), an angle of the old rampart is a prominent object in the foreground. This may, perhaps, be the Katzen Bastei; in an old guide-book of 1840, this Cat's Bastion is mentioned as

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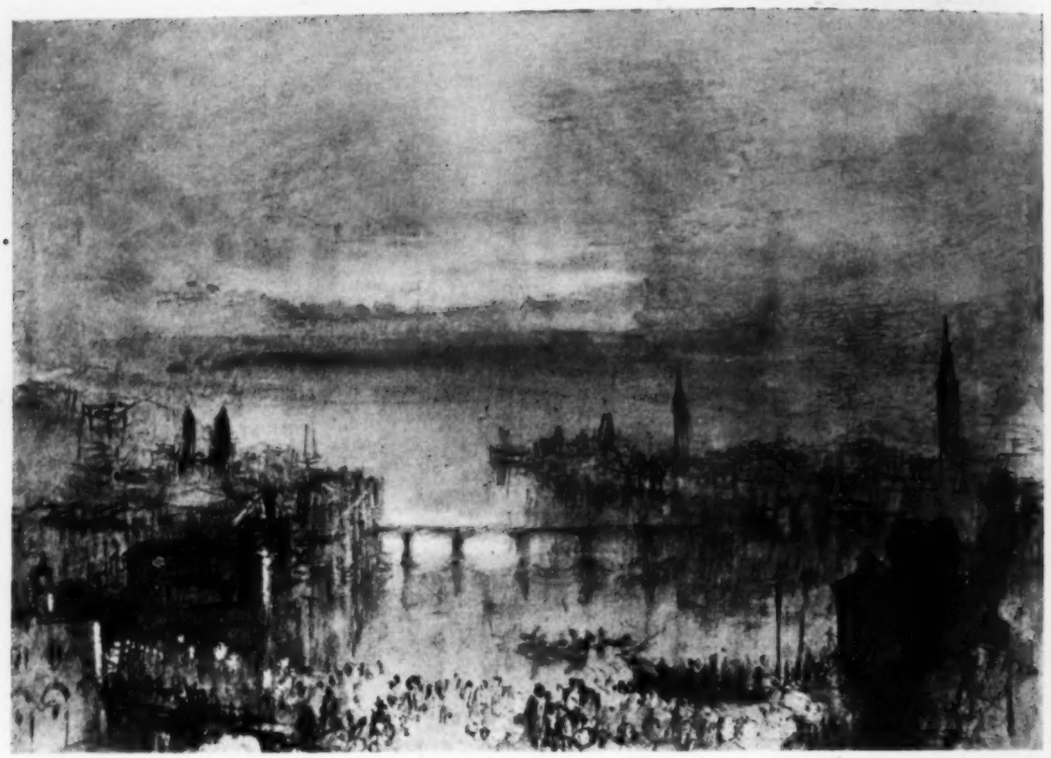
The Lake of Zug.
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

From the sketch in the National Gallery (97).



The Lake of Zug.
By J. M. W. Turner R.A.

From the drawing in the Collection of Sir Donald Currie, G.C.M.G.



Zurich.
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

From the sketch in the National Gallery (287).



Zurich.
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

From the drawing in the Collection of Irvine Smith, Esq.



The Rigi at Sunrise.
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

From the sketch in the National Gallery (96).



The Rigi at Sunrise (The "Blue Rigi").
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

From the drawing in the Collection of John Edward Taylor, Esq.

"commanding a delightful view of the town, lake, and distant Alps," and as having been preserved when the adjoining walls were cut away. Its position must have been somewhere a little to the south of the present railway station. The sketch is a rapid one, but the effect of great detail is given by the outline, to some degree in the true local colour, quickly traced with the brush. A great mass of yellow light is reflected on the lake and river, while the distant hills are half lost in a veil of blue mist.

'THE RIGI AT SUNRISE.'—This drawing, known as the 'Blue Rigi,' was bought in 1842 by Mr. Bicknell; after his death in 1863 it passed into the hands of Mr. J. E. Taylor, the present owner.

Turner made two other famous drawings of the Rigi at this time.—1. The 'Red Rigi,' which was bought by Munro of Novar; after belonging at one time to Mr. Ruskin, it now hangs as a companion to our 'Blue Rigi' in Mr. Taylor's drawing-room at Kensington. 2. The 'Dark Rigi,' like the 'Blue Rigi' an effect of dawn, and often confused with it. It was one of the drawings commissioned by Mr. Munro and it now belongs to Mr. C. A. Swinburne.

In all these drawings we see the long crest of the Rigi rising above a low wooded spur—the Meggenhorn—which shuts off the open lake except to the extreme right. In the shallow water in front dark masses and spots are obtained by strangely shaped craft, often reminiscent of gondolas, by floating masses of rubbish, or again by waterfowl. Here, in our 'Blue Rigi,' the dark mass of the mountain, ultramarine passing into aubergine-purple, is sharply relieved against the diffused yellow light of the sky. Just above the highest crest of the mountain, the morning star shines out, and is reflected on the calm lake below. (In the photograph the reflection alone is to be made out.)

The sketch, of which we give a reproduction, is in some points closer to the 'Dark Rigi' than to our drawing. Under the right flank of the mountain hovers a grey-white floating cloud, either the last wisp of the morning mist, or possibly, for so it looks in Mr. Swinburne's drawing, the steam blown off by the little lake steamer, which Turner has introduced into another drawing of this series.* In this sketch a plum-like bloom is given to the surface of the Rigi by a scumbling of warm colour over the blue ground. To the right a range of snowy mountains is indicated by the drag of a half-dry brush. It will be noticed that in the sketch the outline of the Rigi is broken, as if taken from a point further along the bay to the south-east. Ruskin, however, who may well have known, says somewhere that these sketches were made from the windows of the "Cygne." As the view from this point is now utterly ruined by the huge blocks of buildings, mostly hotels, to the left, and as the line of the quays, too, has been considerably advanced at the expense of the shallow shores of the lake, it is difficult to settle this point now. My old guide-book says of the "Swan" that "complaints have been made in 1837 that it was *dear*." It was then a new hotel, and I cannot help thinking that Turner would have been more at home at the "Balances," by the Reussbrücke, "an old-established house, good, clean, and *moderate charges*" (see under 'Lucerne by moonlight'). The choice in those days lay between these two inns.

EDWARD DILLON.

* In Mr. Irvine Smith's 'Lake of Uri, from Brunnen,' and again in the engraved drawing belonging to Mrs. Williams. The first steamer on the Lake of Lucerne was started in 1837, and met with much opposition from the boatmen.

'O Mistress Mine, where are you Roaming?'

BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

ETCHED BY FRED HUTH. FROM THE PICTURE IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.

IN more than one domain of art the name of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey is to-day prominent. In the Public Library at Boston, U.S.A., is a series of decorations by him illustrative of the great Arthurian legend; he has been chosen to paint the official picture of the Coronation of Edward VII. in Westminster Abbey; as a black-and-white draughtsman he has for years been held in honour. By birth a Philadelphian, in early life Mr. Abbey entered the drawing-office of Messrs. Harper in New York, and while yet the enthusiasms of youth vivified every impression, crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of studying in the "old country" that pastoral life knowledge at first-hand which was essential ere he could illustrate Herrick. This initial visit, save for absences hardly more prolonged than those of painters born in England, has lasted till now; moreover, the drawings of no living artist are more expressive of native traditions than are those of Mr. Abbey. He exhibited for the first time at Burlington House, if we mistake not, in 1890, and his 'Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and the Lady Anne' attracted widespread attention in 1896, the year of his election to Associateship. Since July, 1898, he has been a Royal Academician. It is worthy to note that, Mr. Watts alone excepted—for even Mr. Sargent was three years in the "outer circle"—the raising of Mr. Abbey to full membership of the Academy was more rapid than that of any modern artist.

As a book illustrator Mr. Abbey will always be associated with the comedies of Shakespeare, whose interpretation is at once an exigent and a delightful task. As is well pointed out by R. E. D. Sketchley in "English Book Illustration of To-day," the artist "thinks his way through processes of gradual realisation to the final picture of the characters in the play or poem. If he isolates a figure, one feels that figure has stepped forward into a clear place of his imagination as he followed its way through the crowd. If he sets a pageant on the page, or some piece of turbulent action, or moment of decision, the actors have their individual value."

'O Mistress Mine, where are you Roaming?' was first seen at Burlington House in 1899, while still the painter was R.A.-elect. It differs essentially from pictures like 'King Lear,' inasmuch as it is a pure imagining. The lilting song in *Twelfth Night* is introduced by Shakespeare as an interlude, as a motive which loses something when the suggested persons are actualised on canvas. Many of us prefer to read, or at most to hear on the stage, that song of the clown, however admirably the implied scene be represented. The Shakesperian association evoked by the title conflicts with pleasure somewhat in this characteristic work. In Mr. Abbey's canvas, sympathetically etched by Mr. Fred Huth, the lover finds his lady on a battlemented terrace, beneath the vine trellis of which a minstrel sings. Without, beyond the spring blossoms and the slope of the Apennines, is a glimpse of sunset sky. For the rest, the questioner is in rich carmine robes, the lady in black, with pink-lined sleeves. By kind permission of Mr. Abbey there is reproduced on page 361 a sketch for the principal figure.

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Painted by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A. Etched by F. Heath.

"O Mistress Mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming."

From the Picture in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

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An Absent-minded Beggar.
By Lena Connell.



Precocity.
By Lena Connell.

A Note on some Lady Photographers, with Selected Examples of their Art.



A Study. By Agnes Jennings.

PHOTOGRAPHY is so much in evidence in these days, that a glance at the work of a few ladies who have taken up photography as a business should not be *de trop* in the pages of THE ART JOURNAL, particularly as we are able to let them, to some extent at least, speak for themselves through the examples here given.

In several cases, the ladies whose work accompanies these notes have set out to become painters, and consequently have gone through the routine training of art students; and such a training is of inestimable advantage to them in the calling they have elected to follow. What one feels about so much of the "art photography" abroad, is that there is Falstaff's bread allowance of the art to an unconscionable amount of that which is not art. One ought to keep clearly before one, in discussing such a subject as this, the categories of art and mechanics.

The production of good negatives as negatives, and the printing of the same by any of the numerous processes, is the mechanical side of the work, and many operators seem satisfied when they have succeeded in accomplishing this. When there is the opportunity of showing taste and even imagination in the posing of the model, lighting the same effectively and judiciously, that part of the work which is included in the term "artistic," is too often sadly to seek, and I have to confess that from what I have seen of the work of some of the leading lady photographers, they can successfully hold their own against most men, and in one branch, that of taking children and young girls, I am inclined to put men in the second rank. Their success in this branch is not surprising, for women bring sympathy and intuition to bear upon their work, two important factors in a successful photograph, and ones that tell markedly where the subjects are girls and children. And even in the case of the grown-ups, a woman's

knowledge of what goes to give the effect of "well-dressed," enables them to make the best use of drapery.

Just as the placing of a figure on the canvas is the first consideration with a portrait painter, so the posing of the figure should be the first thing attended to in camera work. It is difficult to secure originality in this matter, for in the hundreds of thousands of negatives annually produced the field is necessarily very thoroughly explored. The mere search after novelty is attended with more failure than success, as is evidenced by many of the exhibits at the Photographic Salon held at the Dudley Gallery every autumn. The work shown there is largely that of amateurs, who can therefore please themselves, instead of having to please their sitters, and though occasionally one saw a successful novel arrangement, I can well understand that such odd and bizarre effects as many of them were would not commend themselves to a photographer's clients. Still, as I ventured to suggest to some of the workers whose sun pictures are reproduced, there is something to be learnt from these novel arrangements, a hint or suggestion worth following out, for there is nothing easier than to get into a groove in any calling, and this is particularly so in camera portraits, and however much the exhibitors at the Salon may be jeered at for their departures from a conventional standard—and I must admit that a good many examples appear to wish to masquerade as anything other than photographs, as though they who produced them desired chiefly to escape the limitations of the camera—one occasionally sees a study that evinces the right artistic selection under the conditions the art imposes, for a photograph must be a photograph when all is said and done, and to attempt to make it look like a bad chalk drawing, or a poor one in sepia, is to bring the art into contempt. A photographer is called upon to do his or her best at the moment, and the lack of the opportunity of deliberating and getting to know something about the sitter is a severe handicap, and the only way a professional worker can venture upon new modes of lighting and untried arrangements is by experimenting with suitable models. Some of the examples here given are from negatives taken in this way. A good deal, too, can be learnt by studying fine portraits by the great artists, and I notice that lady photographers have learned much in this way, both as to posing and lighting, but also in designing the painted cloths which form the background to many photographs. The really barbarous back-cloths one used to see in so many photographs, and still does in the provinces, have given place to much more harmonious and carefully designed backgrounds. Those who wish to stamp their work with their ego, either paint these cloths for themselves or get them done to their own design. Portrait painters of to-day have always that bogey, an *exact* likeness, appearing to them, for the idea is very generally held that a photograph *must* be like the sitter, while painted portrait is likely to be the reverse. While it is perfectly true that a negative does faithfully record the image before the lens, it by no means follows that what is developed is characteristic of the sitter, and that is after all what we mean by a likeness. It is the painter and the painter only who can search for and give us "the man behind the man," and in this searching the likeness that is on the surface, the mere superficial commonplace record, goes, happily I think; for what poorer compliment could we pay a painter than to say that his canvas was photographic in quality. We know what photographers' oil portraits are like, and it is difficult to imagine more depressing works than paintings which resemble enlarged coloured photographs. The likeness that grows upon one, that can suggest something fresh each time one looks at it, marks the great portrait-picture, and these high qualities we cannot expect in work which is so largely the result of a mechanical operation. A photograph nevertheless should be a pleasing record of the sitter at his or her



The Mirror.
By Catherine Edmonds.

best, and there is plenty of scope for a nice taste and artistic discrimination, plenty of room for the art to come in. When it comes to work on the negative itself we tread on delicate ground. A good deal of "retouching" is not defensible, for it is nothing more than bad drawing. The paring down of features, the shortening of a nose or chin and other enormities of this nature have only to be mentioned to be condemned. I merely touch upon this in passing, for none of the work I have selected for reproduction errs in this way. The retouching is nothing more than making good certain defects and the lessening of distortion due to the lens.

How far can a photograph attempt to be pictorial? The question suggests those abominations, photographic compositions in which people, very obviously models, and not very good at that, assume attitudes and expressions at the photographer's bidding. One still sees these "picture" negatives at photographic exhibitions, though who buys them I am at a loss to understand. Yet a highly pictorial quality can be given to a photograph in quite legitimate ways, as some of the examples given prove, but there is always danger ahead, for the least exaggeration or false note is fatal. It is very tempting to a well-equipped photographer to endeavour to trench upon the painter's ground, but a photograph has to be a print from a negative when all is said and done; there is no escaping it. Too many show photographs seem to wish to hide themselves beneath a sham pictorialness, to pretend to be a smudgily executed chalk or sepia drawing, but it seems to me that all the "fakes" ever devised only accentuate the very thing their authors wish to leave behind. A photograph is a rendering in black and white, and where you have to get "colour" by the opposition of light with dark the absence of brilliancy is a fatal defect. We think nothing of a mezzotint that is wanting in brilliance, and to say that there is an absence of this quality in a photograph is to condemn it. Yet at the Photographic Salon I noticed a large number of these low-toned prints highly priced and prominently placed, as though the society looked upon them as the last word on sun pictures! They show that those who produce them are ashamed of being photographers and aim at being artists; but their efforts in this direction savour of the ass in the lion's skin.

Printing has made great strides within the last few years, and much attention is wisely given to it, seeing what great latitude is allowed and how considerable is the opportunity given to the photographer to exhibit skill and judgment by the way he prints his positives. Except at my request none of the ladies whose work is given use albuminised paper, but print their negatives in platinum, bromide or carbon, the former from choice, as many tones of colour can be obtained in this medium. The shiny printing out paper which brings out everything in the negative is never used by artistic photographers, though in the provinces it appears to be the most popular medium. The matt surface papers give an air of mystery—the lost and found quality which painters aim at, and this surely is an advantage in a sun picture, though there must be brilliancy too. Some parts of the picture must be accented to give it "snap," for where all is woolly, how tame is the net result! And this woolliness is the fault to be found with so many of the artistic productions exhibited by amateurs.



A Reverie.
By Helen McCaul and Elizabeth Dickson.

There are severe limitations which the camera and lens impose upon one, and it seems to me beginning at quite the wrong end to pretend that these are non-existent. An artist can select what he pleases out of the wealth of matter before him, and all the while he is working, this power of selecting what is essential to the exclusion of all else can be exercised. There is nothing comparable to this in photography, and the nearest approach to it is in arranging the material before the exposure is made, but this must be effected with due

recognition of the limitations imposed upon the worker by the lens, so as to avoid distortion due to the too violent perspective yielded by all lenses. Amateurs who essay portraiture will not recognise these limitations, will not recognise that photography is entirely a question of light, and constantly try effects which simply will not come by the means employed. The number of films and plates thrown away yearly because of this attempt to do the impossible in photography is enormous. Just as the painter achieves nothing with certainty until he learns what is *possible* in paint, so the camera artist will waste his time and money unless he frankly accepts the conditions imposed upon him, and gives up trying to effect the impossible with the means at his disposal. I speak here as an amateur myself, for I have wasted a good deal of money in the vain attempt to overstep the modesty of photography. When one comes to practise as a professional, the fact that you have to please the person of average taste who is more or less tied and bound by conventions, I imagine conditions one's work at once. To secure their lasting patronage you must please them there and then, for rarely is it given to one to have a second chance. The successful camerist, therefore, gets to know a certain class of effect that comes well, and that can be repeated with some certainty, and works within those limits, and by degrees develops a certain individuality which amounts to originality, so that though it is less possible to go round a photographic exhibition and say who produced the prints without referring to the catalogue as is possible at the Royal Academy or other gallery, it is nevertheless possible to *spot* photographs by internal evidence, and the maker of sun pictures can begin to congratulate himself when this state of thing is achieved.

FRED MILLER.



Alice in Wonderland.
By Helen McCaul and Elizabeth Dickson.



Prize Pugs.
By Agnes Jennings.



Prize Spaniels.
By Le Mesurier and Marshall.



No. 1.

Chip-Carving.

CHIP-CARVING is a very primitive division of the great art or craft of carving, whether in marble, stone or wood. Nearly all nations, both in ancient and in modern times, have practised it. As soon as man became sufficiently civilised to develop a sense of pleasure in decorating the articles which he had fashioned with his own hands to supply his wants, and had skill enough to make himself a knife or some sort of implement with a sharp-cutting edge, he became, no matter how rudimentary his ideas of design, a chip-carver. This instinct is characteristic of savage nations at the present day. They cover their canoe paddles and prows with this form of decoration, and show great skill in arranging their patterns to fit the differently shaped parts of the form they are ornamenting. It is difficult to say exactly what kind of knife was used by these primitive people; it may have been of metal or of hard stone, it may have been straight or curved, but it was obviously a knife of some kind, however primitive.

In most civilised countries the peasantry still practise chip-carving. In England a certain amount is now being done in remote country places, re-introduced by the Home Arts and Industries movement, as a way of passing the long dull winter evenings, though as a spontaneous native craft it seems to have died out.

From Norway, Sweden, Iceland, Germany, Russia, Japan, India and Persia, and England in old days, examples of chip-carving can be gathered. Those which have come down to us seem generally to belong to the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, but there is every reason to believe that the craft must have been practised in these countries in earlier times.

The modern form of chip work differs from the more primitive work, peasant or savage, in that wood-carver's tools are used instead of simply the knife or carpenter's chisel, which were the implements of the earlier and more primitive workers; the result being that the work has gained in geometric accuracy, as well as in delicacy and refinement, but has lost in vigour and freedom—and perhaps also in interest. Specimens of chip-carving in stone are sometimes found in early Romanesque churches. There is such an example in a little church of Norman date in the village of Studland in Dorsetshire. The work there was done either with an axe, or, more probably, with a stonemason's chisel and mallet.



No. 2.

A very skilful worker can carve slightly curved surfaces and also curved lines with a knife, but as a rule the use of the knife constrains the carver to straight lines and flat surfaces. This is shown in the Spanish box, a case for holding a prayer-book (Figs. 2 and 3), which is unmistakeably cut with a knife. Of the simple patterns shown in the illustrations 4, 5, 8, series A was entirely cut with a knife; series B is the result of attempting to carve the same patterns with the three tools known to wood-carvers as a "fish tail" or "spade" chisel, an "extra flat" gouge, and a "veiner" or "fluter" (the last mentioned hardly a quite legitimate chip-carving tool). It is clear that series A is freer, bolder, and more effective than series B, but less refined, less delicate, and certainly less accurate. The whole scheme of pattern used in chip-carving is made up of small elements like the stitches of a needlework sampler, and all the elementary cuts are triangular in shape; three incisions make a triangular pocket, and four a square pocket (Figs. 4, 5). The greater part even of the most intricate patterns are composed of these triangular pockets arranged in various ways. A favourite combination is the hexagonal star formed by six pockets together, the pockets being, of course, triangular. In Fig. 5 another form which frequently occurs is given.



No. 3.

At first sight it looks rather different from the other shapes, but it is in truth simply made up of two pockets which, instead of being triangles, have their outer sides curved. There are three systems on which the patterns are commonly arranged. In the first the pattern is carried all over the object carved. No plain spaces are left; but the whole surface is covered with devices composed of pockets, either triangular or square. The second plan is to leave plain bands (wide or narrow) between borders and circles of chip-carving. The third way is to leave large plain surfaces and draw in the pattern freehand, not arranging it geometrically.

The all-over treatment is the one invariably used by savage nations and the most primitive peasantry. Fig. 3 is a good example of it. The second plan is that followed in Icelandic, and sometimes in German, carving. Here the result is artistically more satisfactory. The ornament is less in quantity and better in quality; it is evident that a higher and more cultivated intelligence has been at work upon it than was the case in the first or savage plan. The lid of a Japanese box shown in Fig. 7 is a very beautiful example of this second method. And here it is worth while calling attention to the way the richer pattern is placed in the midst of the flat diapering of the background. The workmanship of this box is exceedingly good and very delicate. It seems to be the work of a highly skilled carver, who did not use a knife, but had fine chisels and perhaps other tools at his command, and who spared no pains to make his work as good as it could be.

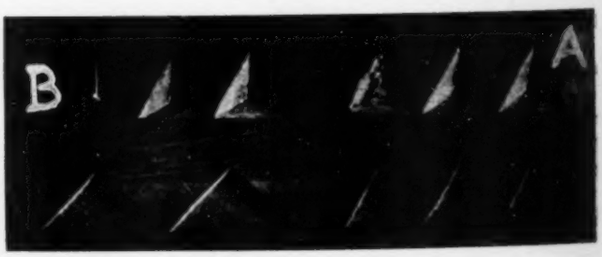
The third plan can only be successfully used when the workman is a good draughtsman, for it depends, not on accurate geometrical lines, but entirely on the carver's feeling for form and his power to express it. Of the examples given in Figs. 4, 5, 8, series A shows the result of using a knife, B of working with wood-carver's tools. There is a panel from Persia carved in this freehand chip in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

It is difficult to describe the actual method of using a knife in chip-carving. If the object is small enough, the wood can be held in the left hand, the knife clasped in the right, the thumb resting on the wood that is to be cut, while the first finger is on the back of the knife-blade. The sides of the triangles are then wasted gradually away with the knife sloping at an angle of about 45° to the surface of the wood. In cutting long straight or curved lines, stems or outlines round the patterns, a centre line is first cut straight down into the wood, and then from either side of it a sloping cut is made inwards, removing two long shavings of wood and forming a V-shaped cavity.

In carving with tools, the wood is laid on a bench or table, and held down with the left wrist and arm; but the fingers of the hand must be on the blade of the tool always, guiding and checking it as it moves. To cut the pockets, the carver has first to find the middle point of the triangle, and draw from it to the angles three straight lines, which give three small triangles within the larger one. The three joining lines are then cut straight down, and the three sides of the original triangle (which form the bases of these smaller figures) are sloped down to meet them, so that each small triangle comes cleanly out as a chip.

Straight or curved boundary lines and stems are cut with a veining tool, and curved surfaces are often cut with a tool known as an "extra flat gouge."

Some of the best examples of chip-carving come from Iceland, Sweden and Norway; and in these countries the work seems to have more *raison d'être*, as they are



No. 4.



No. 5.

accustomed to use wood for all manner of household utensils, which in England are invariably of earthenware or metal. Probably the wood is a kind of pine; it is light brown, and when carved, a preparation of wax and turpentine with a little powdered vermilion added, is brushed over it, which gives a slight polish and turns it to a very good colour.

The Icelandic examples have a very distinct character: the usual purely geometric way of setting out the pattern is departed from, and the design is generally based on a scroll, which is often curled up forming a volute with an eye, which is divided into two or three large chip pockets, often with curved sides. The scroll-work, consisting sometimes of a continuous wave scroll, forms a wide band, and is left plain; only the intervening spaces are filled in with chip pockets. The effect of the use of the broad plain bands is very good, and gives an interest to the design which is lacking in geometrical figures composed entirely of triangular pockets. Letters are frequently introduced, forming borders; and the Icelandic alphabet is very suitable, as the lines of the letters are square rather than curved. There is, I think, no doubt that the Icelandic peasants did their carving with a knife. The sides of the pockets, especially the curved ones, are not worked evenly down to one point, but scooped out, leaving uneven ridges such as would result from a knife-cut; moreover, the line which follows the outside edge of the scroll is just like the scratched line that can be made with a knife. Two boxes in the Victoria and Albert Museum (Nos. 716 and 720) show undoubted signs of having been carved with a knife in this rather rough manner. They are made of pitch pine, with a coarse grain, and stained. In some of the more highly finished objects in the Museum the carving is undoubtedly done with tools, and round gouges have been used; indeed, the round shape of the tool leaves marks behind it which are at once distinguishable from straight chisel cuts. This gives variety, but detracts from the real character of chip-carving.

The Swedish carving has not the interesting character of Icelandic work. There are none of the effective plain bands; the work is decorated all over, more like the work of savages. It is, however, generally very carefully executed. The sunk pockets are often cut with a tool known to carvers as a "parting" or V tool, the blade of which has two sides meeting at right-angles. The use of this tool gives a mechanical appearance to the carving, because all the pockets, vary as they may in size and depth, must be cut at the same angle to the surface. The Swedish carvers often paint their work, and are fond of brilliant colours, not to say gaudy ones.



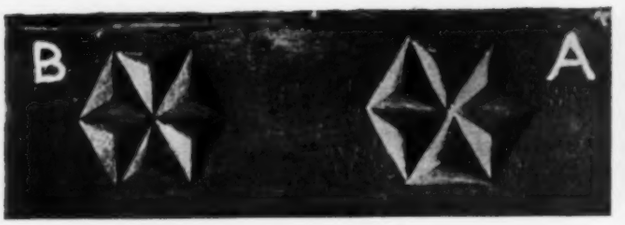
No. 6.



No. 7.

Norwegian chip-carving is very much like Swedish; the Norwegians introduce chip patterns into their favourite dragon designs. They use two or three differently shaped knives or tools. Several of their borders are composed of very acute triangles (see Fig. 1) which must be cut either with a tool known as a "skew" chisel or with a very sharply pointed knife. The "skew" chisel is like an ordinary chisel with the edge ground away at an acute angle to the side of the blade.

There are many examples of old English chip-carving. Two very interesting specimens are to be found in the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is difficult to say for certain whether these were carved with a tool or a knife; but if a tool was used, it was probably a carpenter's chisel. The geometrical forms lose much of their accuracy when cut with this tool. A carver's chisel is much thinner, and is ground and sharpened on both sides, with a long bevel, bringing the cutting edge into the centre of the blade. This makes it a far more delicate instrument, and enables the carver to work with perfect accuracy and to finish with exact cleanly cut angles at the



No. 8.



No. 9.

meeting of the surfaces. I should define real chip-carving as ornament which can be executed entirely with a knife or chisel. When the modern chip-carver introduces any other form of cut, such as those borders which are known by cabinet-makers as "thumb mouldings," or lines made with veiners, fluters, or gouges, he is, strictly speaking, departing from the province of chip-carving and entering upon methods which do not belong to it. There is a sharp distinction between chip-carving and other forms of surface carving.

M. E. REEKS.



No. 10.

Cosmopolitan Art.

A FRIENDLY DISPUTE BETWEEN MR. SELWYN IMAGE AND MR. LEWIS F. DAY.

SELWYN IMAGE.—There is no more fundamental fallacy than to suppose that art should be something cosmopolitan, knowing neither age nor country.

LEWIS F. DAY.—Why? Of course, a man's work will betray his age and country, but surely the less he thinks about that the better. Let him say his say. The world may be his audience. Why not? Art is a language of wider than national comprehension, and seems, therefore, just the one form of expression which can and should be cosmopolitan.

S. I.—Why? Do you ask? Because the basis of art is individuality. This applies to nations just as much as to persons. Art is the individual expression of an individual way of seeing, feeling, and adapting nature. You write of an artist, "Let him say his say." Precisely, *his* say; that is my point. And only when what he is saying thus springs from individual character, and is coloured by it, does he speak forcibly to the widest circle. Again, let me add, this principle applies to nations as well as to persons.

L. F. D.—I quite agree that art is individual expression. But I do not see why the individual should never rise above parochialism. He may be a man of the world and not lose his individuality.

There have been artists who were deeply impressed by the art of other and very different countries, and yet remained absolutely themselves. Alfred Stevens was not less himself because he owed something to the great Italians, nor William Burges because he sympathised more with French Gothic than with English, nor E. W. Godwin because something in Japanese design appealed to him.

S. I.—No doubt in the art of every nation there are elements which can profitably be transferred, as well as fundamentally local ones which cannot. A fine artist instinctively separates these, and assimilates such of the former as impress him. However, that he not only has to separate, but to assimilate, to stamp the borrowed coin with his own image and superscription, before it becomes of value in its fresh currency, argues, to my mind, not that art is cosmopolitan, but rather that this is just what it is not. You cannot successfully transfer it *en bloc* from one land to another.

L. F. D.—I fancy we attach different meanings to the word cosmopolitan. I understand a cosmopolitan to be a citizen of the world. You appear to regard him as an importer of foreign goods, wholesale.

S. I.—No, my dear friend, I entirely accept your definition, and think it an excellent one. But if I am really a citizen of the world (and I doubt whether such a thing is possible) I am every way as much at home in Pekin, say, as in London; the air of the one place is as congenial and healthful to me as the air of the other. To my mind, however, the manifestation of art amongst any given people is largely conditioned by the character and circumstances of that people; and when its practitioners say "Pooh-pooh! any other tradition we happen to admire we can adopt just as well," they lose their own native virtue, and at most obtain but the semblance of another's.

L. F. D.—I don't contend that art should know "neither age nor country," or that what is native to one country is equally proper to another. The point on which we differ is whether there be not much that is foreign which we may assimilate, and still be Britons. May one not claim to be a citizen of the world and yet be most at home by one's own fireside? A Londoner may very likely be more at home at Peckham than at

Pekin, but that does not imply that his range of vision should end with the postal radius. Your argument seems to me not to allow the poor citizen of the world a home.

S. I.—I am sure, when he is full-fledged, a man may assimilate much that is foreign and still be a Briton. But seeing that every nation's art is based on, and differentiated by, certain national characteristics, I would have students wholly taught and thoroughly grounded in these first. I mean Englishmen in English traditions, Frenchmen in French traditions, and so on. Foreigners may give us certain finishing touches, they cannot lay for us a sound basis. I am thinking particularly at the moment of students. As soon as these are masters of their craft I am most ready to allow they would do well to study foreign products, *e.g.*, even so alien a product as Japanese art. But let a man know his own country before he is off galavanting abroad. I don't deny a citizen of the world a home; I only say that, if he is what he claims to be, his home is anywhere. That's why I question his existence.

L. F. D.—Perhaps the citizen of the world is only a fiction; but he stands conveniently for the man who doesn't stay always at home, and is open to impressions from all round, and far beyond the country where he was born.

National characteristics are in us, and will out. I don't want to hush them up as if they were crimes, nor yet to nurse them as if they were virtues that must be coddled.

S. I.—All right. Let our good old friend, the citizen of the world, stand at that. He's a fine fellow, and I hope he'll let me shake him by the hand, and drain a bumper to his health.

But what's this about coddling? who said coddling? not I. I'm all for open windows, and fresh air, and plenty of it.

L. F. D.—Open the window, and the fresh air that comes in must needs waft influences from across the sea. To wrap yourself up against them, in a cloak of insularity is, to my mind, coddling.

S. I.—That's right enough, if intelligently apprehended and applied. But don't let yourself be blown about, as the theologians phrase it, by every wind of doctrine. I never said ignore foreign art; I only said, be assured there is a tradition of art native, and therefore peculiarly suited to you. So learn this first with thoroughness.

L. F. D.—I cast no doubt upon your "intelligent apprehension," but that is by-the-way.

Where, then, precisely, is our point of difference? We do differ. For example, even the student of design need not, it seems to me, shut his eyes to the teaching of Japanese flower-drawing.

S. I.—I fancy we don't differ essentially. It's merely a question of degree betwixt us. To my thinking the young student—please mark the epithet—should mainly confine himself to native methods and examples till he has mastered them. After that he may be left to his own instinct amid the wonders of foreign art. Learn one thing well at a time; it lays the soundest foundation.

L. F. D.—You are deserting the position you took up with regard to cosmopolitanism. If you had merely said learn one thing at a time, it might have occurred to me that two at a time induced that most excellent exercise of even the youthful mind—comparison; but I should hardly have thought your mild scholastic statement worth attack.

S. I.—No, no, friend, not a bit of it; I'm deserting nothing. I say, indeed, learn one thing at a time, but I don't "merely" say that. Because art is not an indifferent cosmopolitan affair, but definitely a local product. I say, know your own locality first, and work it for all it's worth. You may fetch from over-sea a few daintinesses by-and-bye and acclimatise them. That's what I said to start with, what I've been saying all along, what I say still.

L. F. D.—Art is less an affair of locality than of race. And our particular race is so mixed that an Englishman is likely to have more in him of Norman, Saxon, Danish, or other foreign blood than of native British; and there may, consequently, very well be more that speaks to him in some foreign phase of art than in the output of his native parish.

S. I.—Granted that we English are a mixed lot. Yet it is equally true that there is a definite traditional English type of character, as there is a definite French or German or Italian type, as visible in their best art as in their books and manners. This may be modified by instinct and circumstances in individuals; but it remains the basis and predominant feature of any artist's work that is healthy and progressive, and is the thing most vital to insist upon with young students.

L. F. D.—Show me this "definite traditional English type" and I will believe in him. Is it John Bull you mean?

S. I.—What! do you, of all people, mean to tell me you see no deep and constant difference, for example, between an English fourteenth-century MS. and an Italian one; between a Reynolds child and a Greuze; between a Scotch lassie and a Parisienne? etc., etc. Of a surety, thou but jestest.

L. F. D.—So your typical Englishman is Reynolds! who owed nothing, I suppose, to Vandyke?

S. I.—Reynolds may stand very well as a typical English artist. That he learned much from foreign artists does not knock on the head my original contention, however. I have never denied a power of assimilation *in due season;* nay, I have insisted on its desirability. But this to my mind is not to assert the cosmopolitan character of art, but rather to deny it.

L. F. D.—If, as you do not seem to deny, the result of a typically English master's study is that his work is such as he would never have done but for the influence of some Dutchman, or Spaniard, or Italian, that, to my mind is an unanswerable argument in favour of cosmopolitanism (as against, may I call it, *nationalism*) in art, and proves your "fundamental fallacy" theory to be itself fallacious. You overstated your case, dear sir, and you may as well admit it.

S. I.—To yield to so delightful a controversialist would indeed gratify me: but alas! truth forbids. Nationalism, to use your own admirable term, is still to me the basis of all sound art, both in the nature of things and as an historic fact. An Englishman may adapt something Italian and transmute it into his own. That doesn't make him a bit the less fundamentally an Englishman, or a bit the more fundamentally a cosmopolitan.

L. F. D.—I cannot faithfully profess any disposition to yield, and so the only agreement there is any hope of our coming to is, that we remain each of his own contrary opinion.

S. I.—I suppose that is so. And indeed such is often the result of an argument. Yet, perhaps, in an honest argument either disputant learns something by-the-way, and time hasn't been wholly wasted.



Photo. Alinari. *Christo sulle Acque.*
From the painting by Domenico Morelli.

Domenico Morelli.

SOME years ago THE ART JOURNAL brought to the notice of its readers the greatest master of modern Italian painting, Domenico Morelli. Recognised even then as an artist of distinction, his subsequent work confirmed his powers, and scarcely had he published the valuable records of his life (V. Napoli Nobilissima, 1901), than he died at his native town of Naples. Morelli's death on August 12th, 1901, made a deep impression in Italy, and the decease of the best-loved painter in artistic circles in Italy was universally lamented. He had, in addition to his artistic talent, a keen sense of justice. To comprehend his appreciation of merit in the work of others, one has but to examine the memoirs in which, while dwelling fairly with his own career, he related the most prominent features of the art of his day.

It is from his memoirs that the elements for this article were obtained. I wish to give due prominence to this fact, as much has been written of him in ignorance of his early Neapolitan associations, it having been stated frequently that he commenced the revival of modern Italian art, whereas he himself ascribes the honour to Filippo Palizzi. To Morelli must, however, be given the credit of popularising the movement. He created enthusiasm by example and exhortation, and having formed a centre at Naples, this artistic activity had an effect on the whole Peninsula. It was natural that a certain diffidence should be felt when the influence exercised by Palizzi over Morelli was discussed: but any such reserve was unnecessary after Morelli had acknowledged the great influence that Palizzi had over him. He confesses that the technical reforms, to which he gave so much attention, were really inspired by Palizzi's criticism. This has an extremely important bearing on Italian painting, for till the advent of these memoirs no one had found the courage to fully state the fact, writers perferring to show that the technical researches which produced the beneficial changes now to be seen, were the result of mutual study by the two painters, and though this version is in a sense correct, the greater credit seems due to Palizzi.



Photo. Alinari. *Christo Morente.*
From the painting by Domenico Morelli.

It is more than probable that Morelli, urged by his free and inquisitive spirit, would have attained the same results without the help of Palizzi's example. It was really a question of time. Morelli tells us that Palizzi's influence agitated his youthful spirit into a revolt against the existing conditions, and it was on account of this that he soon received from his fellow students the name of "pittore coraggioso"—courageous painter.

Like Balilla, he was destined to bring revolution to artistic Italy, and he thus epitomises the academical routine of the country:

"Starting by copying engravings, the next step was drawing in relief, followed by painting from the nude; in the latter class the students remained six years, an examination being held once a month. Then studies in landscape were made, and every two months a finished oil painting was required; trees were usually selected as subjects, the masters holding the view that a tree in a landscape should be studied as much as the nude should be in the figure school." The academy was, in fact, a school of "puristi." The students who received the prizes were those who showed the least independence, and who followed artistic precedents. At Naples each month a study from nature was made; but nature was not painted in its splendour, nor were opportunities afforded to infuse the various individualities of the students. Nature was copied by separating the artist from nature; that is to say, by taking for a foundation a certain number of the productions of the past which were considered models of ideal beauty by the professors. No one gave a thought to intellectual education or to the study of history; nor was any attempt made to penetrate the spirit of the great authors of the day, so that students who wished to acquire this knowledge had to cultivate it elsewhere. "In the schools," says Morelli, "there was no one who could even start us in the study of history, and for those who had received no literary education this was indeed a serious matter. Only six or seven of us in the whole academy wished to be instructed, and we read all the books we could procure. I cannot recall who it was that once found a valuable book by the painter Raffaelle Mengs; but from midday to two o'clock several of us would go to the library to read the book which told us of the greatness of Raphael, of the drawing of Titian, of the colour of Correggio, and of the effects of light and shade. But they were sometimes discouraging words for us, for we had not the means of seeing the drawing of Raphael and the colour of Titian or Correggio in the collection of canvases in our 'Quadreria,' as it was closed to us for the convenience of strangers." The students' small library included the Bible and the works of Mengs, Walter Scott and Winkelmann, Homer and Benvenuto Cellini, Giorgio Vasari, Dante, Leopardi, Manzoni and Victor Hugo.



Photo. Alinari.

La Deposizione di Christo dalla Croce.
From the painting by Domenico Morelli.

At this point it is interesting to refer to the memoirs of another Neapolitan painter—Saverio Altamura—who shared, in a different way, the artistic glories of Morelli.

This artist, who was one of the few attendants at the library, writes:—"The most intimate of my friends—he who by his example became really a mentor—was Domenico Morelli. Favoured by a wonderfully



Photo. Alinari. *La Monaca al Coro.*
From the painting by Domenico Morelli.

picturesque spirit, he divined the sentiments of the poets, and was able to express in words our common enthusiasm for Shakespeare, Dante, Schiller, and Byron. We made sketches when the scenes profoundly impressed us. He was my model—I his. I could not at that time express our preference for Pozzuoli, Baix, Cuma, Portici, and Granatello. The explanation only came thirty years later, when we happened accidentally to again cover the old ground. It was that Morelli then had the vision of the mystical Palestine which became later the source of his inspirations." Altamura wishes, by his words, to show the intellectual merit of Morelli's art—a merit which has to be shared with no one. In Morelli must be seen the technical mastery, at once impatient and powerful, which, forcing its way above the academical system of his day, revealed itself in his work by truth and nature, combined with his own personality; and one must also appreciate him as an intellectual painter—one who had ideas which would stimulate his productions.

This technique requires but little mention. Italian painting at the time of Morelli, who was born in 1826, was practically that of all European countries: when a man's figure had to be represented, a lay figure was taken, and nature was reduced to the ideal beauty I have already mentioned—the environment being a matter of indifference to the painter. In fact, whether the picture was to represent an interior or an exterior the same rules applied. The model was arranged in the studio and had to be copied exactly as it was seen in that light—this was the education given at the Academy. This was the teaching of the professors, and they regarded disdainfully those who, like Palizzi and Morelli, departed from principles considered unsuitable by the official critics. By the side of this school was formed the new one, of which the recognised chief, as a matter of course, was Morelli. With him were others who could not accept the theory of ideal beauty correcting nature, a principle called "horrible" by Ruskin. This little band gave their attention to painting out of doors, and endeavoured to represent various objects illumined by the sun, or darkened by natural shadows. By this means the drawing, the tone and the colour expressed the full harmony of nature.

Naples was the centre of the new technical movement instigated chiefly by Morelli; and Florence, in the memorable Exhibition of 1861, was the city where the rival schools met, both well prepared for a formidable and decisive encounter. The opening found Morelli represented by his canvas 'Iconoclasti,' a work painted in 1855, and now at Copodimente. Next to this picture was exhibited a production of one of his pupils, Bernardo Celentano, entitled 'Consiglio dei Dieci.' The result was gratifying. The well-known Duc d'Atene de Stefano Ussi took a favourable view of the new movement, and the school of the "puristi" lost prestige. Briefly, the revolution in Italian painting, so far as concerned form and technique, asserted itself at Naples and triumphed at Florence.

With his freedom and technical perfection, Morelli then continued his idealistic and intellectual researches. Altamura tells us that from his youth Morelli dreamt of the mysteries of Palestine, but did not aspire to become a mystical painter in the footsteps of Fra Angelico and Filippino Lippi. On the contrary, he tried to give to religious painting an attraction quite novel and modern, producing canvases of the Virgin and Child, and representing Jesus showing His goodwill towards men. He wished to present these subjects in a new manner, in no way becoming paradoxical or puerile, yet giving the spirit and the sentiment; in fact he wished to humanise the Christian drama. The task he thus set himself had impenetrable depths, but one sees in him an accomplished master of technique, one of the greatest of colourists, who had an imagination which permitted him to attain perfection in an almost exhausted branch of religious art.

"The recognition of men of genius," wrote Delacroix, "is in reality through the realisation that what has already been done has not been sufficiently done." Morelli, in painting his Virgins, avoided tradition and enriched painting by a new source of sincerity and sentiment. He has been reproached for having painted pretty Neapolitans instead of Madonnas, but this might be said of the Virgins of Raphael or any of the artists of the Venetian School. Titian's 'Assunta' represents a



Photo. Alinari.

Tentazioni di S. Antonio.
By Domenico Morelli.

pretty and vigorous Venetian girl quite as much as Morelli's 'Madonna della Scala d'Oro' does a beautiful Neapolitan, as also his 'Rosa Mystica' and his 'Vas insigne devotionis.' Morelli's conception of the Virgin might, therefore, recall the work of Raphael, Titian, Palma il Vecchio or Murillo. In the Christian drama he saw the old traditions and modern life together, so that his pictures of the Virgin have the warmth of youth, and his renderings of children are the embodiment of truth and health, and Morelli wished to avoid tradition and to connect himself instead with the masters of the Renaissance and the seventeenth century, who had combined religious ideas with life, the result being that he was considered revolutionary by the public. But he triumphed over his adversaries in the matter of technique, and even over those who followed tradition.

Among his religious canvases, that which is best known from the point of view which interests us, is one of the embalming of Christ, entitled 'Deposizione di Christo dalla Croce' (p. 377). It is a magnificent subject, and one of his finest and most suggestive compositions. By this work a new light seems to be thrown on the death of our Saviour. Altamura has assured us of the painter's admiration for the Bible, and Morelli himself mentions the fact that he had the inspiration to produce through the study of the Gospel this picture, in which he represented Christ as no one had previously done. All other painters of the descent from the Cross have found a motive for showing Christ wasted by His sufferings; Morelli places Christ in the centre of the scene, thus allowing himself to respect tradition, and though not treating the subject in the manner of his humanized religious art, he has gone to nature for form and colour in painting the sad ceremony, and to the Gospel for a general idea of the scene. Around the Body, enveloped in the shroud, he placed pious women and Apostles, dismayed yet filled with admiration; the rising moon illumines the figure of Christ, and throws beams of light over the scene in which the darkness is more powerful than the light. This, added to the general brown tone, gives an indescribable impression of mystery, one which is not decreased by the realistic and unforeseen envelopment of Christ in the shroud. Against the philosophers who see a literary source in Morelli's religious



Photo. Alinari.

L'Amore degli Angioli.
From the painting by Domenico Morelli.

painting, I should like to oppose the master's talent, cultivated in Naples, where sights touch the imagination by their real form, by their outline, by the attraction of their colours. Reverie is not indulged in to any extent by Italians, but they appreciate things through reality, by actual form, and Morelli, who was a most noble son of Italy, approached religious reverie by means of visible beauty. In a native of Vienna you will find craftiness; in an Italian, paganism. The religious art of Morelli is based on the paganism of a soul which adores beauty, and by comparing his work with that of Burne-Jones there will be found in these two painters the similar spirits of two races.

Among the engravings accompanying this article will be found Morelli's masterpiece, 'Tentazioni di S. Antonio' (p. 379), and it is really pagan love that he shows us in this figure of the saint who, with fixed and vacant gaze, mouth and hands in prayer, sees what he would rather avoid, the nymphs in the distance going amongst the trees and endeavouring to undermine his continence and sanctity. The subject having proved a success, he painted a second and a third picture. By changing the motive he produced, perhaps, a more complete effect, enclosing the Saint in a wall and making him appear wishful for the power of Samson to enable him to break down the barrier which keeps him from fleeing from temptation. The head close to the Saint, with laughing eyes fixed on him, seems to represent one of the common people of Naples, who for trickery would be able to compete with the worst street urchins of Paris. Compare, then, these scenes with the pure reverie of Burne-Jones's 'King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid,' and that will provide a new means of judging Morelli and the character of his work. The same applies to another canvas 'Christo tentato nel Deserto,' which, from the point of view of composition, could be classed with the first 'Tentazioni di S. Antonio,' in which the Saint is seated.

The depth of his sentiment indicates the pure and spontaneous paganism which controlled the soul of the painter. It exists in the 'Tentazioni,' it moves one in his 'Christo sulle Acque,' in which it becomes tragical, and it becomes almost idyllic in 'Amore degli Angioli' (p. 379), which was inspired by a poem by Moore.

Domenico Morelli was a painter, a poet, a thinker, an agitator; in fact, he was a master whose beneficial influence will long be felt.

It is sometimes sad to reflect that all that lives must die, but when an artist has passed the age of threescore years and ten he, like any other human being, has lived his allotted time on earth. Yet there are many people who, when they heard of the death of Morelli, wished that he could have been numbered among the strong who come to fourscore years and more. Not only in Italy, but all over the world, the loss Art has sustained has been keenly felt.

ALFREDO MELANI.

'Adieu.'

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

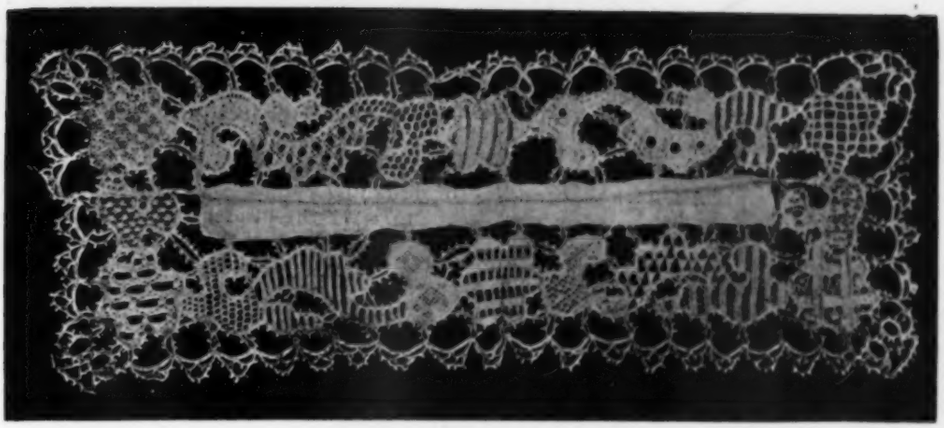
IN one of Mr. Pinero's plays a young lady remarks that the world is full of unhappiness: "the world's full o' husbands," replies a maid-in-waiting. Such philosophy is disconcerting, but fortunately not convincing. If it could be proved that unhappiness was invariably associated with man in his most honourable capacity, marriage would be contracted with little rejoicing, and there could be no such sentiment as is represented in Mr. Blair Leighton's picture 'Adieu.'

No novelist can tell romantic stories better than Mr. Blair Leighton. He manages to depict incidents which quicken the imagination, and his talent is well exemplified in this, one of his recent works. The picture was painted specially for THE ART JOURNAL, and, under certain conditions, reproductions of it may be claimed by all subscribers.

For the past seven years a large Etching has been the pendant addition to each successive volume, but 'Adieu' has been executed in photogravure, a medium, like mezzotint engraving, particularly adapted to show the beauties of a delicately painted subject. The Premium Plate issued in connection with this publication is a feature to which we occasionally refer because it is not widely understood that every year a large reproduction (about 20 inches by 14 inches) is included in the subscription to this Journal, plus a trifling fee for postage and packing. These prints are finished with the greatest care, and as works of art worthy of display, they are not inferior to publications for which alone a higher price is charged. At successive stages of progress, Mr. Blair Leighton criticised the reproduction of his picture in order that nothing should be left undone to make the finished plate a good interpretation of the original work.



Earlier in this year an illustration was given of the artist's Academy picture 'The End of the Song,' and to our volume for 1900, a biography of the artist was contributed. On other occasions typical works have been reproduced in our pages, and it is gratifying that we are able to include among our Premium Plates so agreeable an example of the art of Mr. Blair Leighton.



No. 1.—'Kerchief carried by King Charles to the Scaffold (folded).
Copied by Miss Allen.

Modern Amateurs in Lace.

WRITE me down—no, not the proverbial ass, but—an amateur.

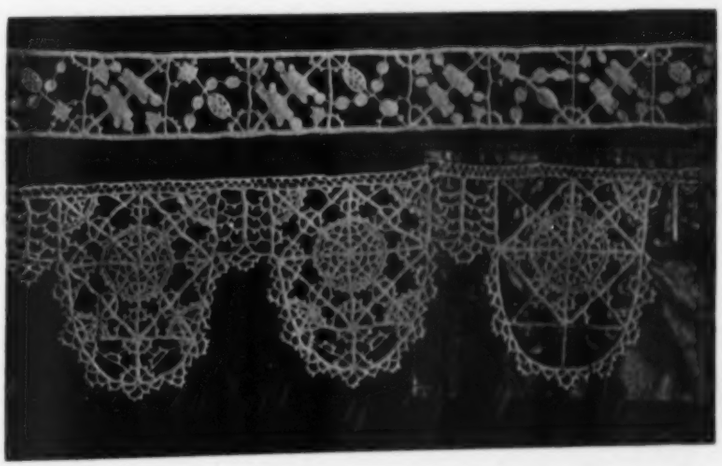
And at what date in the world's history could one better have been written so? A time when the word amateur is not only *sans reproche*, but is, as the poor phrase it, one of the "best respected" names amongst us; when the whole nation is, or ought to be, on its knees in gratitude to—the amateur; when, in a war of unexpected magnitude, the tide was turned in our favour by—the amateur.

Our first illustration represents the 'kerchief carried by King Charles to the scaffold. Given by him then and there to Father Huddleston, it has come down through his collateral descendants into a family connected with my friend Miss Allen, who lends it to me.

What a debt of gratitude we owe to this amateur, in that her love led her to make this exquisite, and as she herself calls it, "a faithful copy" of such a work of art. Alas! that the original should be lost to sight; in our memory this copy will keep it dear. It is in its entirety but a demonstration of the capabilities of that so celebrated *point boutonnière*. Here, as in all needle laces, we find that the fillings, when they are *toilés* or cloth-like, recall those of Hollie Point. But these fillings are so varied and unique that they again point to the amateur. Some lover made and laid it possibly at the feet of the king, and he took it to his death. So numerous are the modes that I was forced to fold the "hankie" so that all four corners could be seen. It is the only instance that I remember in which all four are different; the folded cambric lies between. Of your charity, gentle reader, if you have seen the original tell me where you have found it.

Prim Puritanism stares at us from the mode of Miss Robertson's lace. In this also I have been able to show her manner of working (No. 2). Spitze it is from its points, and it carries us back to the falling lawn collars edged with it, and the days of ruffs and farthingales, and all the pictures of the best lace periods. Although this lace employs chiefly one stitch, there is a mode which deserves notice, as it is to be found in three of the other laces. I mean the circle traversed by two lines which cross it diagonally, and sometimes called a button-hole wheel. Like most simple designs, it is as easy as it is effective. So much is it the motive of the whole lace, that it is a pity it were not carried out, literally, *au fond* in the design, where it comes to an abrupt pause.

Greek lace it would be called; it has the necessary geometric designs, and so would run into the cousinhood of Reticella, where the linen foundation has almost disappeared. This again runs into cut work or *point coupé*, and so are we landed in many difficulties and distinctions. "Thinks I to myself" in many com-



No. 2.—Needle-point Lace.
By Miss Robertson.

munings with these laces of my amateurs, *punto in aria* is a generic term for all these laces.

There lies but the inked outline, there the needle and the thread "in the air" till the worker appears. Just as in writing there is the pen and the paper, with a subject waiting till the hand and brain of man appear, although the subject may possibly be also very much *in aria* too.

The small oval dots which form a festoon in the insertion are found frequently in Genoese laces of a certain



No. 3.— Genoese or Milanese Pillow Lace.

type, and this brings me to the pillow laces *dites* Genoese or Milanese (No. 3). Cater-cousins, again, these laces are liable often to be confounded one with the other. They are of the type in which so many of the coats of arms of great families were made. In my specimen the *réseau* is excellently well devised to suit the exigencies of the design. It is of singular regularity, which is by no means usual in the older laces. For myself I have not yet decided to pin my faith to the travellers' tales which account for these irregularities by saying the pattern was worked separately, and then united on the pillow. Tempted as I am to use the "Impossible" of the doctrinaire, I will, but with my wonted wariness, put forth a few other reasons for the general vagaries of this *réseau*.

Badly pricked patterns, if pin-holes were used in these for the ground-work. Unskilled workers if the *réseau* were made, *more Valenciennes*, with no holes at all and everything dependent on the hand. This was *most* probably the method, as the *réseau* is but enlarged Valenciennes. Above all comes the fact that the art of the pillow is inferior to that of the needle, and to the groundwork it cannot adapt itself and make holes to order as can the needle. Says my pillow-worker: "Look, see, mum! tha-at's a la-arge hole, but if I puts in another pin it'll throw me bobbins wrong." In the philosophy of the technicologist there is much in the knowledge of "how to get rid of they bobbins," which helps him as to methods employed; but I will not in this matter pin my faith anywhere as yet, not even with a lace pin.

Next Miss Ensor's lovely needle point (Nos. 4 and 5). How did she make it? Not the method, for that I show, but the stitches—the design? From "little pieces" is her answer. Most soothing and comforting, indeed, to one who suffers as I do from the ignoramus, who speaks contemptuously of "scraps" and "oddments" of lace, forgetting that the hand may be still ere the scrap be finished and the artist's work be ended for all time, and forgetting, or rather ignorant of, technique in art, that stitches and the manner of their making is our difficulty to-day; and that, design as we will, we hang still upon the finger of the executante, and she upon these "little pieces" for our re-building. A process to which mortals ever must, not in lace only, but in every art, be indebted to "scraps and oddments."

There is one criticism which this old-world method of designing calls up, and that is that it is just a little apt to make the design "scrappy." I will use the word of the ignoramus for the nonce, and yet I repent me of the deed, for look how the design is so absolutely different in fillings even where the outline is the same that it is almost impossible to spot the repeat. Put the finished and unfinished bits together. In good sooth it is equal in difficulty to the search for any modern statesman in a puzzle page. The outline certainly one sees, but the fillings are *tout autre chose*, and one half hesitates to say it is there. Moreover, I would wager that relict, my "bottom dollar," that the trefoil which succeeds the pine as before, will turn up in a perfectly new guise when the work is complete.

In two cases I have been able to show the method of this needle point and prove from it what I have so often asserted, that is the perfect freedom of action possessed by the really skilled worker. The reproduction shows where the needle has taken its own line, for some reasons a better one than those laid down for it in ink.

Here my best cottage pillow-workers possess the same, or possibly a greater skill when they are not tied to pin holes: "Nay, mum, I shan't put no pin in they false holes," and so her fingers fly, and the groundwork turns up true in the end, a *vrai réseau* indeed. In Belgium the workers of Valenciennes have no pin-holes in their groundwork at all.

There is an evil in designing in segments or pieces as it were, and yet, even here, Miss Ensor's other lace almost contradicts this criticism. There she gives us a consequent design, a flowing scroll of comparative regularity, and yet to my mind not half so soul-satisfying as the irregularity which I have been partially minded to carp at. The *brides picotés* reappear with their delightful and very distinct thorniness. Here we have again the recurrent trefoil, the emblem of the Trinity which is so ever present. Small wonder that it should be so when so much lace must have been made in the beginning for "Holy Church." I have myself kept an English lace, the "Trefoil," shown in THE ART JOURNAL, October, 1896, for the very same purpose.

Punto de Venezia tagliato a fogliami! What a mouthful, and yet we must swallow it in the interests of another work, lent me by Miss Allen (No. 6). Prodigious indeed—labour one would like to call it with those countless stitches like the hairs of one's head for multitude. Look at those *cordonnets*. Where could I find a better text for a lecture that I love? With the naked eye one notes that it is by constant oversewing that it is constructed, and that those heavy scrolls must have for foundation the "*bunch* of small cords," and not one only or the single horsehair of Alençon. It by no means always outlines the pattern as has often been erroneously said, much of the pattern here is without it. Its use is where the objects and the design require it, as they do here. The *cordon-*



No. 4.—Needle-point showing method of working. Made by Miss Ensor.

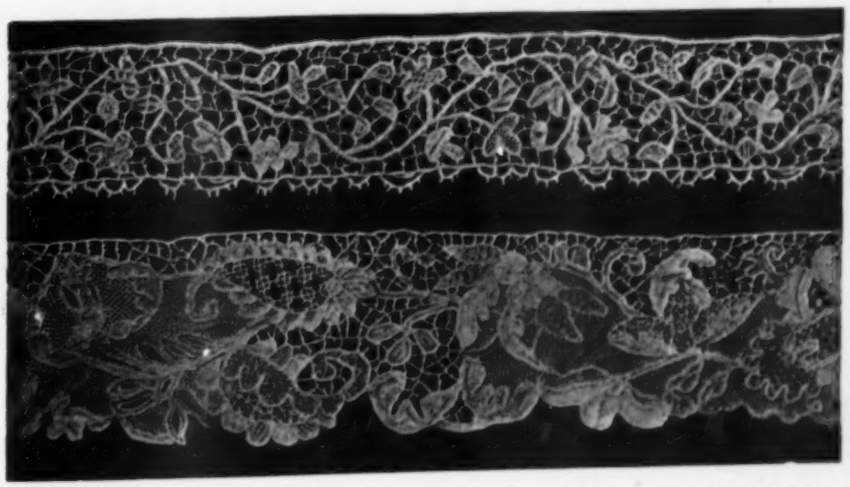
nets in lace answer to the heavy scrolls in old silver and the deep foliations in stone-work; indeed it may have its rise in the acanthus spray itself, without which how many arts would die!

Personally, I have always assigned the well-known love story to this lace. It was treasures in the plural, doubtless, which the sailor brought, and which his love in Venice copied. Coral and its counterpart, the frost on the English cottage window-pane, is too universal a design to prove the tale. Besides, Valencienne claims equal rights with Venice to a coral lace, though some recent writers would claim it solely for Italy. Look, I pray you, at the echinus to the right hand, and again high up to the left, distinguishable by the *cordonnets* which form its apical plate. And again in the two corners the crumpled or foreshortened, or, it may even be a retreating star-fish. This lace is in art almost the only example of anything being made of treasures of the deep, in so far as decoration is concerned.

"But thou hast kept the good wine until now." Verily, this Tape Lace is an exact illustration of these sacred words (No. 7). Not intentionally, but of necessity, did I keep it, since I did not talk with Mrs. St. Hill of this labour she delights in, nor have the result in my hand till the foregoing had been written. Therefore what I shall say of it is no fulsome flattery, but the "square-toed truth." I shall tell it, and that with much gratitude, for her lace is wholly and entirely a living proof of all that I have ever thought or said on the possibilities of the skilled worker, and to find this in an amateur is more than "heart can wish for," literally more than "money can buy." Further, my other amateurs will but support me when I tell how it is done—no critic so just and true as those who know the hardness of the path. "The skilled worker is often independent of her pattern and her pins," say I. Said Mrs. St. Hill: "*That* is how I did it." "*That*" being a homely piece of dark-blue linen upon which my own not wholly untrained eyes had much ado to find any design. It was indeed but the merest outline sketched in the most casual fashion. "The fillings?" "Why, I do them just as they come at the minute." To her, then, no difficulty in rounding the corners of the endless convolutions which go to make up a tape lace, no worry in the *brides*—by which word *I* do not mean as a recent Lace Historian has it, the principal performer at a wedding! but the bars, here marvellously diversified, by which the so-called "Tape" is attached. And not theories only, but realities, does this beauty prove—for all time, no one could accuse it of being machine-made. Those two pinholes alone to the left of the two central figures show it at the merest glance. No machine could do it, and the varieties introduced into the cloth-work tempt the eyes for the moment into the belief that the "repeat" is a fresh pattern.

The exquisitely fine thread of which this lace is made, is an inheritance from ancestry with like talents *au bouts des doigts*. So that amongst my amateurs, as in the lace-making counties, I have the one whose heredity will out at her fingertips, will she! nil she! Like the man who "*must* scribble, though he fail to dine," she *must* make lace. Proving for me, lastly, the wisdom of not joining in the pessimist's cry to-day: "Lace-makers are dying out"—Nay! "by the twitching of their thumbs," we may look for fresh beauties daily and not be disappointed.

And now to the important question, the application of my text, what is the use of the amateur? That there is to-day a certain sort of simmering in the pot which has brought the amateur to the top there is no denying. Even the critic of the garden book, which has been sprung upon us in such multitudes of late, demands of him, or rather her—"We want the simple empirical experience of the amateur gardener." Now I for one have my objections to the suggestions of quackery, but at the same time, it is a healthy sign of the times when the word appears in a sentence which actually quarrels with the amateur for being reflective, and begs that he will "*teach*." When and where is there room for his teaching? To-day, when one looks at one's own Home Industries from the point of view of Patriotism, there is



No. 5.—Miss Ensor's Needle-point.

a large field of labour for the accomplished lace amateur. It is well that the thoughts which arise on this subject should be uttered, and that I may soon be able to "give tongue" on the matter is my earnest hope.



No. 6.—Gros Point de Venise.
Adapted and made by Miss Allen.

To whom but to the Lover do we owe modern efforts on all sides to supply those art treasures which this love demands, and which the mere accident of birth or capacity for toil in his ancestors permits the pocket to allow him? And there is much more we *might* owe to him. The subject is too wide a one for this article, but the field includes both judging and teaching, the former being too often sadly misplaced and occasionally relegated to trade alone, which, if not always, is often ignorant and almost always prejudiced.

And not as judges only do we need our lace amateurs, we want them in the new light aforementioned as teachers. In the days of Lady Clara Vere de Vere, she was admonished by *her* critics to go and teach sewing, and in sport the verse in which this was done has often become sadly mixed. In the case of lacemaking her pupils need not only be girls, but boys. I know two amateurs, the one a sailor whose *punto a gruppo* on knotted lace was perfect, from his knowledge of ropes, and the other a descendant of long lines of amateurs, whose long, slim fingers dance among the bobbins as though his heredity came straight from a lace county. There is a rapidly increasing demand for technical teaching, paid for by County Councils, who, since they be human, are possibly not "counsels of perfection," but who are, inasmuch as they have done much good in many ways, as much entitled to our consideration as those who do but dream of what *might* be. Dream, did I say? Perchance they sleep!

And so I find myself in a position which I often jestingly say is mine by rights, that of the "middle-woman," but with no profit. I certainly fill her place in bringing my amateurs and my gentle readers together, and I am content with the office. But "no profit?" Nay! have I not the sport, the good hunting, and the happy home-coming laden with trophies? And when all's said and done, Mr. Critic, you won't deny that I love my labours; and so you will, as I asked you at the beginning, "write me down an amateur."

EFFIE BRUCE CLARKE.



No. 7.—Tape Lace.
By Mrs. St. Hill.



The Conjuror.
By Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.

'The Conjuror.'

BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

THE picture by the late President of the Royal Academy, now for the first time reproduced by the courtesy of its owner, Lady Jekyll, has been exhibited but once, and is unknown save by the few. It appears that the owner was for long unaware, as well she might be, of the authorship of the little work, but one day she chanced upon a drawing by Millais which served as clue. On February 15th, 1898, Mr. Holman Hunt wrote thus: "This painting of a conjuror performing his tricks to a company of ladies, gentlemen, and children in mediæval costume, was one of several painted by Sir John E. Millais, when he was about eighteen, in 1844-5. It was one of a series of rapidly painted compositions, executed for Sergeant Thomas, who had become a picture dealer." It is, then, among the earliest of Millais' known efforts in colour, and ante-dates by several years, of course, the first of his pre-Raphaelite pictures.

In the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, is 'The Proposal,' which belongs to about the same time, and there exists a 'Cupid crowned with Flowers,' deemed to have been painted in 1841. The Conjuror—magician he appears to be to the wonder-eyed children—is in rich scarlet, and elsewhere are notes of sumptuous colour. What a change was wrought in the young painter during the succeeding four or five years may be judged if we compare 'The Conjuror' with, for instance, 'Christ in the House of His Parents,' painted in 1849.

Portraits by Alfred Stevens.

THE parish registers for 1818 of Blandford, Dorset—the Shottsford Forum of Thomas Hardy's novels—contain an entry relating to the baptism, on January 28, of Alfred Stevens. Fifty-seven years thereafter, early on the morning of Saturday, May 1, 1875, Alfred Stevens died at the house in Eton Road, London, which he had dreamed of transforming into an Italian palace, with loggia and courtyard for sculpture, with reception rooms



Tate Gallery. *Mrs. Collmann.*
By Alfred Stevens.

splendidly decorated. His name even now, to our shame be it admitted, is held in honour by the few only. Had Leighton never put brush to canvas, pencil to paper, had he never encouraged a struggling painter, we owe him a debt of gratitude for proclaiming Stevens "a supreme artist . . . the greatest of English designers." Than he there was born in England during the nineteenth century no artist more versatile, none who gave heed more intent to the promptings of genius.

At ten years of age he left school to assist his father, a house-painter and decorator. In 1833, Landseer, approached as to taking Stevens into his studio, demanded £500 for the service; but instead the lad, with £60 in his pocket, started in a sailing vessel for Italy. After sketching in the ruined forum at Pompeii, copying Giottesque frescoes and pictures by Andrea del Sarto in Naples, in the spring of 1835 he journeyed on foot to Rome, paying for his food and lodging, as Monticelli is said to have done in Southern France, by using pencil and brush. In 1839 he was in Venice, and so faithful are some of his copies of Titian that they have been mistaken for contemporary replicas. Once only was he a pupil: this under Thorwaldsen in Rome, 1841-2. It was in Rome, too, that he studied works in various kinds by the Italian genius whose name, not altogether without warrant, has been attached to him—to be known as the Michael Angelo of England is no inglorious thing. During the autumn of 1842, Stevens landed at Southampton, and but for the kindness of a life-long friend would not immediately have been able to visit Blandford.



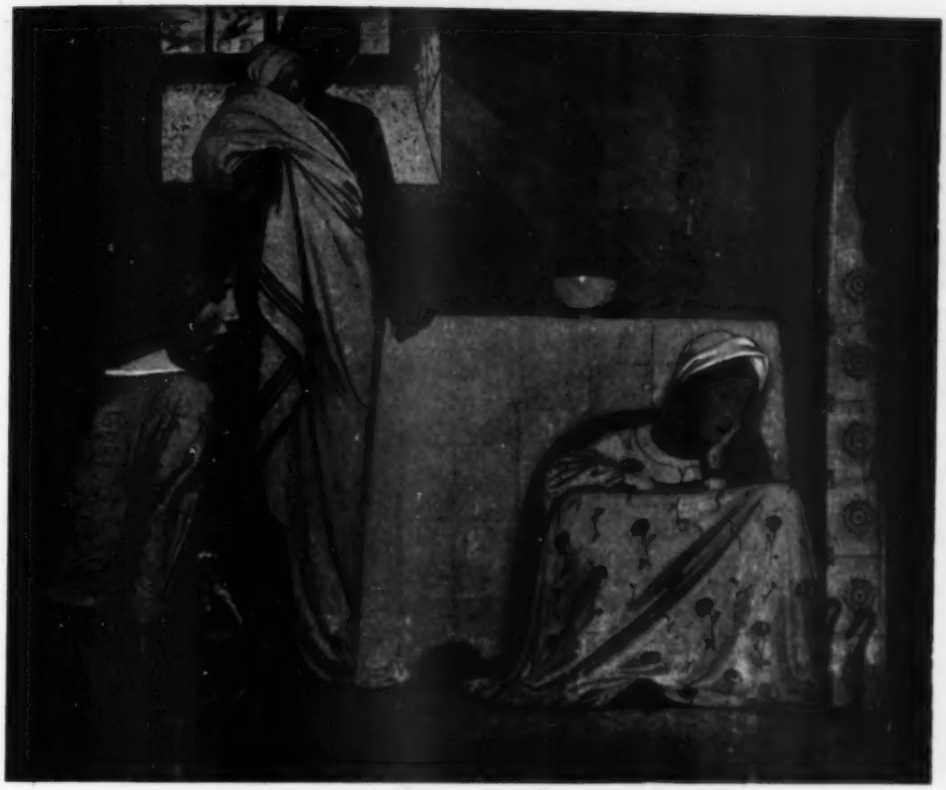
Leonard Collmann.
By Alfred Stevens.

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Twilight.
By F. Cayley Robinson, R.B.A.

Autumn Exhibitions.

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Yet if, after heedful examination of each exhibit in each gallery, the chaff be sifted from the grain, how lamentably little remains. Nearly four centuries ago in Florence, uninvited crowds flocked to see a single drawing, whose matchless beauty has no correspondence in the thousands of works recently put on view in London. Vasari says that for two days men and women, old and young, hastened to Leonardo da Vinci's chamber, in the monastery of the Annunziata, to behold the cartoon of the Virgin and Child with SS. Anne and John, the cartoon which, despite its sovereign appeal—and where is a drawing technically more triumphant, conceptively more interpretative—has, during these sunless days, remained almost unvisited in the diploma gallery at Burlington House.

If, even yet, we cannot cease to lament the non-continuance of Mr. Whistler's meteor-like reign in Suffolk Street, two distinguished Honorary Members contribute this autumn to the interest of the British Artists' Exhibition. Though he be intent on pointing a moral, Mr. Watts seldom or never fails to express his fine feeling for colour; and when he paints a portrait such as 'Miss Lilian Mackintosh' didactic aims do not intrude. The picture is not only a pleasant harmony in low tones—pale golden hair is related to the white dress, to the amber scarf, to the soft red sash—but serves as a vehicle of communication between the large-hearted octogenarian and the world in whose life he continues to take a vital interest. It is seldom possible to apply the epithet "charming" to a picture by Mr. Holman Hunt; yet the potency in his work compels attention, often admiration. No exhibit in Suffolk Street is less easily overlooked than Mr. Holman Hunt's small water-colour of the 'Piazza della Constituzione, Athens,' dated 1892. There is a fixed intensity of purpose in this strange representation of ruined

splendidly decorated. His name even now, to our shame be it admitted, is held in honour by the few only. Had Leighton never put brush to canvas, pencil to paper, had he never encouraged a struggling painter, we owe him a debt of gratitude for proclaiming Stevens "a supreme artist . . . the greatest of English designers." Than he there was born in England during the nineteenth century no artist more versatile, none who gave heed more intent to the promptings of genius.

At ten years of age he left school to assist his father, a house-painter and decorator. In 1833, Landseer, approached as to taking Stevens into his studio, demanded £500 for the service; but instead the lad, with £60 in his pocket, started in a sailing vessel for Italy. After sketching in the ruined forum at Pompeii, copying Giottesque frescoes and pictures by Andrea del Sarto in Naples, in the spring of 1835 he journeyed on foot to Rome, paying for his food and lodging, as Monticelli is said to have done in Southern France, by using pencil and brush. In 1839 he was in Venice, and so faithful are some of his copies of Titian that they have been mistaken for contemporary replicas. Once only was he a pupil: this under Thorwaldsen in Rome, 1841-2. It was in Rome, too, that he studied works in various kinds by the Italian genius whose name, not altogether without warrant, has been attached to him—to be known as the Michael Angelo of England is no inglorious thing. During the autumn of 1842, Stevens landed at Southampton, and but for the kindness of a life-long friend would not immediately have been able to visit Blandford.



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columns, fateful cypresses, laden orange-trees, with two hastening figures to the left, beneath a brooding, starlit sky. It is suggestive of some profound vision whose significance evades such precise expression of facts.

These two exhibits apart, there can be little question as to which warrants initial study: Mr. F. Cayley Robinson's 'Twilight,' reproduced overleaf. At first sight, divorced from colour, some may condemn it as little more than mannered, but this were unwise. Mr. Robinson's talent is of the cloisteral order. Only through small, high windows in thick walls does he permit light from the outside world to enter his austere chambers, and generally it is the light of ebbing day, when homing birds are on the wing. He transports us from the fret and turmoil of modern life to a realm of grave, sad calm, whose silence almost overwhelms. There is ardour, but it is that of the dreamer of solemn things; there is radiance, but it is that of the hearth, not of the great, unimprisoned sun. Before the picture itself we find delight in the painting, as such: in that of the vieux-rose dress and the dull golden hair, agleam with light, of the girl in the foreground; of the grey wall and the white table-cloth, with exquisitely rendered shadows, to the right; of the glow from the open hearth blent with the light that steals in through the window; of the red-bordered blanket in which the baby is wrapped. The design is by no means flawless, in particular with regard to the woman seated in ungainly pose, gazing into the fire; the almost horizontal line of her dress from knee to knee has been gained only at the sacrifice of beauty. Yet as a whole, lapses allowed for, the concept is aptly interpreted; the figures are truly environed.



Interior of The Exchange Art Galleries, Liverpool.

Many of the large pictures in Suffolk Street are by women. Mrs. Jopling shows Mrs. Kendal as 'A Merry Wife of Windsor,' wearing a crescent-shaped headgear, held in place by a chin cloth; by Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch is a study of those delightfully shaggy horses that have their home in the New Forest; by Mrs. Lea Merritt, 'The Helping Hand.' This last is a particularly ambitious effort in the religious kind. Christ, doubly crowned, stands by a weary labourer in the harvest field, whose wife, child in arms, is unconscious of the succouring presence. But neither pictorially nor imaginatively is the conventionalised central figure related to the pseudo-realistic setting. Supplementing his extensive gallery of theatrical portraits is Mr. W. Graham Robertson's sketch of Miss Nellie Farren as Ruy Blas, in flaxen wig, big hat with plume, her arms akimbo, a decorative essay in low tones by a talented artist, but not a pictorial interpretation of the dashing hero in the Spanish burlesque, who delighted Gaiety audiences. Mr. J. D. Fergusson fearlessly uses rich colour in his 'Well in Morocco,' but that he can work with breadth and understanding almost in monochrome is proved by 'Still Life.' Mr. F. F. Foottet has a tendency to lose sight of structure altogether. Round 'The Shepherdess' sheep, woolly throughout, are pleasantly, even poetically grouped, but the attempted white and violet harmony is not achieved, the work is a somewhat interesting failure. Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove, in his beach scene at Katwijk, conveys a sense of light and air, and shows his accustomed ability for composition; Mr. Walter Fowler's landscape, 'A Gleam before the Storm,' bears evidence of sincerity not yet sufficiently controlled; the peasant figures in Mr. E. Borough Johnson's 'Gossips' demand a more sympathetic environment; the canine pieces of Mr. Carton Moore-Park indicate practised observation, able draughtsmanship; the President, Sir Wyke Bayliss, concerns himself with the interiors of the Duomo in Florence and in Perugia; Mr. Walter B. Thompson has depicted himself with a verve, an assurance, that give us momentary pause.

The art-loving public in Liverpool have been much delighted with a remarkable exhibition of pictures held at the Exchange Art Galleries (Messrs. Agnew's), in the newly arranged rooms. The Exhibition, which was held on behalf of the Liverpool Royal Infirmary, embraced four important pictures by Turner—'The Marriage of the Adriatic,' 'Ehrenbreitstein,' 'The Wreck Buoy,' and 'Rosenau'—three half-length portraits by Romney, including 'Madame de Crespigny' and 'Mrs. Crouch,' Constable's famous picture of 'The Lock' exhibited in Paris in 1827, and the great masterpiece of Gainsborough, 'General Honeywood.' There were also a fine 'Portrait of a Girl, Sketching,' by Raeburn, some examples by Reynolds, and others by Cotman and Wilson. Nearly all these pictures were from local collections and they revealed at a glance the rich extent to which art is appreciated in the neighbourhood.

Many members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours appear incapable of making a landscape sketch or a study, of noting down transient effects, forms, magic correspondences of colour, which vanish with tantalising rapidity. This conclusion is borne in upon one by the exhibition in Piccadilly of 699 so-called studies and sketches. The artists in general seem to regard nature through a semi-opaque film on which is

one of their finished pictures. Thus, the advantage of having impressions constantly corrected, vivified, is sacrificed; insight, integrity of aim, are ousted by mannerism. Mr. R. B. Nisbet is one of the exceptions. His sketches of breezy moorland roads, of picturesque sailing-craft at evening, of tragically intense skies, of the rosy roofs and golden façades of Venetian palaces, serve as memoranda for after-work. The figure pieces of the President, Mr. E. J. Gregory, leave little to desire in the way of skill; Messrs. Tom Browne and John Hassall represent the humorists; Messrs. Winter Shaw and Alex. Macbride those who aim to interpret nature poetically and decoratively. If only for his robustness, his freedom from incertitudes, we are attracted by Mr. John R. Reid, whoalwaysknows what pleases him, although not invariably what will attract the spectator. The group by Mr. John Fulleylove does not strictly come within the scope of the exhibition, yet he has seldom painted architectural effects more ably, more sympathetically, than in 'Ville Franche' and 'The Old Harbour, Nice,' the many-windowed houses of the quay descried beyond innumerable masts of sailing boats.

The exhibition at the Goupil Gallery of twenty examples in oil and thirty-one pastels and drawings by Mr. Clausen gave incontrovertible proof of his power. He recognises that for him, at any rate, so-called truth to detail is compatible, nay, almost synonymous, with falsehood to the larger significances wherein such details are merged. Hence, in his quiet pastels, motives are found in upland pastures, greyed at dawn, haunted by shadows at twilight, in golden sunlight or passionate after-glow. Of subject, in the ordinarily accepted sense, there is none in such essays; but they have a serenity, a rhythmic beauty, which reveal the fine temper in which they were wrought. Mr. Clausen has not merely observed nature from without, but been inwardly stirred by the spirit whose presence is so often denied and constantly overlooked. The pictures include 'The Path by the Ricks,' checkered with brilliant sunshine and deep shadow; 'In the Barn,' an interesting variant of the picture reproduced in THE ART JOURNAL, June, 1901, p. 165; a portrait of blue-eyed 'Kitty,' which we are enabled to illustrate, and of an old man with a 'Little Brown Jug'; and a sun-splashed canvas, 'The Bird's Nest.' Several interesting flower studies suggest admiration of the fine achievements in this kind of Fantin.



Kitty.
By George Clausen, A.R.A.
By permission of Messrs. William Marchant and Co., Owners of the Copyright.

In November the large Grafton Galleries were occupied by a number of works by Herr Emil Fuchs, the designer of the Coronation medal and of the King's head on the new postage stamps. Of the many portraits, that of Mr. Martin Colnaghi is among those immediately recognisable—that it has more than a semblance of life no one can deny. One of the principal objects of the exhibition was to show the memorial to Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, destined for St. George's Chapel, Windsor. On the grey marble obelisk which rises from the sarcophagus are inscribed the dates of the gallant young soldier's birth and death, this last at Pretoria on October 29, 1900. At the base, in white marble, is a winged figure, maybe intended to represent Britannia, crossed hands resting on sword, the hilt of which is wreathed with laurel and decorated with a figure bearing palms. But the artist is more successful when less ambitious.

A few new etchings by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, on view at Gutekunst's, serve afresh to direct attention to his fine and well-considered technique, above all to the temper in which he works. Mr. Cameron possesses the inestimable gift of intent contemplation; his etchings are something far other than snap-shots executed with the needle. Towards this or that scene he exposes, so to say, the sensitized plate of his personality; adventitious details are eliminated, essential beauties, significances, contrasts, correspondences, remain. Not the least remarkable quality in 'Chinon,' is that "divine discontent" which spurs on Mr. Cameron to more lofty effort, compelling him at the same time to cut stepping-stones in the hard rock of fact as he climbs upward towards fuller realisation. That we can turn without instant disappointment to his etchings from fine examples by Rembrandt, Dürer, Meryon, Mr. Whistler and Sir Seymour Haden testifies to their worth.

The winter exhibition at Messrs. Tooth's Haymarket galleries had several attractions: a strong pastoral by Jacque, Millet's impressive woodcutters, labouring in mysterious shadow, two idylls by Corot, Detaille's dramatic 'Bonaparte en Egypte, 1798,' a series of small, highly-finished Meissoniers, many British water-colours, and a large presentment of horned cattle in the same medium by Rosa Bonheur. But for the familiar signature and the fact that it comes from the collection of Madame Maris, the little picture 'Outside a Café' might be ascribed to almost anybody but the late James Maris. We know him as a robust depictor of old Dutch towns, of windmill-flanked waterways, and, belonging to an earlier period, of delicately detailed figures and scenes, resembling the contemporaneous work of his brother Matthew. This courtyard has an intensity of colour in keeping with the theme. No grey veil dims the deep blue sky; sunlight is sovereign, shadow a handmaid. 'Outside a Café' pictorialises the spell of the East as apprehended by James Maris, and probably painted under the influence of Gérôme forty or more years ago.

Mr. Charles Whymper is a practised observer of animals; no detail of colour or texture escapes him, his hand is sure and skilled. At the Graves Galleries thirty pictures and studies of 'British and other Game' served again to demonstrate his qualities and his shortcomings. Elephant and buffalo, stag and rhinoceros, otter and fox, birds from eagles to many-coloured peacocks and pheasants, he isolates and depicts, without in the main attempting to environ. As statements of fact, admirably realised, it would be difficult to excel these examples by Mr. Whymper.

FRANK RINDER.

Passing Events.

MR. ASTON WEBB, A.R.A., on the 3rd November formally opened the new Session of the Royal Institute of British Architects. In his address he announced his intention to bring members to the Institute rooms for more social intercourse than is possible when papers are read and business is transacted. It was with a similar motive that his immediate predecessor gave hospitality at the Guildhall, and there is no doubt that such gatherings are appreciated. The councils of most other learned societies offer like opportunities in their own buildings, and the idea of the new President is made more interesting because of his wish to use the Institute rooms for his purpose. The portraits and other visible possessions make unlimited subjects for conversation. Reminiscences and acquired history will readily make introductions, and will lead to more serious topics for mutual benefit as well as for corporate strength. The portrait of the Earl de Grey will recall to some the fact that during his presidency many conversazioni were held in the Institute rooms, then in Grosvenor Street; sporting members will be reminded by Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mr. Penrose that the still active past-President, so far back as 1841, rowed for Cambridge against Oxford in the inter-University race, then over the Westminster to Putney course; some will talk of the influence on Sir E. J. Poynter of his father, an indefatigable member of the Institute; curiosity will be expressed concerning the portrait of Sir William Emerson, by Mr. J. J. Shannon, A.R.A., which, in due course, will find a place in the library; and there are many other associations which will make the scheme a thorough success.

THE Trustees of the National Gallery having decreed that visitors need not deposit walking sticks on entering the building, it will be necessary that the attendants hitherto in charge of that department now act as special custodians of the pictures. The experiment is agreeable, but, in order to safeguard the works of art, increased vigilance must be employed. It is not impossible that damage may be done wantonly, even in these days of refinement, and cases have occurred of premeditated destruction. It is not customary in many foreign galleries to enforce the regulations which at the National Gallery have been recently amended, and this freedom of entrance is a concession of importance. Nevertheless, we cannot help recollecting the history of the Portland Vase. It is true that the miscreant flung a piece of sculpture and so only did damage which could be repaired to a certain extent; but if in his intemperate fit he had been armed with a stick the precious vase might have been irreparably destroyed. A fine of £3 was poor compensation for the injury to so perfect a relic, and it is a matter of opinion whether the Nation can afford to risk the pictures in its Gallery.

AN influential committee, composed of the Artists, Collectors and Publishers, who are chiefly concerned, has recently been appointed to discuss questions of Artistic Copyright. A wider scope has been given to the recently-formed Society for the Protection of British Fine Art in the Colonies, and if the proposed conferences lead to the institution of an intelligible code of regulations it will be a great event in the history of Art and Law.

BY the will of Lord Cheylesmore, in addition to his mezzotint portraits, pictures by Delaroche, Sir Edwin Landseer, Van Both and William Collins, pass to the national collections. Examples of the work of all these artists were in the London Galleries already and Collins is represented in most of the important provincial cities.

THE date on the finished water-colour sketch of Don Quixote, contributed by Sir John Tenniel to the Exhibition at the Royal Institute, gives us an opportunity to express our pleasure that the artist has been able to proceed with the work for which he has so much ability, but which he feared would have to be neglected on account of his failing eyesight.

SUBSCRIBERS are referred to p. 380 for particulars of the Premium Plate, 1902, and to the voucher on wrapper for conditions.



Abel: Keeper of Sheep.
By Sir E. Burne-Jones ("The Beginning of the World": Longmans).

Fine-Art Publications.

WHILE not lending itself to the same charming æsthetic considerations as the previous books from this publisher, Mr. Austin Dobson's "WILLIAM HOGARTH" (Heinemann) takes worthy rank amongst the series. The large number of illustrations amplify the text; the only possible criticism being that a larger selection might have been taken from the original paintings instead of from old prints. Sir Walter Armstrong writes an introductory chapter on the "Art of Hogarth," in which he lays special emphasis on the perfect craftsmanship displayed by the master.

Although comparatively small in bulk, the most interesting Art book of the season is "THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD" (Longmans), by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The illustration above shows the character of the work, which is dignified with great simplicity, yet exactly fulfilling the best conditions for original illustrated letterpress.

"INTRODUCTORY STUDIES IN GREEK ART," by Miss Jane Harrison (Unwin), are in reality exhaustive essays on the subject. Miss Harrison's enthusiasm for Greek art loses nothing in being reduced to print, and her excellent clearness of expression is particularly suitable to the artistic exactitude of the works she criticises.—The second series of "THE STUDY AND CRITICISM OF ITALIAN ART," by Bernhard Berenson (Bell), is not quite so fresh in style as the first, but the essay, "The Caen Sposalizio," is one of the best he has written.

The purely business side of artistic affairs is found in "A TREATISE ON THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT," by E. J. Macgillivray (Murray). All the Acts of Parliament, Conventions, and Orders in Council are set forth for all kinds of copyright, the Fine Art section receiving due attention. In view of the many efforts now being made for the improvement of copyright, it is a bold thing for any author to come forward with such a publication at this time. The special fulness which the writer has given to case law, however, will make this book useful even when the law is altered.

A very large amount of care is evident in the preparation of the important book on "COLOR PROBLEMS," by Miss E. N. Vanderpoel (Longmans), emanating, as its title reveals, from an American source. A great number of diagrams in colour are included, and the volume successfully appeals not only to the painter, but to designers, decorators, dressmakers, and even florists and window dressers. Colour blindness is revealed with its possibilities of dangers under various circumstances, and theories and harmonies are discussed with the coloured plates to carry forward the argument.

There is no more interesting figure in modern art than the hero in M. Theodore Duret's "HISTOIRE D'EDOUARD MANET ET DE SON ŒUVRE" (Floury, Paris). This is a volume the outcome of sincerest devotion, and while it is not likely to attract the lovers of classical ideas, for those who are less precise in their limitations it will prove a source of great satisfaction. It may be a long time before Manet will be accepted by the majority as a master, but this need not deter anyone from reading and enjoying this book.

Signor Venturi's great task, to which he has set himself with much vigour—to render the History of Art in Italy in seven large books—is well continued in the second volume, entitled, "DALL' ARTE BARBARICA

ALLA ROMANICA" (Hoepli, Milan). There are over 500 illustrations of the art of Italy from the time of the Goths to the twelfth century, as shown in crosses, crowns, doors, bindings, frescoes, and missals, accompanied with many historical documents.

A further series of essays by William Morris on "ARCHITECTURE, INDUSTRY, AND WEALTH" (Longmans), are full of inspiring thoughts.—Many works have been published on the Hertford House pictures, and others are well known to be in preparation, therefore Mr. Fred Miller's "PICTURES IN THE WALLACE COLLECTION" (Pearson) is somewhat daring. Beside the polished sentences of Mr. Claude Phillips this writer's style of criticism in the highest walks of art is not likely to meet commendation.

The pocket volume "FRED WALKER," by Miss Clementina Black (Duckworth) relates all that is necessary to be remembered in a charming artist.—Of the same size are the "POEMS OF JOHN KEATS" (Newnes), and "ROSALYNDE," by Thomas Lodge (Newnes), both prettily illustrated by E. J. Sullivan.—Bell's "MINIATURE SERIES" is continued by Mr. McDougall Scott's "RAPHAEL" and Miss Zimmern's "ALMA TADEMA," the latter being in every way commendable.

Among the serious Christmas books Mr. Graham Robertson's "OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND DANCES" (Longmans) is remarkable. The old songs and music are decorated by one who proves himself a master in the art. For those who are looking for something refined and uncommon we recommend this publication.—Equally clever in idea, but not so in execution, are the extraordinary illustrations to "EUGENE ARAM" by Philip Spence (Dent). We have seen nothing so droll as these drawings, and the last of the series is the cleverest of all.

Mr. Andrew Lang's "BOOK OF ROMANCE" (Longmans) has a few illustrations, coloured, after H. J. Ford. The colouring, while skilfully done, is not nearly so effective as the results from the black-and-white plates.—The same may be said of Mr. Charles Robinson's illustrations to "KING OBERON" (Dent), some of the smaller pieces being particularly successful.—The coloured illustrations to "GRAY'S ELEGY" (Hurst and Blackett), by an unnamed artist, are good in design, but somewhat weak in the figure drawing.

A sensible book for those to whom Art criticism is usually too difficult to understand, is "HOW TO LOOK AT PICTURES," by R. C. Wilt (Bell), wherein the different considerations of colour composition and treatment are intelligently discussed.—For art students, also, two books recently published by Chapman and Hall will be found useful: "THE ART OF SHADING," by William Mann, which, especially for class use, gives many useful directions and illustrations; and "WOOD CARVING," by F. G. Jackson, which is recommended specially to those commencing the study of artistic work.

Of another class are the almost purely picture books issued by Mr. Heinemann. "A DOG DAY," by Cecil Aldin, contains drawings slightly tinted, mostly clever, but sometimes vulgar, and much below this excellent artist's previous designs. "YOUNG GEORGE," by Edith Farmiloe, has oddly enough the same unhappy touch of vulgarity, but many of the drawings are uncommonly successful. "BABES OF THE EMPIRE," by A. H. Collins, is an ingenious series of pictures of children taken from all parts of the British Empire.

Mr. Anning Bell's illustrations to "SHELLEY'S POEMS" (Bell) are as refined as this delicate artist ever produces; and the illustrations to "DON QUIXOTE," by W. H. Robinson (Dent), have caught the spirit of the Spaniard.—"LOMBARD STUDIES," by the Countess Cesaresco, while more leaning towards literature than art, deals with several artistic questions, and has many various illustrations.—"DARLINGTON IN SILHOUETTE" by G. A. Fothergill (County Publishing Co.) is ingenious in idea, but somewhat enigmatical to the ordinary person.

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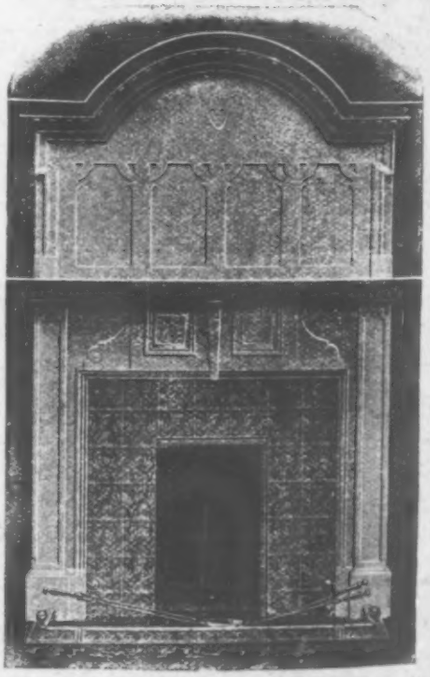
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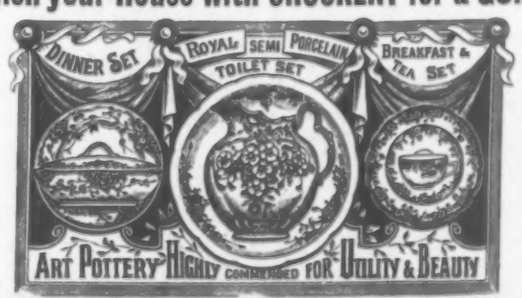
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